

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LVI. — AUGUST, 1885. — No. CCCXXXIV.

THE NEW PORTFOLIO.

XIV.

MISS VINCENT'S STARTLING DISCOVERY.

THE sober-minded, sensible, well-instructed Dr. Butts was not a little exercised in mind by the demands made upon his knowledge by his young friend, and for the time being his pupil, Miss Lurida Vincent.

"I don't wonder they called her The Terror," he said to himself. "She is enough to frighten anybody. She has taken down old books from my shelves that I had almost forgotten the backs of, and as to the medical journals, I believe the girl could index them from memory. She is in pursuit of some special point of knowledge, I feel sure, and I cannot doubt what direction she is working in, but her wonderful way of dealing with books amazes me."

What marvels those "first scholars" in the classes of our great universities and colleges are, to be sure! They are not, as a rule, the most distinguished of their class in the long struggle of life. The chances are that "the field" will beat "the favorite" over the long race-course. Others will develop a longer stride and more staying power. But what fine gifts those "first scholars" have received from nature! How dull

we writers, famous or obscure, are in the acquisition of knowledge as compared with them! To lead their classmates they must have quick apprehension, fine memories, thorough control of their mental faculties, strong will, power of concentration, facility of expression, — a wonderful equipment of mental faculties. I always want to take my hat off to the first scholar of his year.

Dr. Butts felt somewhat in the same way as he contemplated The Terror. She surprised him so often with her knowledge that he was ready to receive her without astonishment when she burst in upon him one day with a cry of triumph, "*Eureka! Eureka!*"

"And what have you found, my dear?" said the doctor.

Lurida was flushed and panting with the excitement of her new discovery.

"I do believe that I have found the secret of our strange visitor's dread of all human intercourse!"

The seasoned practitioner was not easily thrown off his balance.

"Wait a minute and get your breath," said the doctor. "Are you not a little overstating his peculiarity? It is not quite so bad as that. He keeps a man to serve him, he was civil with the people at the Old Tavern, he was affable enough, I understand, with the young fellow he pulled out of the water, or

rescued somehow, — I don't believe he avoids the whole human race. He does not look as if he hated them, so far as I have remarked his expression. I passed a few words with him when his man was ailing, and found him polite enough. No, I don't believe it is much more than an extreme case of shyness, connected, perhaps, with some congenital or other personal repugnance to which has been given the name of an antipathy."

Lurida could hardly keep still while the doctor was speaking. When he finished, she began the account of her discovery: —

"I do certainly believe I have found an account of his case in an Italian medical journal of about fourteen years ago. I met with a reference which led me to look over a file of the *Giornale degli Ospitali* lying among the old pamphlets in the medical section of the Library. I have made a translation of it, which you must read and then tell me if you do not agree with me in my conclusion."

"Tell me what your conclusion is, and I will read your paper and see for myself whether I think the evidence justifies the conviction you seem to have reached."

"Lurida's large eyes showed their whole rounds like the two halves of a map of the world, as she said, —

"*I believe that Maurice Kirkwood is suffering from the effects of the bite of a TARANTULA!*"

The doctor drew a long breath. He remembered in a vague sort of way the stories which used to be told of the terrible Apulian spider, but he had consigned them to the limbo of medical fable where so many fictions have clothed themselves with a local habitation and a name. He looked into the round eyes and wide pupils a little anxiously, as if he feared that she was in a state of undue excitement, but, true to his professional training, he waited for another

symptom, if indeed her mind was in any measure off its balance.

"I know what you are thinking," Lurida said, "but it is not so. 'I am not mad, most noble Festus.' You shall see the evidence and judge for yourself. Read the whole case, — you can read my hand almost as if it were print, — and tell me if you do not agree with me that this young man is in all probability the same person as the boy described in the Italian journal. One thing you might say is against the supposition. The young patient is spoken of as Signorino M . . . Ch. . . . But you must remember that *ch* is pronounced hard in Italian, like *k*, which letter is wanting in the Italian alphabet; and it is natural enough that the initial of the second name should have got changed in the record to its Italian equivalent."

Before inviting the reader to follow the details of this extraordinary case as found in a medical journal, the holder of The Portfolio wishes to be indulged in a few words of explanation, in order that he may not have to apologize for allowing the introduction of a subject which may be thought to belong to the professional student rather than to the readers of these papers. There is a great deal in medical books which it is very unbecoming to bring before the general public, — a great deal to repel, to disgust, to alarm, to excite unwholesome curiosity. It is not the men whose duties have made them familiar with this class of subjects who are most likely to offend by scenes and descriptions which belong to the physician's private library and not to the shelves devoted to polite literature. Goldsmith and even Smollett, both having studied and practised medicine, could not by any possibility have outraged all the natural feelings of delicacy and decency as Swift and Zola have outraged them. But without handling doubtful subjects, there are many curious medical experiences which have

interest for every one as extreme illustrations of ordinary conditions with which all are acquainted. No one can study the now familiar history of clairvoyance profitably who has not learned something of the vagaries of hysteria. No one can read understandingly the lives of Cowper and of Carlyle without having some idea of the influence of hypochondriasis and of dyspepsia upon the disposition and intellect of the subjects of these maladies. I need not apologize, therefore, for giving publicity to that part of this narrative which deals with one of the most singular maladies to be found in the records of bodily and mental infirmities.

The following is the account of the case as translated by Miss Vincent. For obvious reasons the whole name was not given in the original paper, and for similar reasons the date of the event and the birthplace of the patient are not precisely indicated here.

[Giornale degli Ospitali, Luglio 21, 18—.]

REMARKABLE CASE OF TARANTISM.

"The great interest attaching to the very singular and exceptional instance of this rare affection induces us to give a full account of the extraordinary example of its occurrence in a patient who was the subject of a recent medical consultation in this city.

"Signorino M . . . Ch . . . is the only son of a gentleman travelling in Italy at this time. He is eleven years of age, of sanguine-nervous temperament, light hair, blue eyes, intelligent countenance, well grown, but rather slight in form, to all appearance in good health, but subject to certain peculiar and anomalous nervous symptoms, of which his father gives this history.

"Nine years ago, the father informs us, he was travelling in Italy with his wife, this child, and a nurse. They were passing a few days in a country village near the city of Bari, capital of the

province of the same name in the division (*compartimento*) of Apulia. The child was in perfect health and had never been affected by any serious illness. On the 10th of July he was playing out in the field near the house where the family was staying when he was heard to scream suddenly and violently. The nurse rushing to him found him in great pain, saying that something had bitten him in one of his feet. A laborer, one Tommaso, ran up at the moment and perceived in the grass, near where the boy was standing, an enormous spider, which he at once recognized as a tarantula. He managed to catch the creature in a large leaf, from which he was afterwards transferred to a wide-mouthed bottle, where he lived without any food for a month or more. The creature was covered with short hairs, and had a pair of nipper-like jaws, with which he could inflict an ugly wound. His body measured about an inch in length, and from the extremity of one of the longest limbs to the other was between two and three inches. Such was the account given by the physician to whom the peasant carried the great spider.

"The boy who had been bitten continued screaming violently while his stocking was being removed and the foot examined. The place of the bite was easily found and the two marks of the claw-like jaws already showed the effects of the poison, a small livid circle extending around them, with some puffy swelling. The distinguished Dr. Amadei was immediately sent for and applied cups over the wounds in the hope of drawing forth the poison. In vain all his skill and efforts! Soon, ataxic (irregular) nervous symptoms declared themselves, and it became plain that the system had been infected by the poison.

"The symptoms were very much like those of malignant fever, such as distress about the region of the heart,

difficulty of breathing, collapse of all the vital powers, threatening immediate death. From these first symptoms the child rallied, but his entire organism had been profoundly affected by the venom circulating through it. His constitution has never thrown off the malady resulting from this toxic (poisonous) agent. The phenomena which have been observed in this young patient correspond so nearly with those enumerated in the elaborate essay of the celebrated Baglivi that one might think they had been transcribed from his pages.

"He is very fond of solitude, — of wandering about in churchyards and other lonely places. He was once found hiding in an empty tomb, which had been left open. His aversion to certain colors is remarkable. Generally speaking, he prefers bright tints to darker ones, but his likes and dislikes are capricious, and with regard to some colors his antipathy amounts to positive horror. Some shades have such an effect upon him that he cannot remain in the room with them, and if he meets any one whose dress has any of that particular color, he will turn away or retreat so as to avoid passing that person. Among these, purple and dark green are the least endurable. He cannot explain the sensations which these obnoxious colors produce except by saying that it is like the deadly feeling from a blow on the epigastrium (pit of the stomach).

"About the same season of the year at which the tarantular poisoning took place he is liable to certain nervous seizures, not exactly like fainting or epilepsy, but reminding the physician of those affections: all the other symptoms are aggravated at this time.

"In other respects than those mentioned the boy is in good health. He is fond of riding, and has a pony on which he takes a great deal of exercise, which seems to do him more good than any other remedy.

"The influence of music, to which so

much has been attributed by popular belief and even by the distinguished Professor to whom we shall again refer, has not as yet furnished any satisfactory results. If the graver symptoms recur while the patient is under our observation, we propose to make use of an agency discredited by modern skepticism, but deserving of a fair trial as an exceptional remedy for an exceptional disease.

"The following extracts from the work of the celebrated Italian physician of the last century are given by the writer of the paper in the *Giornale* in the original Latin, with a translation into Italian, subjoined. Here are the extracts, or rather here is a selection from them, with a translation of them into English.

"After mentioning the singular aversion to certain colors shown by the subject of tarantism, Baglivi writes as follows: —

"*'Et si astantes incedant vestibus eo colore diffusis, qui Tarantatis ingratus est, necesse est ut ab illorum aspectu recedant; nam ad intuitum molesti coloris angore cordis, et symptomatum recrudescantia statim corripuntur.'* (G. Baglivi, Op. Omnia, page 614. Lugduni, 1745.)

"That is, 'if the persons about the patient wear dresses of the color which is offensive to him, he must get away from the sight of them; for on seeing the obnoxious color he is at once seized with distress in the region of the heart, and a renewal of his symptoms.'

"As to the recurrence of the malady, Baglivi says: —

"*'Dum calor solis ardentius exurere incipit, quod contingit circa initia Julii et Augusti, Tarantati lente venientem recrudescantiam veneni percipiunt.'* (Ibid, page 619.)

"Which I render, 'When the heat of the sun begins to burn more fiercely, which happens about the beginning of July and August, the subjects of Taran-

tism perceive the gradually approaching recrudescence (returning symptoms) of the poisoning.' Among the remedies most valued by this illustrious physician is that mentioned in the following sentence.

"*Laudo magnopere equitationes in aëre rusticano factas singulis diebus, horâ potissimum matutina, quibus equitationibus morbos chronicos pene incurabiles protinus eliminavi.*"

"Or in translation, —

"I commend especially riding on horseback in country air, every day, by preference in the morning hours, by the aid of which horseback riding I have driven off chronic diseases which were almost incurable."

Miss Vincent read this paper aloud to Dr. Butts, and handed it to him to examine and consider. He listened with a grave countenance and devout attention.

As she finished reading her account, she exclaimed in the passionate tones of the deepest conviction: —

"There, doctor! Haven't I found the true story of this strange visitor? Haven't I solved the riddle of the sphinx? Who can this man be but the boy of that story? Look at the date of the journal when he was eleven years old; it would make him twenty-five now, and that is just about the age the people here think he must be of. What could account so entirely for his ways and actions, as that strange poisoning which produces the state they call tarantism? I am just as sure it must be that as I am alive. Oh, doctor, doctor, I must be right, — this Signorino M . . . Ch . . . was the boy Maurice Kirkwood, and the story accounts for everything, — his solitary habits, his dread of people, — it must be because they wear the colors he can't bear. His morning rides on horseback, his coming here just as the season was approaching which would aggravate all his symp-

toms, — does n't all this prove that I must be right in my conjecture, — no, my conviction?"

The doctor knew too much to interrupt the young enthusiast, and so he let her run on until she ran down. He was more used to the rules of evidence than she was, and could not accept her positive conclusion so readily as she would have liked to have him. He knew that beginners are very apt to make what they think are discoveries. But he had been an angler and knew the meaning of a yielding rod and an easy-running reel. He said quietly, —

"You are a most sagacious young lady, and a very pretty *prima facie* case it is that you make out. I can see no proof that Mr. Kirkwood is not the same person as the M . . . Ch . . . of the medical journal, — that is, if I accept your explanation of the difference in the initials of these two names. Even if there were a difference, that would not disprove their identity, for the initials of patients whose cases are reported by their physicians are often altered for the purpose of concealment. I do not know, however, that Mr. Kirkwood has shown any special aversion to any particular color. It might be interesting to inquire whether it is so, but it is a delicate matter. I don't exactly see whose business it is to investigate Mr. Maurice Kirkwood's idiosyncrasies and constitutional history. If he should have occasion to send for me at any time, he might tell me all about himself, — in confidence, you know. These old accounts from Baglivi are curious and interesting, but I am cautious about receiving any stories a hundred years old, if they involve an improbability, as his stories about the cure of the tarantula bite by music certainly do. I am disposed to wait for future developments, bearing the very singular case you have unearthed in mind, of course. It would n't be very strange if our young gentleman had to send for

me before the season is over. He is out a good deal before the dew is off the grass, which is rather risky in this neighborhood as autumn comes on. I am somewhat curious, I confess, about the young man, but I do not meddle where I am not asked for or wanted, and I have found that eggs hatch just as well if you let them alone in the nest, as if you take them out and shake them every day. This is a wonderfully interesting supposition of yours, and may prove to be strictly in accordance with the facts. But I do not think we have all the facts in this young man's case. If it were proved that he had an aversion to any color, it would greatly strengthen your case. His 'antipatia,' as his man called it, must be one which covers a wide ground, to account for his self-isolation,—and the color hypothesis seems as plausible as any. But, my dear Miss Vincent, I think you had better leave your singular and striking hypothesis in my keeping for a while, rather than let it get abroad in a community like this, where so many tongues are in active exercise. I will carefully study this paper, if you will leave it with me, and we will talk the whole matter over. It is a fair subject for speculation, only we must keep quiet about it."

This long speech gave Lurida's fervid brain time to cool off a little. She left the paper with the doctor, telling him she would come for it the next day, and went off to tell the result of this visit to her bosom friend, Miss Euthymia Tower.

XV.

DR. BUTTS CALLS ON EUTHYMIA.

The doctor was troubled in thinking over his interview with the young lady. She was fully possessed with the idea that she had discovered the secret which had defied the most sagacious heads of the village. It was of no use to oppose

her while her mind was in an excited state. But he felt it his duty to guard her against any possible results of indiscretion into which her eagerness and her theory of the equality, almost the identity, of the sexes might betray her. Too much of the woman in a daughter of our race leads her to forget danger. Too little of the woman prompts her to defy it. Fortunately for this last class of women, they are not quite so likely to be perilously seductive as their more emphatically feminine sisters.

Dr. Butts had known Lurida and her friend from the days of their infancy. He had watched the development of Lurida's intelligence from its precocious nursery-life to the full vigor of its trained faculties. He had looked with admiration on the childish beauty of Euthymia, and seen her grow up to womanhood, every year making her more attractive. He knew that if anything was to be done with his self-willed young scholar and friend, it would be more easily effected through the medium of Euthymia, than by direct advice to the young lady herself. So the thoughtful doctor made up his mind to have a good talk with Euthymia, and put her on her guard, if Lurida showed any tendency to forget the conventionalities in her eager pursuit of knowledge.

For the doctor's horse and chaise to stop at the door of Miss Euthymia Tower's parental home was an event strange enough to set all the tongues in the village going. This was one of those families where illness was hardly looked for among the possibilities of life. There were other families where a call from the doctor was hardly more thought of than a call from the baker. But here he was a stranger, at least on his professional rounds, and when he asked for Miss Euthymia, the servant, who knew his face well, stared as if he had held in his hand a warrant for her apprehension.

Euthymia did not keep the doctor waiting very long while she made ready to meet him. One look at her glass to make sure that a lock had not run astray, or a ribbon got out of place, and her toilet for a morning call was finished. Perhaps if Mr. Maurice Kirkwood had been announced, she might have taken a second look, but with the good middle-aged, married doctor, one was enough for a young lady who had the gift of making all the dresses she wore look well, and had no occasion to treat her chamber like the laboratory where an actress compounds herself.

Euthymia welcomed the doctor very heartily. She could not help suspecting his errand, and she was very glad to have a chance to talk over her friend's schemes and fancies with him.

The doctor began without any round-about prelude.

"I want to confer with you about our friend Lurida. Does she tell you all her plans and projects?"

"Why, as to that, doctor, I can hardly say, positively, but I do not believe she keeps back anything of importance from me. I know what she has been busy with lately, and the queer idea she has got into her head. What do you think of the Tarantula business? She has shown you the paper she has written, I suppose."

"Indeed she has. It is a very curious case she has got hold of, and I do not wonder at all that she should have felt convinced that she had come at the true solution of the village riddle. It may be that this young man is the same person as the boy mentioned in the Italian medical journal. But it is very far from clear that he is so. You know all her reasons, of course, as you have read the story. The times seem to agree well enough. It is easy to conceive that *Ch* might be substituted for *K* in the report. The singular solitary habits of this young man entirely coincide with the story. If we could only

find out whether he has any of these feelings with reference to certain colors, we might guess with more chance of guessing right than we have at present. But I don't see exactly how we are going to submit him to examination on this point. If he were only a chemical compound, we could analyze him. If he were only a bird or a quadruped, we could find out his likes and dislikes. But being, as he is, a young man, with ways of his own, and a will of his own, which he may not choose to have interfered with, the problem becomes more complicated. I hear that a newspaper correspondent has visited him so as to make a report to his paper, — do you know what he found out?"

"Certainly I do, very well. My brother has heard his own story, which was this: He found out he had got hold of the wrong person to interview. The young gentleman, he says, interviewed *him*, so that he did not learn much about the sphinx. But the newspaper man told Willy about the sphinx's library and a cabinet of coins he had; and said he should make an article out of him, anyhow. I wish the man would take himself off. I am afraid Lurida's love of knowledge will get her into trouble!"

"Which of the men do you wish would take himself off?"

"I was thinking of the newspaper man."

She blushed a little as she said, "I can't help feeling a strange sort of interest about the other, Mr. Kirkwood. Do you know that I met him this morning, and had a good look at him, full in the face?"

"Well, to be sure! That *was* an interesting experience. And how did you like his looks?"

"I thought his face a very remarkable one. But he looked very pale as he passed me, and I noticed that he put his hand to his left side as if he had a twinge of pain, or something of that

sort, — spasm or neuralgia, — I don't know what. I wondered whether he had what you call *angina pectoris*. It was the same kind of look and movement I remember, as you must, too, in my uncle who died with that complaint."

The doctor was silent for a moment. Then he asked, "Were you dressed as you are now?"

"Yes, I was, except that I had a thin mantle over my shoulders. I was out early, and I have always remembered your caution."

"What color was your mantle?"

"It was black. I have been over all this with Lurida. A black mantle on a white dress. A straw hat with an old faded ribbon. There can't be much in those colors to trouble him, I should think, for his man wears a black coat and white linen, — more or less white, as you must have noticed, and he must have seen ribbons of all colors often enough. But Lurida believes it was the ribbon, or something in the combination of colors. Her head is full of Tarantulas and Tarantism. I fear that she will never be easy until the question is settled by actual trial. And will you believe it? the girl is determined in some way to test her supposition!"

"Believe it, Euthymia! I can believe almost anything of Lurida. She is the most irrepressible creature I ever knew. You know as well as I do what a complete possession any ruling idea takes of her whole nature. I have had some fears lest her zeal might run away with her discretion. It is a great deal easier to get into a false position than to get out of it."

"I know it well enough. I want you to tell me what you think about the whole business. I don't like the look of it at all, and yet I can do nothing with the girl except let her follow her fancy, until I can show her plainly that she will get herself into trouble in some way or other. But she is ingenious, — full of all sorts of devices, innocent

enough in themselves, but liable to be misconstrued. You remember how she won us the boat-race?"

"To be sure I do. It was rather sharp practice, but she felt she was paying off an old score. The classical story of Atalanta, told, like that of Eve, as illustrating the weakness of woman, provoked her to make trial of the powers of resistance in the other sex. But it was audacious. I hope her audacity will not go too far. You must watch her. *Keep an eye on her correspondence.*"

The doctor had great confidence in the good sense of Lurida's friend. He felt sure that she would not let Lurida commit herself by writing foolish letters to the subject of her speculations, or similar indiscreet performances. The boldness of young girls, who think no evil, in opening correspondence with idealized personages is something quite astonishing to those who have had an opportunity of knowing the facts. Lurida had passed the most dangerous age, but her theory of the equality of the sexes made her indifferent to the by-laws of social usage. She required watching, and her two guardians were ready to check her, in case of need.

XVI.

MISS VINCENT WRITES A LETTER.

Euthymia noticed that her friend had been very much preoccupied for two or three days. She found her more than once busy at her desk, with a manuscript before her, which she turned over and placed inside the desk, as Euthymia entered.

This desire of concealment was not what either of the friends expected to see in the other. It showed that some project was under way, which, at least in its present stage, the Machiavellian young lady did not wish to disclose. It had cost her a good deal of thought and

care, apparently, for her waste-basket was full of scraps of paper, which looked as if they were the remains of a manuscript like that at which she was at work. "Copying and recopying, probably," thought Euthymia, but she was willing to wait to learn what Lurida was busy about, though she had a suspicion that it was something in which she might feel called upon to interest herself.

"Do you know what I think?" said Euthymia to the doctor, meeting him as he left his door. "I believe Lurida is writing to this man, and I don't like the thought of her doing such a thing. Of course she is not like other girls in many respects, but other people will judge her by the common rules of life."

"I am glad that you spoke of it," answered the doctor; "she would write to him just as quickly as to any woman of his age. Besides, under the cover of her office, she has got into the way of writing to anybody. I think she has already written to Mr. Kirkwood, asking him to contribute a paper for the Society. She can find a pretext easily enough if she has made up her mind to write. In fact, I doubt if she would trouble herself for any pretext at all if she decided to write. Watch her well. Don't let any letter go without seeing it, if you can help it."

Young women are much given to writing letters to persons whom they only know indirectly, for the most part through their books, and especially to romancers and poets. Nothing can be more innocent and simple-hearted than most of these letters. They are the spontaneous outflow of young hearts easily excited to gratitude for the pleasure which some story or poem has given them, and recognizing their own thoughts, their own feelings, in those expressed by the author, as if on purpose for them to read. Undoubtedly they give great relief to solitary young persons, who must have some ideal reflection of themselves, and know not where to look since

protestantism has taken away the crucifix and the Madonna. The recipient of these letters sometimes wonders, after reading through one of them, how it is that his young correspondent has managed to fill so much space with her simple message of admiration or of sympathy.

Lurida did not belong to this particular class of correspondents, but she could not resist the law of her sex, whose thoughts naturally surround themselves with superabundant drapery of language, as their persons float in a wide superfluity of woven tissues. Was she indeed writing to this unknown gentleman? Euthymia questioned her point-blank.

"Are you going to open a correspondence with Mr. Maurice Kirkwood, Lurida? You seem to be so busy writing, I can think of nothing else. Or are you going to write a novel, or a paper for the Society,—do tell me what you are so much taken up with."

"I will tell you, Euthymia, if you will promise not to find fault with me for carrying out my plan as I have made up my mind to do. You may read this letter before I seal it, and if you find anything in it you don't like, you can suggest any change that you think will improve it. I hope you will see that it explains itself. I don't believe that you will find anything to frighten you in it."

This is the letter, as submitted to Miss Tower by her friend. The bold handwriting made it look like a man's letter, and gave it consequently a less dangerous expression than that which belongs to the tinted and often fragrant sheet with its delicate thready characters, which slant across the page like an April shower with a south wind chasing it.

ARROWHEAD VILLAGE, *August* —, 18—.

MY DEAR SIR,—You will doubtless be surprised at the sight of a letter

like this from one whom you only know as the Secretary of the Pansophian Society. There is a very common feeling that it is unbecoming in one of my sex to address one of your own with whom she is unacquainted, unless she has some special claim upon his attention. I am by no means disposed to concede to the vulgar prejudice on this point. If one human being has anything to communicate to another, — anything which deserves being communicated, — I see no occasion for bringing in the question of sex. I do not think the *homo sum* of Terence can be claimed for the male sex as its private property on general any more than on grammatical grounds.

I have sometimes thought of devoting myself to the noble art of healing. If I did so, it would be with the fixed purpose of giving my whole powers to the service of humanity. And if I should carry out that idea, should I refuse my care and skill to a suffering fellow-mortal because that mortal happened to be a brother, and not a sister? My whole nature protests against such one-sided humanity! No! I am blind to all distinctions when my eyes are opened to any form of suffering, to any spectacle of want.

You may ask me why I address *you*, whom I know little or nothing of, and to whom such an advance may seem presumptuous and intrusive. It is because I was deeply impressed by the paper which I attributed to you, — that on Ocean, River, and Lake, which was read at one of our meetings. I say that I was deeply impressed, but I do not mean this as a compliment to that paper. I am not bandying compliments now, but thinking of better things than praises or phrases. I was interested in the paper, partly because I recognized some of the feelings expressed in it as my own, — partly because there was an undertone of sadness in all the voices of nature as you echoed them which made me sad to

hear, and which I could not help longing to cheer and enliven. I said to myself, I should like to hold communion with the writer of that paper. I have had my lonely hours and days, as he has had. I have had some of his experiences in my intercourse with nature. And oh! if I could draw him into those better human relations which await us all, if we come with the right dispositions, I should blush if I stopped to inquire whether I violated any conventional rule or not.

You will understand me, I feel sure. You believe, do you not? in the insignificance of the barrier which divides the sisterhood from the brotherhood of mankind. You believe, do you not? that they should be educated side by side, that they should share the same pursuits, due regard being had to the fitness of the particular individual for hard or light work, as it must always be, whether we are dealing with the "stronger" or the "weaker" sex. I mark these words because, notwithstanding their common use, they involve so much that is not true. Stronger! Yes, to lift a barrel of flour, or a barrel of cider, — though there have been women who could do that, and though when John Wesley was mobbed in Staffordshire a woman knocked down three or four men, one after another, until she was at last overpowered and nearly murdered. Talk about the weaker sex! Go and see Miss Euthymia Tower at the gymnasium! But no matter about which sex has the strongest muscles. Which has most to suffer, and which has most endurance and vitality? We go through many ordeals which you are spared, but we outlast you in mind and body. I have been led away into one of my accustomed trains of thought, but not so far away from it as you might at first suppose.

My brother! Are you not ready to recognize in me a friend, an equal, a sister, who can speak to you as if she

had been reared under the same roof? And is not the sky that covers us one roof, which makes us all one family? You are lonely, you must be longing for some human fellowship. Take me into your confidence. What is there that you can tell me to which I cannot respond with sympathy? What saddest note in your spiritual dirges which will not find its chord in mine?

I long to know what influence has cast its shadow over your existence. I myself have known what it is to carry a brain that never rests in a body that is always tired. I have defied its infirmities, and forced it to do my bidding. You have no such hindrance, if we may judge by your aspect and habits. You deal with horses like a Homeric hero. No wild Indian could handle his bark canoe more dexterously or more vigorously than we have seen you handling yours. There must be some reason for your seclusion which curiosity has not reached, and into which it is not the province of curiosity to inquire. But in the irresistible desire which I have to bring you into kindly relations with those around you, I must run the risk of giving offence that I may know in what direction to look for those restorative influences which the sympathy of a friend and sister can offer to a brother in need of some kindly impulse to change the course of a life which is not, which cannot be, in accordance with his true nature.

I have thought that there may be something in the conditions with which you are here surrounded which is repugnant to your feelings, — something which can be avoided only by keeping yourself apart from the people whose acquaintance you would naturally have formed. There can hardly be anything in the place itself, or you would not have voluntarily sought it as a residence, even for a single season. There might be individuals here whom you would not care to meet, — there must be such,

but you cannot have a personal aversion to everybody. I have heard of cases in which certain sights and sounds, which have no particular significance for most persons, produced feelings of distress or aversion that made them unbearable to the subjects of the constitutional dislike. It has occurred to me that possibly you might have some such natural aversion to the sounds of the street, or such as are heard in most houses, especially where a piano is kept, as it is in fact in almost all of those in the village. Or it might be, I imagined, that some color in the dresses of women or the furniture of our rooms affected you unpleasantly. I know that instances of such antipathy have been recorded, and they would account for the seclusion of those who are subject to it.

If there is any removable condition which interferes with your free entrance into and enjoyment of the social life around you, tell me, I beg of you, tell me what it is, and it shall be eliminated. Think it not strange, O my brother, that I thus venture to introduce myself into the hidden chambers of your life. I will never suffer myself to be frightened from the carrying out of any thought which promises to be of use to a fellow-mortal by a fear lest it should be considered "unfeminine." I can bear to be considered unfeminine, but I cannot endure to think of myself as inhuman. Can I help you, my brother?

Believe me your most sincere well-wisher,
LURIDA VINCENT.

Euthymia had carried off this letter and read it by herself. As she finished it, her feelings found expression in an old phrase of her grandmother's, which came up of itself, as such survivals of early days are apt to do, on great occasions.

"Well, I never!"

Then she loosened some button or string that was too tight and went to the window for a breath of out-door air.

Then she began at the beginning and read the whole letter all over again.

What should she do about it? She could not let this young girl send a letter like that to a stranger of whose character little was known except by inference, — to a young man, who would consider it a most extraordinary advance on the part of the sender. She would have liked to tear it into a thousand pieces, but she had no right to treat it in that way. *Lurida* meant to send it the next morning, and in the mean time *Euthymia* had the night to think over what she should do about it.

There is nothing like the pillow for an oracle. There is no voice like that which breaks the silence of the stagnant hours of the night with its sudden suggestions and luminous counsels. When *Euthymia* awoke in the morning, her course of action was as clear before her as if it had been dictated by her guardian angel. She went straight over to the home of *Lurida*, who was just dressed for breakfast.

She was naturally a little surprised at this early visit. She was struck with the excited look of *Euthymia*, being herself quite calm, and contemplating her project with entire complacency.

Euthymia began, in tones that expressed deep anxiety.

"I have read your letter, my dear, and admired its spirit and force. It is a fine letter, and does you great credit as an expression of the truest human feeling. But it must not be sent to Mr. Kirkwood. If you were sixty years old, perhaps if you were fifty, it might be admissible to send it. But if you were forty, I should question its propriety; if you were thirty, I should veto it, and you are but a little more than twenty. How do you know that this stranger will not show your letter to anybody or everybody? How do you know that he will not send it to one of the gossiping journals like the *Household Inquisitor*? But supposing he

keeps it to himself, which is more than you have a right to expect, what opinion is he likely to form of a young lady who invades his privacy with such freedom? Ten to one he will think curiosity is at the bottom of it, — and, — come, don't be angry at me for suggesting it, — may there not be a little of that same motive mingled with the others? No, don't interrupt me quite yet, you *do* want to know whether your hypothesis is correct. You are full of the best and kindest feelings in the world, but your desire for knowledge is the ferment under them just now, perhaps more than you know."

Lurida's pale cheeks flushed and whitened more than once while her friend was speaking. She loved her too sincerely and respected her intelligence too much to take offence at her advice, but she could not give up her humane and sisterly intentions merely from the fear of some awkward consequences to herself. She had persuaded herself that she was playing the part of a Protestant sister of charity, and that the fact of her not wearing the costume of these ministering angels made no difference in her relations to those who needed her aid.

"I cannot see your objections in the light in which they appear to you," she said gravely. "It seems to me that I give up everything when I hesitate to help a fellow-creature because I am a woman. I am not afraid to send this letter and take all the consequences."

"Will you go with me to the doctor's, and let him read it in our presence? And will you agree to abide by his opinion, if it coincides with mine?"

Lurida winced a little at this proposal. "I don't quite like," she said, "showing this letter to — to" — she hesitated, but it had to come out — "to a man, — that is, to another man than the one for whom it was intended."

The neuter gender business had got a pretty damaging side-hit.

"Well, never mind about letting him read the letter. Will you go over to his house with me at noon, when he comes back after his morning visits, and have a talk over the whole matter with him? You know I have sometimes had to say *must* to you, Lurida, and now I say you *must* go to the doctor's with me and carry that letter."

There was no resisting the potent monosyllable as the sweet but firm voice delivered it. At noon the two maidens rang at the doctor's door. The servant said he had been at the house after his

morning visits, but found a hasty summons to Mr. Kirkwood, who had been taken suddenly ill and wished to see him at once. — Was the illness dangerous? The servant-maid did n't know, but thought it was pretty bad, for Mr. Paul came in as white as a sheet, and talked all sorts of languages which she could n't understand, and took on as if he thought Mr. Kirkwood was going to die right off.

And so the hazardous question about sending the letter was disposed of, at least for the present.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE PORT ROYAL OF MÈRE ANGÉLIQUE.

Qui ne connaît pas Port Royal, ne connaît pas l'humanité. — ROYRE-COLLARD.

FRENCH Protestantism in the sixteenth century, according to Sainte-Beuve, was the work of the aristocracy, or at least of the gentry. Port Royal was the religious expression of the best part of the middle classes in France.

In 1599, the last year of the sixteenth century, little Jacqueline Arnauld, a child of seven, was appointed coadjutrix to the lady-abbess of Port Royal, while her sister Jeanne, two years younger, was made abbess of the neighboring convent of Saint Cyr. Antoine Arnauld, father of these children, and of a numerous progeny besides, was an eminent lawyer of Huguenot descent; and their grandfather, M. Marion, advocate-general of Henry IV., was a favorite of that monarch, who was not very strict, as we know, in his ideas about abbeys and sacraments. He probably considered this a legitimate and honorable method of providing for the younger daughters of his friends. The Pope's bull, however, confirming these appointments was not forthcoming. Antoine Arnauld had made a great repu-

tation by a famous plea against the Jesuits, instrumental in procuring their recent expulsion. His courageous eloquence had won from the University of France an official expression of everlasting gratitude, but it had also secured to him the undying hatred of the "Order," and of its friends at court. Everything went on as if the confirmation had been issued in due form. Little Jeanne went to Saint Cyr to perform her duties by proxy, and Jacqueline was sent away from home to a convent, to be trained for her new responsibilities, and to be initiated into her religious life. The choice of abode was a strange one, for she was sent to Maubuisson.

Midway between Creil and Paris, on the Chemin du fer du Nord, near the station of Saint-Ouen-l'Aumône, where you change cars for Dieppe, rise the ruins of this stately abbey, founded by Blanche, mother of Saint Louis. Here Jacqueline dwelt for two years, under the care and guidance of Madame Angélique d'Estrées, Abbess of Maubuisson and Bertaumont, the unworthy sister of the far-famed Gabrielle. At first, Madame d'Estrées had only presided over

the Abbey of Bertaumont, near Amiens, where Henry IV. was a frequent visitor. It is said that Gabrielle complained of being banished so far from Paris, and begged her royal lover to give her sister charge of some other convent not so remote. So the abbess of Maubuisson was notified that another would be appointed in her stead, and the king signified his wishes, convoked the chapter in person, and installed Madame Angélique and her fair sister in their new domain. Thus, in the shadow of the royal amours, and under the influence of such a woman, Jacqueline passed two years of her childhood and received her first impressions of convent life. Once, during this period, she accompanied the abbess on a visit to Maubuisson, was confirmed there, and took Madame d'Estrées' own name, Angélique. The old abbess of Port Royal had just died, and a new nomination was to be sent to Rome, no longer of Jacqueline Arnauld, as coadjutrix, but of Angélique Arnauld, as abbess, and her age was stated as seventeen, when, in fact, she was hardly nine years old. Even then, difficulties were made, and, only after a great deal of adroit diplomacy in support of the falsehood, the Pope's consent was obtained, and the bull issued, investing Angélique with the dignity of the abbess of the monastery of Port Royal, where she now took up her abode, after being regularly installed in presence of an august assemblage.

The abbey of Port Royal des Champs, about eighteen miles to the west of Paris, lies in a narrow valley, completely shut in by wooded hills. It was founded in the year 1204, by Eudes de Sully, Bishop of Paris, and Mathilde de Garlande, who had made a vow for the salvation and safe return of her husband, a crusader with Foulques de Neuilly. The name is said to come from the low Latin word *borra* or *porra*, signifying a hole full of brambles and stag-

nant water, only too descriptive of the original state of the valley. Twelve years after its foundation it was called "Portu-Regio," thus sanctioning the legend of Philip-Augustus, who, having lost his way in the chase, took refuge in a little chapel dedicated to Saint Laurence on this spot, and founded the abbey in grateful recognition of the shelter afforded, thence called Port Royal. So says tradition, but historical records do not confirm the story.

The convent belonged to the Order of Saint Bernard; but some of the first nuns were Benedictines, and they were under the supervision of the monks of Citeaux, at the neighboring convent of Vaux de Cernai, now a picturesque and imposing ruin, belonging to Madame Nathaniel Rothschild. Vaux de Cernai was founded in 1128, by Simon de Montfort, also a patron and benefactor of Port Royal. Thibaut, grandson of Mathilde de Garlande, became the abbot of Vaux de Cernai, and evidently regarded with great favor the convent near by, founded by his grandmother. During the visits he made to Port Royal as superior, he inhabited a small, detached building near the porter's lodge that ever after went by his name.

Four hundred years had passed away since Mathilde de Garlande kept her pious vow, when the child abbess came into possession of her new domain, no longer a stagnant fen, but a fair and fertile valley, embosoming a goodly convent. The rule had been very much relaxed, as was generally the case at that period, and more or less disorder prevailed, though the epitaph of the old abbess, who had lately died, recorded that "she had not neglected her convent, and had fed her nuns well." At the time of the accession of Mère Angélique, the confessor was an ignorant old monk, who did not understand his "Pater," could not say one word of the catechism, and never opened a book but his breviary. There had been no

preaching at Port Royal for the last thirty years, except on the rare occasions when a nun took the veil. They went to communion once a month and on high feast days, always excepting that of the purification, that came in carnival time when all the house was in confusion, and the confessor and the nuns had as much as they could do to prepare for masquerades. The sisters followed the fashion of wearing masks and gloves to preserve their complexions. There were only thirteen nuns in all, and the eldest, thirty-three years old, was soon sent away by Madame Arnauld for unseemly conduct. The young abbess led a regular life and conducted all the services, beginning with the matins at four o'clock. The rest of the time she played or rambled about the place, attending particularly to one of the regulations that directed the lady abbess to take the community to walk after vespers. Rainy days she read romances, or the history of Rome, by way of recreation. The prioress attended to all the material wants of the house. There was not much luxury, for they were not rich and the servants were wasteful, but there was a great deal of liberty in private expenditure, and some of the nuns had their own furniture and silver service. The Arnauld family exercised a vigilant oversight, Madame Arnauld, especially, often arriving from Paris unexpectedly; but all was quiet and orderly, and the general of the Order, on his annual visit of inspection, pronounced everything satisfactory, and increased the number of nuns to sixteen. One day Henry IV., hunting in the neighborhood, called at the abbey to see Antoine Arnauld, Angélique's father, then on a visit to the convent, during the parliamentary recess. The youthful abbess went out in great state at the head of all her nuns, to meet the king. She was mounted for the occasion on high-heeled overshoes, and the king compli-

mented her on being tall for her age. He promised to come back and dine the next day, but the hunt taking him in another direction, he sent his excuses in due form, and then shouted as he passed close under the walls, on horseback: "The king kisses the hands of the lady abbess." This was his first and last visit to Port Royal; little else occurred to break the monotony, and after five long years Angélique grew weary of a life that began to inspire her with disgust. She confided in no one, however, and when people suggested that she was not bound by vows made when she was a minor, she never appeared to entertain the idea, and discouraged such remarks. She began, however, to make and receive visits, proceedings that interfered with the regularity of convent life, and displeased her mother, who did not spare remonstrances and exhortations. Angélique saw at last that she must submit to the rule, or else afflict her parents and do discredit to her position. She gave up her excursions and tried for a time to console herself by reading Plutarch's Lives, and other profane books; but, in spite of this diversion, her life grew so intolerable that she meditated escape, dreamed of marriage, and seriously planned taking refuge with her Huguenot aunts at La Rochelle. On the eve of carrying out this design, she fell ill, probably from nervous excitement, and was taken home on a litter. She was tenderly cared for in her father's house in Paris, and, on her recovery, the affectionate child had lost the courage to distress those who loved her by such a scandal. It is possible that in her delirium she may have betrayed her secret; at all events, one day, soon after her recovery, her father surprised her by suddenly presenting an illegibly written page, laying it before her, and saying in a peremptory tone: "Sign this, my daughter, there, in that place," pointing out the spot for the signature. One glance convinced her

that it was a confirmation of her vows, but she did not dare to resist, and wrote her name, "ready to die with shame and anger," as she said afterwards. Disheartened and humiliated by this trick, still feeble from severe and prolonged illness, she returned disconsolately to Port Royal and the hated convent-life; but the glad welcome of the nuns, who had feared to lose her, made her a little more reconciled to what she began to regard as an inevitable fate. During the following Lent, wanting a book to read, and afraid to ask for profane literature, she took up a volume of meditations, left by a Capuchin monk at the convent, thought it beautiful, and found it consoling.

While this comforting impression was still vivid, a Capuchin presented himself one night at the convent-gate, asking permission to preach. They had just returned from the walk after vespers, and Mère Angélique at first refused on account of the lateness of the hour, but finally consented, and the sisters gathered in the church to hear the sermon. Any change was a welcome relief from the wretched preaching of the students from Citeaux, who usually officiated at Port Royal, and this service at the close of day was a variety. The monk took for his subject the humility of the Son of God and his birth in the manger. Mère Angélique never remembered distinctly what he said; but during the sermon her heart was touched so that all at once her condition seemed as glorious as it had till then appeared grievous, and she rejoiced, instead of sorrowing, at the irrevocable nature of her vows. This hour of her life was the first gleam that broadened later into the perfect day. It would have seemed a natural impulse to confide in the man whose sermon had been the occasion of this miraculous change; but with characteristic dignity the girl of fifteen sent one of the sisters to thank the monk and to speed him on his way. Afterwards it was known that he was

a most disreputable character, who had been already a cause of scandal in several communities. An older man, the austere Père Bernard, was taken into her confidence and consulted in regard to the various reforms that she now began to feel it her bounden duty to make. This Capuchin was very injudicious, however, and aroused at once the violent opposition of the best and most religious of the nuns, who felt aggrieved by his wholesale denunciations of their quiet lives. He drew up a set of new regulations in strict conformity with the old Benedictine rule, and submitted them to the prior of Citeaux, in spite of the urgent remonstrance of Mère Angélique, who knew the prior well, and was sure that he would disapprove and complain to her father. The laxity of this dignitary may be inferred from the fact that he had recently been present at a theatrical entertainment given by "Les Dames de Saint Antoine." The play was the Cleopatra of Garnier, and the nuns were dressed in men's clothes for the male parts. Other distinguished ecclesiastics were also present, and the abbess was no less a person than Mademoiselle de Thou, sister of the president and aunt of the historian of that name. In spite of this array of respectable laxity, reform was counseled by the Capuchin advisers of Mère Angélique. One monk, Père Pacifique, sympathized with her ardent desire to go away, no longer into the world to get married, but as a lay sister to some other convent of stricter rule. Père Bernard, however, insisted that she should stay where she was and reform Port Royal. A whole year went by, troubled by interior and exterior conflict. At times God seemed to veil his face again, and there was a constant struggle with the nuns, who thought their young abbess unreasonable and extravagant, and who strenuously opposed all her plans. She had recourse in secret to the greatest austerities, deprived herself of food and rest, dropped burn-

ing wax upon her bare arms, and committed other follies that she was the first to blame in after years ; but, as she said, " I tried everything, then." Madame Jurneauville, one of the nuns, employed by her mother to watch her, slept in her cell for that purpose, but when it was dark Mère Angélique would often creep softly away into a garret and spend the night in prayer. Warned, as she had foreseen, by the prior, M. Arnauld arrived one day unexpectedly, drove away all the Capuchin advisers with expressions of contempt and dislike, and carried his daughter off to his château of Andilly to enjoy the season of vintage. But home was no longer charming to her ; her father condemned all her plans of reform, and she returned to Port Royal as soon as he would allow her to do so, ill with intermittent fever and very unhappy. One day a student from Citeaux preached on the text, Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake. After the sermon one of the girls employed as a domestic in the convent said to her, " Madame, if you chose, you might be one of those blessed ones." Mère Angélique rebuked the girl for her boldness, but the words sank into her heart. Not long after, she took occasion to renew her vows publicly, and made a solemn declaration of her resolve to lead in future a truly religious life. Some of the sisters followed her example ; but she saw no way of accomplishing her reforms, and despondently recurred at times to her plan of going, as a lay sister, to another convent. One day the prioress sought an interview and inquired the cause of her great melancholy ; learning the reason that she no doubt divined, she told her that the sisters wished her to say that they preferred to accede to her wishes to seeing her so ill and depressed, and that they would oppose her no longer. Unspeakably rejoiced, she at once appointed a day, convoked the chapter, and proposed community of goods in accordance with

the first vow of poverty. The sisters at once agreed and brought all their possessions, even their clothing, to swell the common fund. One, however, could not give up her little garden. The next step was to enforce the sanctity of the cloister, to shut the world out from the convent. Mère Angélique felt that she herself must set the example, and determined to allow no exceptions, not even in the persons of her immediate family. At Easter one of the nuns took the veil, and for the first time the numerous visitors were excluded from the interior of the convent. This caused great dissatisfaction, and some of the sisters said, " Wait and see when M. Arnauld comes ; his daughter will not dare to keep him out." They had not long to wait. Mère Angélique wrote to her family to prepare her father for the change in the arrangements ; but either they did not dare to tell him, or he did not choose to believe them. On the 25th of September, 1609, word came to Port Royal that Monsieur and Madame Arnauld, with three of their children, the eldest brother and two sisters of the abbess, might be expected in the course of the morning. The keys were taken from the custody of the portresses and intrusted to sisters who, by watching and prayer with Mère Angélique, had been nerved to resist the assault. While the community was at dinner, between ten and eleven o'clock, the sound of carriage-wheels was heard, and those who were in the confidence of the abbess repaired to their posts. Mère Angélique, who had been for some time at prayer in the church, hastened to the main entrance, at which her father was already knocking. She opened the wicket. M. Arnauld demanded instant admission without listening to his daughter, who entreated him to go to the parlor and hear what she had to say. But he only knocked the louder and clamored for admittance, ending by overwhelming Mère Angélique with abuse. The mother,

standing near by, added her vehement reproaches, calling her an unnatural child. The brother, just twenty-one, accused her of being nothing less than a monster and a parricide, and shouted to the nuns "to come and interfere and not allow a man like his father, and a family like theirs, to be thus outraged and insulted." One old sister, the same who had held to her garden, responded from within, and declared that it was shameful not to open the door for M. Arnauld, while the domestics, assembled in an inner court, murmured loudly at the ingratitude of the lady abbess. M. Arnauld, meanwhile, perceiving that all this noise was useless, bethought him of a stratagem, and demanded his little daughters, Agnès and Marie - Claire, then on a visit to their sister, thinking no doubt to rush in as they opened the door. But Mère Angélique, hastily intrusting to a faithful sister the key of a little door communicating with the church, sent them out by that way. The brother continued his abuse of Mère Angélique before these little girls, but was interrupted by Agnès, who exclaimed, looking as grave and dignified as a Spanish Infanta, "My sister is only doing as she is commanded by the Council of Trent." "Listen to her," cried the brother. "Here is another one talking to us of canons and councils." During all this scene, the two sisters who had come in the carriage stood apart, sad and silent, aghast at their father's rage, and distressed by the knowledge of what Mère Angélique was suffering. M. Arnauld ordered that the horses should be instantly rebarnessed to the carriage; but on the reiterated supplications of his daughter, he consented to go first into the parlor for a moment. There he changed his tactics, and when she drew back the curtain from the grating their eyes met for the first time that day, and she saw the pale, excited face of her offended father. He spoke to her tenderly, and adjured her by the

memories of the past, by their love for one another, not to treat him so ignominiously, saying at last, as he saw she remained inflexible, "Since it is all over, then, and we shall never meet again, remember my last words: Do not injure yourself, my child, by indiscreet austerities." These tender accents were too much for her to bear; she fell fainting to the floor. He tried in vain to open the grating and called loudly for help. The nuns, not knowing what had happened, were afraid to show themselves; but the family came to the rescue and thundered at the convent gate till they made themselves understood. All the sisters rushed to the parlor and after some time Mère Angélique was restored to consciousness. Turning her eyes at once towards the grating, she saw her father anxiously watching her, and feebly murmured: "If he will only grant me this, not to go away to-day!" He could not refuse. The abbess was carried to her room, but she soon insisted on being brought back to a bed placed close to the grating, where she could talk to her family. The conversation became gentle and affectionate. That day and the next she reasoned with her father, and at last persuaded him to consent to his exclusion from the interior of the convent. The agreement was afterward modified so that he could give orders in regard to the buildings and the gardens; but he never again set foot in the cloister. The 25th of September, *la journée du guichet*, as it is called, was ever after celebrated in the annals of Port Royal, and after this *coup d'état* Mère Angélique had no more difficulty in carrying out the reforms she desired in her own convent. Even when she thought best to dispense with the pecuniary aid hitherto derived from her father, she was cheerfully seconded by the nuns, who had begun to regard her as a saint, and her whole family treated her with affectionate reverence. Jeanne, now Mère Agnès, became her prioress;

Marie-Claire, as well as a remarkable younger sister, Marie Eugénie, entered the convent. In time to come we shall see her mother, also, a nun at Port Royal, as well as her sister, Madame Le Maître, who had made an unhappy marriage, and whose five sons subsequently swelled the ranks of the Solitaires.

After some years, Port Royal came to be considered as leaven for other communities, and sisters from that convent were in great demand to inaugurate reform elsewhere. Mère Angélique herself was sent to Maubuisson, where, since the death of Henry IV., disorders of all sorts were still rife, no longer shielded by the name and presence of the king. Louis XIII. himself gave the order for investigation and reform in this instance. Several ecclesiastics, sent there to report, had been shamefully maltreated, however, and the last royal commissioner had been seized with his suite, shut up in one of the towers of the abbey, and kept there for four days on bread and water, the commissioner himself receiving lashes every morning by the express command of the lady abbess herself. Such high-handed defiance could not be allowed to remain unpunished. With the consent of the Maréchal d'Estrées, her brother, and that of other members of the culprit's family, it was decided to proceed at once to extremities, and the abbot of Cîteaux presented himself at Maubuisson, as though in his ordinary official capacity. Madame d'Estrées refused to appear, however, and the abbot was forced to depart without seeing her. Arrest and imprisonment were the only resource. After a long delay, the requisite order was obtained from Parliament, and the following year the abbot left Paris once more for Maubuisson, this time with a provost and archers to do his bidding. The escort was left at Pontoise and the abbot presented himself alone at the convent gate. During two days he tried peaceful negotiations in vain, Madame d'Estrées

remained invisible, said she was ill, and laughed to scorn the threat of arrest. Finally, one morning the provost and archers were admitted at an early hour by the abbot to the outer part of the convent where he had been lodged. Under his orders, they broke open the doors, escalated the walls, and gained access to the interior. The abbess was not to be found, however, and only at nightfall was her hiding-place discovered. She stood at bay, and made such desperate resistance that they were forced to carry her, half undressed, on a mattress to the carriage they had in waiting, and, in this state, she was taken to a Magdalen asylum, where orders were given that she should be kept in close confinement. Mère Angélique was appointed to the vacant place and, accompanied by her sister Marie-Claire and two or three other nuns, she arrived at Maubuisson a fortnight after the capture of Madame d'Estrées. She found in the abbey about twenty nuns, almost all sent there against their will, and shamefully ignorant of the first rudiments of a religious education. They spent a great deal of time in preparing for dramatic entertainments that took place in the presence of large companies of invited guests. There were all kinds of amusements besides. Summer days, after hurrying through vespers and complins, the prioress took the nuns to row on the ponds near the highway to Paris, and the monks of Saint Martin de Pontoise, near by, often came of an evening to dance with the sisters. Mère Angélique and her nuns must have seemed to these people like beings of another world. She tried at first to win the old inmates, whom she had known during the two years she passed at Maubuisson, and after a time, a certain amount of decency and outward conformity was secured; but to create a different atmosphere, she made the experiment of receiving at once into the convent thirty young girls, with whom she labored night

and day more hopefully and not in vain, as it proved. All at once Madame d'Estrées escaped from durance vile and burst upon them at the abbey. The following account is from the lips of Mère Angélique, taken down by her nephew, M. Le Maitre.

"In the month of September, 1619, Madame d'Estrées appeared unexpectedly at Maubuisson, accompanied by the Comte de Sanzai and several gentlemen. She obtained access to the convent by means of a false key, procured for her by one of the sisters, a worthless person. As we were entering the choir she approached me, and said: 'I have come, madame, to thank you for the care you have taken of my convent, and to beg you to return at once to your own, and to leave Maubuisson to me.' I answered, 'Madame, I would certainly do so if I could; but I am not here, as you know, by my own will, but by that of the abbot of Citeaux, our superior. I came by his order, and I can only go away at his command.' She replied that she was the abbess, and that she intended to take her rightful place. I said, 'Madame, you are no longer the abbess, since you have been deposed.' She answered: 'I have appealed from that decision.' I said, 'The decree holds good, as the sentence of deposition has not been annulled; and I must consider you as deposed, since I am established in this house by the abbot of Citeaux, with the authority of the king; therefore do not take it ill that I seat myself in the abbess' place,' and thereupon I sat down. Supported by the newly received sisters, I then addressed the community and recommended them to partake of the sacrament during mass, and to invoke the Divine aid in the storm that was impending. Most of them were already prepared for the communion, since it was a festival of our Order. I felt sure that she would turn me out; but great was my astonishment after dinner, when the confes-

sor came to tell me that I must retire and yield to force. I answered that I should not do so, that it was against my conscience. But I was still more surprised later, when I saw him enter the church in company with Madame d'Estrées, the Comte de Sanzai, and four gentlemen with their swords drawn, and exhort me to yield, to avert the consequences of resistance. One of the gentlemen presently fired off a pistol, thinking doubtless to terrify me. But I answered, composedly, that I would not leave, unless forcibly compelled to do so; for only thus could I be excused in the sight of God. My nuns all crowded round me, putting their hands in my girdle, so that I could hardly breathe. Madame d'Estrées became very angry and abusive, and reaching out her hand, she touched or pulled my veil a little, as if she would pull it from my head. Whereupon the sisters changed from lambs to lions, not suffering that I should be harmed. One of them, Anne de Sainte-Thècle, a tall girl of noble birth, took a step towards Madame d'Estrées, and said: 'Wretched creature! are you so bold as to touch the veil of madame of Port Royal? I know you well; I know what you are!' and so saying, in presence of these men with drawn swords, she snatched the veil off her head and threw it far from her. Then Madame d'Estrées, seeing me resolved not to go, ordered the gentlemen to take me out by force, which they did, holding me by the arms. I did not resist, for I was glad to go away with my nuns from a place where there were such men, from whom I had everything to fear for the nuns and for me. But it did not suit Madame d'Estrées that they should go too, and she called to the gentlemen to put me all alone in a coach that was in waiting. As soon as I was seated, however, nine or ten of the nuns jumped in, three mounted on the box beside the coachman, and three got up behind like footmen; the rest all clung to the wheels.

Madame d'Estrées ordered the coachman to whip up his horses ; but he answered that he dared not do it for fear of killing some of the nuns. Then I threw myself out of the coach, and was followed by all the sisters. I bade them get some cordials, because the pestilence was at Pontoise, whither we went, the thirty nuns walking two and two in procession along the road. The lieutenant of Pontoise, a friend of Madame d'Estrées, passed on horseback, and laughed to see us. No doubt the poor man thought she was safely re-established. The people of Pontoise came out to receive us with blessings, saying, as we passed : 'There are the good nuns of the abbess of Port Royal. They have left the devil behind at Maubuisson.' We entered the first church on our way. It was the Jesuits', and they came forward to greet us very courteously ; but after we had said our prayers, we left. and outside I met M. Du Val of the Sorbonne, whom I knew very well. He said that all the religious houses of Pontoise would be open to receive us ; but I preferred to go somewhere by ourselves, and the prior offered me his own house, which I accepted. Meantime an express had been sent to Paris to alarm the family. My father was away, but my brother made complaint and obtained an order for the arrest of Madame d'Estrées, who, with the Comte de Sanzai, fled so precipitately on the approach of the military, that she left her casket behind her. The soldiers went on to Pontoise, and brought us back at ten o'clock at night, in procession, as we went, escorted by a troop of one hundred and fifty archers on horseback, each bearing a lighted torch in his hand."

For some time it was necessary to keep a mounted patrol, day and night, at the abbey, to guard against surprise. Louis XIII. finally appointed as abbess Madame de Soissons, sister of the Duchess de Longueville, hoping that her high

rank would put an end to the plots of the friends of Madame d'Estrées. Mère Angélique was requested by the king to remain, however, at Maubuisson, till the Pope's bull should arrive, confirming the appointment of Madame de Soissons. The double rule was not a success. Mère Angélique was thought too austere, and there was much dissatisfaction expressed that she had burdened the convent with her thirty new nuns, many without portions, and some of humble birth. Before going back to Port Royal, she wrote to ask if the community would consent to share their poverty with these thirty women, who had proved so faithful. A glad answer came promptly, signed by all the nuns, declaring that so far from regarding their coming as a burden, they should consider it a benediction. The income of Port Royal was twelve hundred dollars a year, one fifth that of Maubuisson. Mère Angélique sent the letter to the general of the Order, obtained his approval, and then wrote to her mother, asking her to send coaches enough to transport the thirty nuns from Maubuisson to Port Royal. They were sent at once, with an attendant for each carriage. Mère Angélique accompanied them only as far as Paris, where it was necessary for her to remain a few days. Before taking leave of the sisters, she charged them, as soon as they caught sight of the hills that shut in the valley, and espied the steeple of the church above the tops of the trees, to repeat all together, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth ; keep the door of my lips," and from that moment to keep silence, till she herself should arrive and let loose their tongues. "This was done," says the chronicler, "lest the excitement and disturbance of their arrival should be an occasion of much idle talk and great waste of time." But as it was necessary that they should be known apart, she told each one to pin on her sleeve her name, written on a piece of

paper. On the arrival of these timid mutes, who felt, as Racine says, as if they were bringing starvation to Port Royal, Mère Agnès and all the sisters came forth to meet them, singing the *Te Deum*. Like a quantity of wood thrown on a blazing fire, this large accession of numbers, far from depressing, increased the fervor of the community.

While at Maubuisson, Mère Angélique made the acquaintance and enjoyed the friendship of Saint Francis de Sales, and through him knew Madame de Chantal, with whom she became intimate. He went first to Maubuisson, at her request, to confirm one of that neglected sisterhood, then returned several times, once staying nine days. Mère Angélique sent him to Port Royal to see her sister, Mère Agnès. He was enchanted with the spot. "Truly a port-royal," he writes, and he ever after spoke of the place as "his dear delight." All the Arnould family shared his friendship. Mère Agnès always wore on her person one of his precious letters to Madame Le Maître, who made at his knees a vow of perpetual chastity, before her husband's death allowed her to take the veil. The youngest son, afterwards the great doctor, received his blessing, and the eldest, M. d'Andilly, followed him about like his shadow.

Mère Angélique, feeling that "God was visibly with this man," begged him to be her spiritual director, and complained that hitherto she had been obliged to seek counsel here and there as seemed best at the time. "Like a bee gathering honey from different flowers," added Saint Francis. "A comparison," says Sainte-Beuve, "savoring less of Calvary than of Hymettus." He rallied her also on her passion for austerities, of which he disapproved, and tried to convince her that it was unreasonable to expect the best service from a human being, any more than from a

dumb animal, when they were deprived of proper rest and food. He writes: "Dearly beloved daughter, sleep well. By degrees you may restrict yourself, since you wish to do so, to six hours, but believe me, to eat little, to labor hard, to have great anxieties, and to deprive the body of sleep is to drive a tired, unfed horse to death." He said that her great activity of mind ran away with her, and that she was in too much of a hurry to attain spiritual perfection. "Why not," he continues, "catch small fish oftener, instead of such large ones once in a while," and he reminds her that the finest trees are of the slowest growth. At that time he was certainly in sympathy with Port Royal, of which Saint-Cyran had not yet taken possession. Later, Saint-Beuve thinks, he would have disapproved with Fénelon.

After her return from Maubuisson, Mère Angélique received a letter approving her action in taking the thirty sisters to Port Royal. It came from a remarkable man, who made the community his stronghold, stamping it inefaceably as Jansenist, Augustinian, or, as he would have said, as Christian. This man was Jean du Vergier de Hauranne, Abbé de Saint-Cyran. Of a good family of Bayonne, he studied first at a Jesuit college, and was then sent to Louvain at the same time with the celebrated Jansenius. They met afterwards in Paris, both eagerly seeking the pure Christian doctrine, and determined to go back to the earliest authorities in their search for truth. De Hauranne, recalled to Bayonne on his father's death, carried his friend home with him, and there at Champré, an estate on the seashore, near Bayonne, belonging to the family, they remained five years absorbed in the study of the Scriptures and the Fathers, especially Saint Augustine. In after years, Saint-Cyran liked to show his friends a large old armchair with a desk attached. In it Jansenius studied, one may say lived;

for he rarely went to bed at night. No wonder that Madame de Hauranne used to say to her son, "Take care, Jean, or you will kill that good Fleming, making him study so hard." All their exercise at Champré consisted in games of "battledore and shuttlecock," in which they became fabulously adroit. At the end of these five years, sure of what they had only surmised in the beginning, that the church had lapsed into Pelagianism, they espoused the cause of God and Saint Augustine, declaring that if man can save himself, the logical inference must be that the intervention of the Redeemer becomes unnecessary, and that thus to exalt the Father at the expense of the Son virtually does away with Jesus Christ. Their belief that man has sinned, that for this deep-seated disease there is but one Healer, is Protestant-Calvinistic doctrine; but Saint-Cyran and his disciples accepted the "Real Presence" and the sacraments, and had no idea of leaving the church, though Saint-Cyran said boldly that for six hundred years the church could hardly be said to have existed, so great had been the corruption; that the bed of the river had remained, but that the water had ceased to flow; and he stigmatized the Council of Trent as a mere political assembly. Both Jansenius and he wrote ponderous Latin folios in support of these doctrines, dividing the name of Augustine between them for the titles, *Petrus Aurelius* and *Petrus Augustinus*; but while Jansenius confined himself to the doctrine, Saint-Cyran applied it to life, and Port Royal became the nursery of his seedlings. "What is the knowledge of a truth that is never put in practice?" he used to say. The *Frequent Communion*, written in French by the great Arnauld, and translations of Saint Augustine, by d'Andilly and others, helped to disseminate their teachings far and wide in France, among the laity and in religious communities.

Good men, intellectually timid, like Saint Vincent de Paul, shuddered at these bold utterances, and used all their influence in Rome and at the court of France to silence Saint-Cyran. He excited a great deal of ecclesiastical jealousy by his potent influence as a spiritual director, and in this way had incurred the enmity and secured the ill-will of the notorious Capuchin, Père Joseph. Richelieu himself was at first inclined to favor and flatter the abbé. Once passing through the antechamber, on his way to a royal audience, he said to the assembled courtiers, putting his hand on Saint-Cyran's shoulder as he spoke, "This is the most learned man in Europe." But the abbé's persistent refusal of bishoprics, his criticism of the decree annulling the marriage of the king's brother, and his intimacy with Jansenius, who had just published *Mars Gallicus*, a Latin pamphlet opposing Richelieu's policy, showed that he could not be won over, and caused him to be regarded by the great minister with suspicion and dislike. Finally, his conversion of M. Le Maître, the eminent lawyer and brilliant orator, who at once disappeared from the world, attracted general attention to the wide-spreading spiritual dominion of the man, and Richelieu determined to put him out of the way. "This Basque," he said, "is more dangerous than six armies. If they had imprisoned Luther and Calvin when they began to dogmatize, it would have saved a great deal of trouble." Saint-Cyran received a domiciliary visit, his papers were seized, and he was taken to Vincennes and kept there on a vague charge of heresy a whole year before he could obtain an examination. Even then he was not set at liberty, and he was only released, two years after his incarceration, at the death of Richelieu. His health had suffered from the severity of his confinement, and he did not live very long after recovering his

freedom. It was a day of silence when the joyful news came to Port Royal. Mère Angélique could not keep it to herself, and told the nuns by untying her girdle before them. She had found at last her ideal director, a man of adamant purity, immense enthusiasm, great tenderness, and a boundless devotion to truth, and she was guided by him to the end. Ampère calls him the Lycurgus of that Christian Sparta.

For some years there had been a Port Royal also in Paris, a large house in the Faubourg Saint Jacques, now the hospital of La Maternité, purchased with the aid and at the suggestion of Madame Arnauld, at a time when the valley seemed particularly malarious. Indeed, only in modern times has the drainage been complete and the lovely spot made salubrious. Here in Paris, young girls were educated; and the same work was carried on for boys by the Solitaires, in the deserted house of Port Royal des Champs, and in neighboring châteaux belonging to noblemen friendly to the community.

When M. Le Maître retired from the world after his conversion, he lived, at first, a life of perfect seclusion in a little house built for him adjoining the convent. His brothers and nephews joined him, also under Saint-Cyran's influence, and there gradually was formed a remarkable group of men, — physicians, men of letters, soldiers, scholars, and ecclesiastics, — resolved to lead a life of self-renunciation and consecration, and who, directed by the abbé from his prison, took for their rallying-cry, "Thought allied with faith," and made redemption of souls their mission. These men were the Solitaires. They took no vows; some came and went; but the majority remained at Port Royal des Champs, systematically dividing their time between religious exercises, literary pursuits, teaching, and manual labor. The nuns also carried on various industries, and they made themselves farm-

ers, gardeners, carpenters, and shoemakers in the service of these sisters, whom they called, "Nos dames, nos maîtresses, et nos reines." They devised a plan of religious service to alternate with the convent hours, so that prayer and praise might rise perpetually at Port Royal. Of these men the saintly princess, Madame Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI., writes: "Their theology apart, that I do not understand, these gentlemen of Port Royal were holy persons. What a life they led, compared to ours!" Their schools, called "Les petites écoles de Port Royal," soon acquired a great reputation. Their text-books were novelties, written by the Solitaires themselves, who anticipated in many ways modern ideas in regard to education. In learning languages they believed that a great deal of translation should precede grammar, and they gave their pupils copious draughts of literature. The list of their books is very long; but we may mention the French grammar by the great Arnauld, aided by Lancelot; methods of learning Greek, Latin, Spanish, and Italian, and the Garden of Greek Roots, in French verse, by Lancelot and De Sacy. They also made translations of Phædrus, Terence, Plautus, Cicero, and Virgil. They paid less attention to Latin versification than was usual at that time; but occasionally a subject was given to the older classes on which they were to improvise conjointly a copy of Latin verses. The work was done in class; every one was at liberty to contribute phrase or epithet, to suggest, to criticise, obtaining permission to speak by raising the hand, and the observation of parliamentary rules obviated all confusion. Greek was taught in these schools for the first time without a Latin medium, a great innovation, and when the Garden of Greek Roots is criticised it must be remembered that there was then no such thing as a Greek and French dictionary in existence. They preferred young scholars, chosen from good but

not necessarily rich or noble families. People of means paid five hundred livres a year for instruction, which was gratuitous to others. They taught children to read first in French instead of in Latin, another innovation, and Pascal suggested the method they employed of pronouncing at first only the vowel sounds of the alphabet, leaving the consonants to be learned afterwards in combination with the vowels; the base, it will be seen, of the phonetic system now generally adopted in France. For writing, they were the first to use metal pens, for the purpose, they say, of "saving the time of teachers and scholars." Saint-Cyran agreed with Erasmus that six scholars were enough for one teacher, and when they had twenty-four pupils, they placed them in four separate rooms, with a master for each. At the Château de Chesnai a whole wing was given up to the children.

The severest punishment was to be sent home, or to see some service assigned to a servant that the pupil was accustomed to perform for his teacher. Great gentleness and indulgence were required of the teachers, who were to endeavor to make study as interesting as amusement. There were out-of-door recreations and such indoor amusements as billiards, backgammon, chess, or historical games of cards. A formal politeness was enforced, every one being addressed as Monsieur. Saint-Cyran had always wished to devote himself to children, and was very fond of teaching them. Before his imprisonment, he went every other day to Port Royal, superintended the boys' work, more especially their themes, and gave them a commentary on Virgil. The largest of these schools were at the Château de Chesnai near Port Royal and in a *cul-de-sac* of the Rue Saint Dominique in Paris. These were broken up on the charge of being nests of heresy, and the teachers were obliged to disguise and hide themselves, in constant danger of arrest

and imprisonment. The Hôtel de Longueville and other great houses sheltered two or three at a time. De Saci, nephew of Mère Angélique, was thrown into the Bastille, where he passed two years, occupied in translating the Old Testament in French. He had already translated the New. Copies of his Bible, printed by the Elzevirs, and smuggled into Paris in produce-wagons, under convoy of some man of mark, were afterwards widely distributed.

When the nuns returned to Port Royal des Champs, the Solitaires betook themselves to Les Granges, a farm on the heights, less than a third of a mile from the abbey. They did not see much of the sisters, though in such close sympathy and working always in concert. Mère Angélique did not approve of very frequent visits, and the cloister rule was strictly observed. The uncle of Madame de Sévigné, a devoted friend of Port Royal, built a new cloister for the nuns, and after its completion sent to ask if he could be admitted only once, accompanying his request by the present of a basket of rare fruit. Mère Agnès answered, "I thank you humbly for the fruit. You have the privilege of giving as much as you like and of granting every favor that is asked. Both these privileges are denied us, so that you cannot see the inside of our building on account of an angel with a flaming sword at the gate, I mean the anathema of the church." The Chevalier de Sévigné entered the promised land at last; but only after his death. He was buried in his cloister.

Another note from Mère Agnès to her nephew shows that she was more indulgent than her sister in regard to visits from the Solitaires.

LES GRANGES.

TO M. LE MAÎTRE:—

MY VERY DEAR NEPHEW, I believe that you think I have gone back to Paris, or else that I have come here to live as if I were excommunicated, it is

so long since you have asked for me; and I avail myself of the privileges of an aunt and an old woman to ask you to come to the parlor of Sainte Madeleine at noon to-day to be scolded for your conduct.

At one time Mère Angélique had been made superior of the convent of the Saint Sacrement in Paris, afterwards incorporated with Port Royal, and on this occasion, when a uniform dress was required, the sisters adopted the white scapulars of the Saint Sacrement with a large red cross in front, a very striking costume.

A new superior at Citeaux threatening to put an end to all eccentricity, meaning austerity, at Port Royal, Mère Angélique, alarmed, petitioned for a change of jurisdiction, and obtained permission from the Pope to belong to the diocese of Paris. She had no more monkish interference to apprehend; but the archbishops of Paris were very much controlled by the court, and this influence proved, in the end, fatal to Port Royal. There had been still another important change. While Louis XIII. was besieging La Rochelle, his mother, Marie de Médicis, paid a visit to the abbey, and said to Mère Angélique, as she was going away, "Have you nothing to ask of me? the first time I go to a convent I always grant some favor." Mère Angélique asked that the abbess should be in future elected every three years, instead of being chosen for life. This was done, and she immediately resigned her place together with her coadjutrix, Mère Agnès. In course of time they were both reelected, but Mère Angélique had reason frequently to repent of her abdication.

The wars of the Fronde disturbed the industrious, peaceful seclusion of the valley. The convent was put in a state of defense, and the Solitaires manned the walls and made ready for a siege. Even M. Le Maître wore a sword by

his side, or carried a musket over his shoulder. The nuns of neighboring convents flocked in to seek an asylum and were received with open arms, as well as the poor peasants, who were allowed to store their valuables in the church itself. The convent courts were full of cattle, and the monastery looked like Noah's ark.

Port Royal had helped Cardinal Retz when, as archbishop of Paris, he was sorely in need, and he was always amiable to Mère Angélique and often friendly to the community; but no reliance could be placed upon him, and little sympathy was possible between these disciples of Saint-Cyran and that Don Juan of a prelate. As some one said, "He, a Jansenist? Impossible; to be a Jansenist, you must be a Christian."

The Jesuits incessantly defamed Port Royal, and Jansenius' book, *Petrus Augustinus*, had been condemned by a bull of Urbain VIII., confirmed more definitely by his successor, Innocent X. The Syndic of the Faculty of Theology in Paris had distinguished himself, moreover, by denouncing specifically five propositions, which he said were contained in the book. From this time the enemies of Port Royal knew where to aim. The Jesuits in Rome then sent word that if some of the French clergy would ask for the condemnation of these five propositions, the Holy Father would not be averse to granting their request. Saint Vincent de Paul eagerly headed the movement in Paris, and the petition was sent to Rome without first submitting it to the general assembly of the clergy then in session. On account of this irregularity, Innocent hesitated; but the regent, Anne of Austria, at the suggestion of Saint Vincent de Paul, signified to the Pope her wish that he would act promptly and decisively in the matter, whereupon he signed the bull.

This caused great rejoicing in the Jesuit camp; all courtiers disclaimed the

slightest Jansenistic taint, and such a horror prevailed in these circles of the Augustinian doctrine of grace that a story is told of an orthodox bishop, on a visit to an abbey of his diocese, who hearing, as he entered the refectory, these words pronounced by the reader: "It is God who worketh in us to will and to do," called out, "Close that book, and bring it to me at once." He was obeyed, and the heretical author was discovered to be Saint Paul!

Mazarin cared little for these theological disputes; but he owed the Jansenists a grudge and was suspicious of their amicable relations with Retz. Gondi at first resisted the king's order that the bishops should formally accept the Pope's bull, but when Anne of Austria said cajolingly that he must not refuse the first favor she had ever asked of him, the gallant courtier gave way and that barrier was thrown down.

This was the Formulary that all priests, monks, and nuns were eventually required to sign: "I submit in good faith to the ordinances of his Holiness, Innocent X., and I condemn in my heart and by word of mouth the five propositions of Cornelius Jansenius, contained in the book entitled *Petrus Augustinus*, which the Pope and the bishops have condemned, which doctrine is not that of Saint Augustine, but which the said Jansenius has perverted contrary to the meaning of the worthy doctor."

The Parliament of Paris was in no haste to register the decree requiring these signatures, and Mazarin declared openly that the king had already done more than he ought for the Jesuits, who gave him more trouble than all the government of the realm. In the mean time the Sorbonne called to account for his doctrines the author of the *Frequent Communion*, the great Arnauld, youngest brother of Mère Angélique. He was publicly censured; but it is asserted that the Sorbonne had been

packed for the vote with a large number of newly made doctors, ignorant and obsequious to the regent. While the trial was going on, she remarked one day to the Princesse de Guéméné, a great friend of Port Royal, "Your doctors talk too much." "That need not disturb you, madame," retorted the princess; "you have already on the benches more mendicant monks and friars than you need." "And there are more to come," said the queen, haughtily. "Do put an end to this affair," Mazarin exclaimed one day to one of the doctors; "these women do nothing but talk about it, and they understand it no better than I do." Arnauld's defense was in Latin, and Port Royal made use of Pascal's pen to appeal from the Sorbonne to the public. Then appeared *Les Lettres Provinciales*. This fierce assault, these deadly blows dealt by a skillful and unsparing hand, fairly took away the enemy's breath. The immediate success is well known: the letters became the rage, the next issue was eagerly anticipated, and choice circles gathered to hear them read aloud in the salons of the Duchesse de Longueville, the Princesse de Conti, the Princesse de Guéméné, and Madame de Sablé. It only made it more interesting that no one knew exactly when the next letter would appear or where they were printed, and that the bookseller had made his fortune and had been thrown into the Bastille. Pascal's relations with Port Royal had attracted very little attention, and he was known principally as a mathematician and man of fashion; but a rumor of his being the author obliged him to hide and disguise himself. He lodged at this time under an assumed name in a small inn near the Sorbonne, directly opposite the college of the Jesuits — in the lion's mouth as it were. His brother-in-law, M. Périer, from Auvergne, arriving in Paris for a few days, went to the same house, where he received one day a visit from an old acquaintance, one of the

Fathers opposite. In the course of conversation the priest said, "Do you know that some people suppose that your brother, M. Pascal, is the author of these letters?" M. Périer replied as unconcerned as he could, while he was painfully aware that behind the half-closed curtains of the bed near which they were seated, twenty or more copies of the next letter, fresh from the press, were spread out to dry. When the guest had gone Pascal came down from his room overhead, heard the story, and took possession of his property. There was now a lull. The Solitaires, dispersed by a royal mandate, quietly swarmed again in their old haunts, the schools revived, and everything in the community was prosperous and peaceful, when the long-gathering storm broke over Port Royal. The king issued an order to disperse boarders and scholars, novices and postulants, and furthermore commanded that none should be received in future. Mère Angélique had truly said, "Yes, we shall kill the dragon; but he will be our death." M. Singlin, too, the superior, was also sent away. Mère Angélique hastened to Paris to aid her sister, Mère Agnès. She took leave of her nuns as if she should never see them again. She was nearly seventy years old and very feeble. To her brother, M. d'Andilly, she said, as he was helping her into the carriage, "Keep a brave heart." "Trust me, my sister," was his response; "I shall not be found wanting." "My brother, my brother," she replied, "let us be humble and remember that humility without firmness is cowardice, but that courage without humility is presumption." In her clear vision she saw the temptation to martyrdom, and dreaded for her friends vainglory in suffering for God almost as much as faintheartedness. Deprived of her director, M. Singlin, and not choosing that her beloved nephew, De Saci, should expose himself to the danger of arrest

by coming to the house on her account, she said to the sisters who expressed their sorrow for her deprivation, "It does not trouble me; I know that M. Singlin is praying for me. What more could I ask? I respect him very much; but I do not put a man in the place of God. My nephew without God's help could do me no good, and God without him shall be all in all." They walled up the doors, shutting them out from their own gardens; and when some of the sisters said, "Who knows but that they may be shutting themselves out of heaven?" she reproved them, saying, "Do not speak so, my daughters, but pray to God for them and for us." After a few days her feebleness increased, dropsical symptoms appeared, and she was confined to her bed. Troubled by the idea that the nuns would keep a record of her last words and actions as if she were a saint, she tried to speak very little and to do nothing that could excite remark. She knew that they had already done so to some extent, and she had a horror of the twaddle in the Lives of the Saints and of sentimental death-bed recitals. She summoned all her energy to write a letter to the queen-mother, pleading the cause of Port Royal, defending the community from the charge of heresy, and invoking in their favor the testimony of Saint Francis de Sales and Madame Chantal. She quoted from Saint Thérèse to remind her majesty that in a court it is not always an easy matter to ascertain the truth. This duty accomplished, she laid herself down to die, saying, "It is time for a little Sabbath rest." Strange to say, only towards the last was this admirable woman freed from an overpowering dread. Of this terror, her brother writes: "May it not show an ardent imagination, an unusually powerful conception of the holiness and justice of the Supreme Being, denoting a great soul?"

The history of Port Royal has some-

times been called nothing but a quarrel between the Jesuits and the Arnauld family. As we stand by the open grave of their acknowledged head, let us pass them in review as if they gathered from far and near from the spirit land to do her reverence.

Antoine Arnauld, father of Mère Angélique, had twenty children, ten of whom lived to grow up. His wife took the veil after her husband's death, and passed the last twelve years of her life in the Paris convent. The eldest son, M. Arnauld d'Andilly, who was the first to feel Saint-Cyran's influence, was a genial person, more receptive than original, very susceptible to female charms, courtly and amiable, but upright and loyal withal—like sea-weed, waving about on the water, but firmly fastened to the rock beneath. He was more literary than any other of the family, and did Port Royal good service by his finished translations from Saint Augustine, his constant oversight and criticism, and his knowledge of the world. He refused a place offered him in the Academy, and upon this occasion Richelieu made the rule, ever since strictly observed, that no places should ever be offered and that candidates for the honor should make personal application. M. d'Andilly lived to a great age and served to the last as an usher, a sort of self-appointed master of ceremonies for the nuns in their dark days, a connecting-link between Port Royal and the world without. He was one of the Solitaires, built himself a house on the hill near Les Granges, and spent his own fortune and part of his eldest son's also in draining and embellishing the grounds of the convent. His especial delight was in raising fine fruit, of which he presented propitiatory offerings to the queen-mother, Madame de Sablé, and Mademoiselle Montpensier. "La grande Mademoiselle" gives an amusing and characteristic account of a visit she paid him in "his dear desert." He had sent

her a basket of clingstone peaches, with an injunction not to eat them till they were "dead ripe." The fruit by the way was not meant for the consumption of the community, but was usually sold and the proceeds given to the poor.

When the final dispersion came of the House in Paris, M. d'Andilly was on the spot, affording his protection to the sisters, escorting the nuns to their carriages, and when his daughters' turn came, first leading them into the church before the altar as if consecrate them anew in the cause of truth and to the service of God. Constant as he was to his outlawed belief and courageous in his devotion to his persecuted family and friends, he never appears to have forfeited the royal favor, and the queen-mother could ask, even while urging on the enemies of Port Royal, "Does d'Andilly love me still?" He was also a great favorite at the Hôtel Rambouillet, and in his youth belonged to that set. He had two daughters, Mère Angélique Saint-Jean and Sister Madeline Thérèse, both nuns at Port Royal. Of the eldest her father said to Madame de Sévigné, "Depend upon it, I myself and all my other children are stupid in comparison with Angélique." On her, indeed, the mantle of her aunt seemed to fall. M. d'Andilly had six sisters, who were all nuns: Madame Le Maître, Mère Angélique, Mère Agnès, Sister Anne Eugénie, Sister Marie-Claire, and Sister Madeleine Sainte Christine. Of his three brothers, the eldest was the Bishop of Angers, and the second, Simon, a young soldier, was killed at Verdun. The youngest became celebrated as "the Great Arnauld," eulogized by Voltaire, and for whom Boileau wrote the epitaph beginning:—

"Errant, pauvre, banni, proscrit, persecuté."

Madame Le Maître had five sons, all Solitaires: M. Le Maître, the eminent orator, and MM. de Saci, Séricourt, Saint Elme, and Valemont. The name Saci is thought to be an anagram of Isaac.

Mère Angélique was sometimes considered too austere. She was certainly less indulgent than Mère Agnès, and had little patience with the wearisome caprices of some of their fine-lady converts; but no real grief, even of a crowned head, appealed to her in vain. Marie de Gonzagne, beloved of Cinq-Mars, afterwards Queen of Poland, had a lodging at Port Royal des Champs, and she appeared as a mourner at Saint-Cyran's funeral. After her departure for Poland, she kept up a constant correspondence with Mère Angélique, and offered the community a refuge from persecution in her kingdom when she learned that they were seriously thinking of embarking for America. When we read the description of Mère Angélique's tenderness to Jacqueline Pascal at the time of her taking the veil, we are reminded of what the sisters used to say of her: "If she is as terrible as an angel, she can comfort you like one."

The community was accused by its enemies of the heinous sin of not worshipping saints, and of caring little for images, and we might think Port Royal free from superstition were it not for the famous story of the cure of Pascal's little niece by the application of a reliquary containing one of the sacred thorns from the crown worn by Jesus to a tumor of the lachrymal gland. The cure was said to have been immediate and miraculous. Pascal himself was profoundly impressed, never seeming for a moment to doubt the authenticity of the miracle, and Mère Angélique gives Marie de Gonzagne a detailed account of the cure, appearing to believe in it devoutly. Then a daughter of Philippe de Champagne was cured at Port Royal of a chronic disease, in answer, it was said, to the prayers of the community; an event commemorated by her father in a picture in the Louvre representing Mère Agnès and his daughter. Long after the destruction of Port Royal this idea of miracle-working revived among

the so-called Jansenists, and reached its climax in the extravagances of the "Convulsionnaires of Saint Médard."

At the time of the departure of Mère Angélique for Paris, Jacqueline Pascal had been left in charge of Port Royal des Champs, and upon her devolved the responsibility of accepting or rejecting the Formulary when it was presented for signature. The decision was made even harder on account of a preamble written by Pascal himself at the request of some of the clergy, who did not object to leaving a loophole for the consciences of the sisterhood. But the anguish of these women was great. If the preamble was obscure, the Formulary was clear. How could they condemn the doctrine of Jansenius in which they believed, or assert that the Five Propositions were in a book that they had never read and which they could not read? Jacqueline Pascal writes in a letter, indorsed, "To be shown to my brother if he is well enough:" "I know the respect I owe the bishops, but my conscience will not let me sign a statement that a thing is in a place where I have never seen it. . . . How can they cut us off from the church? They can deprive us of the outward signs of that union, but never of the union itself so long as we have love one for another. . . . How is this that we are asked to do different from offering incense to idols, and thinking that we are absolved because we have a piece of the cross hidden in our sleeves?" (an allusion to a passage in one of the *Lettres Provinciales*); and farther on, "I know that it is not for women to defend the faith, but when bishops are as timorous as women, it befits women to be as brave as bishops." Jacqueline's rebuke sank into her brother's heart. From that time he rejected all subterfuges and compromises, and when his sister died, not long afterwards, he only said to those who brought the tidings: "God grant that our end may be like hers."

When it was urged upon Mère Angélique-Saint-Jean that she should sign the Formulary as an act of submission, to avoid scandal, she replied: "To me it seems as if a surgeon had banded my arm for no cause whatever, and when it had become inflamed and swollen, proposed to cut it off to avoid gangrene. Should I not be justified in saying to him: 'Cut off your bandage, but do not cut off my arm'?" When threatened with the papal anathema, she said: "There is one consolation: the successors of Saint Peter are very apt to imitate his haste in drawing the sword, and they strike without awaiting their Master's command. Then Jesus comes and heals the wound."

These women were no respecters of persons, and it is not hard to understand how offensive their practical, uncompromising republicanism must have been to the court hard by, at Versailles. So long as they did not bow down, Louis XIV. felt as if he did not really reign. They stood steadfast, gently inflexible, bearing in mind how Mère Angélique had said: "I fear nothing that is not eternal," refusing to compound with their consciences in spite of the persuasions and entreaties of their friends, and the threatening taunts of their enemies, who wielded against them, defenseless as they were, the combined power of the king and pope. "Pure as angels, and proud as demons," said the archbishop of Paris.

When the king was told of their determined disobedience, he resolved that the punishment should be condign. The nuns were forcibly removed and imprisoned separately, or two or three together, in different convents. Some gave way, but most remained firm. After a long time the unrepentant sisters who still remained alive were sent back to Port Royal, where they remained imprisoned three or four years under an interdict, deprived of the sacraments, and with sentinels posted

night and day outside their walls. At last, under a new Pope, the "Peace of the Church" was proclaimed, the stubborn bishops were pardoned, and Louis XIV., in good humor after his Peace of Aix la Chapelle, declared that he would not be more severe with the nuns than the Pope had been with the clergy." The moment was thought propitious, the sisters made a tardy and vague submission, and the interdict was removed. Great was the rejoicing in the valley when the long silent bells rang out again. The Great Arnould, who had just been presented at court, said the first high mass at Port Royal, and was still at the altar, when a long procession with banners and music from the parish of Magny, near by, entered the church to join in their thanksgiving services.

Ten years of prosperity ensued; but immediately after the death of the Duchesse de Longueville, their protectress, persecution, long smouldering, broke out afresh, and in spite of their previous submission, there was a second blockade and interdict of thirty years, ending in the forcible removal of the twenty-two surviving nuns, the youngest fifty and the eldest eighty years old. All that was asked of them was to allow a notice to be posted at the convent gate, stating that they accepted the bull of Innocent X., and submitted in all things to the papal authority; but they refused, accepted the consequences, and went down with their flag flying. They were separated and scattered in different convents, where they remained, deprived of the sacraments even in their last hours. The church, convent, outbuildings, and adjacent houses were razed to their foundations, and all the dead removed from the cemetery, by express order of the king. The desecration of the graves was frightful, and identification was intentionally rendered impossible. At this time Racine's remains were removed by his friends to St. Etienne du Mont, in Paris. His aunt had been

one of the last abbesses of Port Royal. During the last ten years, these secluded women had probably excited envy as well as dislike; for they had been courted by the world of fashion to some extent, as well as esteemed by many thoughtful people who did not accept their doctrine. Ladies of high rank were in the habit of going to Port Royal for short religious retreats, and the services on holy-days seemed very attractive, fourteen or fifteen ecclesiastics often being present uninvited. Not that there was any splendor of ritual, or luxury of altar-cloth or vestments: the pictures of Philippe de Champagne were the only ornaments of the church, there was no organ, and the reading and singing, though beautiful, were of the simplest kind; but the fervor of the nuns and the quiet of the place constituted a peculiar charm.

The description of Port Royal in the sixth volume of the *Clélie* of Mademoiselle Scudéry, is purely imaginary: but we find this account by a M. Lonail, written in 1693:—

“It is not a large monastery, but lodges a goodly number. The court is narrow and long, extending from east to west. The church, the parlors, and the houses of female guests are on one side, and the stables, workshops, and houses for ecclesiastics and male guests on the other. The cloister and dwellings of the nuns are apart, behind the church. The garden extends towards the east, and is intersected by a little canal. Towards the south there is a shady wood by a brook, called the Solitude. All this is shut in by high walls, defended at intervals by towers, built during the wars of the Fronde to protect the convent from soldiery.” After describing the church, the cloisters, and the procession, he continues: “At last I left a place where I would willingly have stayed all my life. I climbed the hill to the left and visited Les Granges, the farm of the Solitaires. There I

saw the old schools of Port Royal, the houses of M. d’Andilly and M. Arnauld, and the Solitude of M. Pont-Château. I turned back to look once more on the abbey and the fields tilled by these pious men, and bade adieu to this blessed spot; but the memory of my visit lingers like a perpetual feast.”

The destruction has been complete. All that remains of the abbey of Port Royal is the dove-cot, a large round tower, with a funnel-shaped roof; fragments of pillars and capitals; the Fountain of Mère Angélique; a large walnut-tree, that goes by her name; Les Granges on the neighboring heights; and the walk called La Solitude, with its rusty, ivy-garlanded cross. The church was a fine specimen of the Cistercian architecture in the early part of the thirteenth century. A little chapel has been erected on the spot where the high altar stood, and here can be seen some interesting relics, such as portraits, engravings, and manuscript letters. Some of the tombstones, rescued from desecration, are preserved in the neighboring church of Magny, Arnauld d’Andilly’s among the number. You can wander about Port Royal at your will, perfectly undisturbed by guides or tourists, pace the Alley of the Solitaires by the side of the brook, that has learned not to murmur, and keeps in summer days their vow of silence, or throw yourself on the daisied grass by the old fountain, or in the shade of the walnut-tree of Mère Angélique. If you wish to examine the relics, you summon the guardian in the employ of the Society of Saint Antoine, to whom the property now belongs. He is a gentle old man, upwards of eighty, a school-master at Asnières for more than forty years, proud and appreciative of the treasures intrusted to his keeping, and quite imbued with the spirit of the place. After speaking of his past life and his age, he added: “I am perfectly happy. I am not afraid to die; but I

sometimes think that heaven itself cannot be more peaceful than Port Royal."

From Versailles, the distance to the abbey is about eight miles, but a pleasant excursion can be made from Paris by taking the Chemin de fer de la Bretagne at the Gare Mont Parnasse early enough to connect with the little *patache* that goes from La Verrière, the second station beyond Saint Cyr, to Mesnil-Saint-Denis. From this hamlet you go on foot. The road winds through fields for a mile and a half, skirts a wood, and the top of the "Colombier" of Port

Royal soon comes in sight. The entrance is by a little door in an old stone wall. You can return another way by Trappes, a station nearer to Paris than La Verrière, but the walk is not nearly so pleasant as from Mesnil-Saint-Denis. You pass, however, by Les Granges, the farm of the Solitaires.

People say sometimes: "There is not much to see at Port Royal." That is true; but the place is redolent of beautiful memories and interesting associations, and the peace has not passed away.

Maria Ellery MacKaye.

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

XXIV.

It may now be necessary to indicate the outline, at least, of an incident which was the reason why, at the most critical period of the affairs both of her brother and sister, Minnie's supervising and controlling care was neutralized. Whether it is the case that nothing that did happen would have happened, as is her sincere conviction, had she been free to observe and guide the course of events, is what neither the writer of this history nor any other human looker-on can say. We are all disposed to believe that certain possibilities would have changed the entire face of history had they ever developed, and that life would have been a different thing altogether had not So and So got ill, or gone on a journey, or even been so ill-advised as to die at a particular juncture. Miss Warrender was of this opinion strongly; but it is possible that the reader may think that everything would have gone on very much as it did, in spite of all that she could have said or done. It is a problem which never can be settled, should we continue discussing it forevermore.

The thing which deprived the family of Minnie's care at the approaching crisis was what cannot be otherwise described than as a happy event. In the early summer, before Mr. Warrender died, a new curate had come to Underwood. This, however, is not an entirely just way of stating the case. A curate, in the ordinary sense of the word, was not wanted at Underwood. The parish was small. Such a thing as a daily service had not begun to be thought of, and the rector, who was full of energy, would have thought it wasteful extravagance to give a hundred pounds a year to another clergyman, in order that he might have the lessons read for him and the responses led by an educated voice. Ideas about educated voices, as well as about colored cloths and lights on the altar, have all developed since that time. People in general were quite satisfied with the clerk in those days, or, if they were not satisfied, at least accepted him as a necessary evil, at which they were free to laugh, but against which there was nothing to be said. The morning service on Sunday was the only one that was of much importance, to which

the whole parish came. That in the afternoon was attended only by the village people, and did not count for much. The rector would not have said in so many words, like a French curé, that vespers were *pas obligatoire*, but he had the same feeling. Both he and his wife felt kindly to the people who came, as if it were a personal compliment. It is needless to say that things ecclesiastical have very, very much changed since, and that this easy state of affairs exists no longer.

Thus there was evidently no need of a curate at Underwood proper. But the parish was now a double one. Once "St. Mary's-Underwood," it was now "Underwood-cum-Pierrepont;" and the condition of drawing the revenues of the later division was that the rector should always provide for the duty in the little church at Pierrepont, which was considered a fine specimen of early architecture, though not much adapted to modern needs. It had been usually some shabby old parson, some poor gentleman who had been a failure in life, one of those wonderful curates who are rich in nothing but children, and to whom the old, rambling, out-at-elbows parsonage house at Pierrepont was of itself an attraction, who had taken this appointment. And it had been a great surprise to the neighborhood when it was known that the Honorable and Reverend Eustace Thynne (to say the Reverend the Honorable, which is now the highest fashion in such matters, postponing, as is meet, secular rank to that of the Church, was unknown in those pre-Ritualistic days), a young man, a baron's son, an entirely unexceptionable and indeed every way laudable individual, had accepted this post. A greater surprise it would be impossible to imagine. The Warrenders had been as much interested as anybody before the death in the family had made such sentiments for a time inappropriate. But Mr. Thynne had turned out a very sympathetic young

clergyman. He had left his card and kind inquiries at once. He had helped to officiate at the funeral, and afterwards Minnie had been heard to say that no one had given her so true an idea of how grief ought to be borne. He had been a frequent visitor through the summer. If Theo saw little of him, that was entirely Theo's fault. It was Mr. Thynne who persuaded the girls that to resume their duties in the Sunday-school was not only right, but the best thing for them, — so soothing and comforting; and he had come a great deal to the Warren while Theo was so much away, and in many things had made himself useful to the girls, as Theo had been doing to Lady Markland. He did not, indeed, devote himself to them with the same indiscriminate devotion. There was no occasion for anything of the kind. Mrs. Warrender was quite capable of looking after things herself, and Minnie's energy was almost greater than was necessary for the needs of their position; so that it was not at all needful or desirable that he should put himself at their disposal in any exaggerated way. But all that a man and a clergyman could do to make himself useful and agreeable Eustace Thynne did. They got to talk of him as Eustace Thynne quite naturally, when they were talking of him, though they still called him Mr. Thynne when conversing with him. They saw a great deal of him. There was very little to do at Pierrepont, and he was a great walker, and constantly met them when they were out. And he was very sound in his views, not extreme in anything; not an evangelical, much less inclining towards that section of the Church which began to be known in the world under the name of Puseyites. Eustace Thynne had no exaggerated ideas; he was not eccentric in anything. The Thirty-Nine Articles sat as easily upon him as his very well made coat; he never forgot that he was a clergyman, or wore even a gray checked necktie, which the rector

sometimes did, but always had a white tie, very neatly tied, and a tall hat, which was considered in those days the proper dress for a clergyman, even in the country. His political ideas inclined to conservatism, whereas, as Minnie always said, the Warrenders were liberal; but it was a very moderate conservatism, and the difference was scarcely appreciable.

From all this it may be divined that Minnie was in the way of following the example set her by her mother and grandmother, and the majority of women generally. She had not thought herself very likely to marry for some time back; for the country had wonderfully few young men in it, and she had no desire ever to leave home. But when Providence sent Eustace Thynne in her way, there was no reason why she should shut her eyes to that divine and benevolent intention. She softened in some ways, but hardened in others, during the course of the year. In matters upon which Eustace Thynne agreed with her, — and these were the principal features of her social creed, — she was more determined than ever, having his moral support to fall back upon, and would not allow the possibility of a doubt. And this made her the more severe upon Theo, for in all questions of propriety Mr. Thynne was with her, heart and soul.

As usually happens in the forming of new bonds, the old ones were a little strained while this process was going on. Chatty, who had been very deeply interested at first, when she saw in her elder sister symptoms of a state about which she herself had entertained only the vaguest dreams, became sometimes a little tired of it, as she found one of the results to be a growing inclination to get rid of herself. When they went out together to visit a pensioner, if they met Mr. Thynne (as they often did) on the road, Minnie would stop at the end of the lane. "Will you just run in and see how old Sarah is?" she would say to Chatty.

"Two of us in such a little place is too much for the poor old dear;" and Mr. Thynne would remark, in a low voice, that Miss Warrender was so considerate (if everybody would be as considerate!), and linger and talk, while Chatty went and informed herself about all old Sarah's ills. This, however, the younger sister could have borne; but when she found, on rejoining the pair, that they had been discussing Theo, and that Minnie had been asking Mr. Thynne's advice, and that he entirely agreed with her, and thought she was quite right about Lady Markland, Chatty's spirit rose. "I would not talk about Theo to any one," she said, indignantly. "Who do you call any one? Mr. Thynne takes a great interest in all of us: and he is a clergyman, and of whom should one ask advice if not of a clergyman?" Minnie replied, with triumphant logic. "If he was a bishop, I would not talk over Theo — not with him, nor any one," Chatty replied. She had always been inclined to take Theo's part, and she became his partisan in these new circumstances, standing up for him through thick and thin. And in her little expeditions up and down the lane to ask after old Sarah, while Minnie strolled slowly along with her clerical lover, Chatty began to form little opinions of her own, and to free herself more or less from that preponderating influence of the elder sister which had shaped all her previous life. And little wistfulnesses began to float across Chatty's gentle mind, and little thrills of curiosity to go through it. Her surroundings at this moment gave much room for thought, — Minnie, who had never shown any patience in respect to such vanity, and was always severe with the maids and their young men, wandering on ahead with Mr. Thynne; and Theo, who had always been so imperious, given up in every thought to Lady Markland, and not to be spoken to on ordinary subjects during the short time he spent at home! With these

two before her eyes, it can scarcely be supposed that Chatty did not ask herself, now and then, whether, for her also, there was not somebody whose appearance would change everything. And for the first time she began to get impatient of the Warren, in the gloom of the winter, and to wish, like her mother, for a change.

Mr. Thynne was not ineligible, like most curates. It was not for poverty, or because he had no other place to turn to, that he had taken the curacy at Pierrepont. There was a family living awaiting him, a very good living; and he had some money, which an uncle had left him; and he was the honorable as well as the reverend. Minnie had her own ideas, as has been seen, on matters of rank. She did not think overmuch of the nobility. She was of opinion that the country gentry were the support and salvation of England. Still, while a plain Mrs. or Miss may be anybody to those who don't know her, — a dairyman's daughter or a scion of the oldest of families, — an honorable to your name does at once identify you as occupying a certain position. "It is a very good thing," she said, "in that way; it is a sort of hall-mark, you know."

"It is sometimes put on very false metal, Minnie."

"Oh, I don't know," said Minnie, with an indignant flush; "no more than any other kind of distinction. The peerage does not go wrong oftener, — perhaps not so often as other people, but it does give a *cachet*. It is known then whom you belong to, and that you must be more or less nice people. I like it for that."

"There could be no doubt about Mr. Thynne, any way, my dear."

"I never said I was thinking of Mr. Thynne," said Minnie, with a violent blush, as she broke off the conversation and hurried away. And, indeed, it was not at all of Mr. Thynne that she was thinking, but rather of a possible Mrs.

Thynne, and what her advantages might be over other ladies who did not possess that pretty and harmless affix. She decided that, unquestionably, it was an advantage. Out of your own county it might very well happen that nobody might know who you were: but an honorable never could be mistaken. She came gradually to change her views about the peerage in general, after that discovery, and made up her mind that a title in the family was good in every way. There could never be any doubt about that. Then it was in Debrett, and everybody could satisfy themselves about its genuineness and antiquity, and lay their finger upon the descendants and relatives of the house. There were inconveniences in that, especially in respect to the record of age — but still it was an advantage; and, to be sure, for those who were added to a noble family by marriage even that inconvenience did not exist.

Mr. Thynne declared himself in summer, after the year of mourning was over, and when even Miss Warrender felt that it was permitted to be more lively, and to wear white dresses, though with black ribbons, of course; and as the family living fell vacant immediately, the wedding took place almost at once. It made a great sensation in the parish, it need not be said; and while the few people in Pierrepont gave the curate a teapot, in Underwood there was a great agitation in the Sunday-school and much collecting to buy a fine big Bible, with a great deal of gilding outside, for Miss Warrender, which was given to her at a tea in the school-room, with a speech from the rector, who was not fond of public speaking, and had to be egged up to it by many pricks and goads by his wife. It was considered a very suitable present for a young lady who was going to marry a clergyman, just as the teapot was most suitable for a young clergyman about to be married. In those days there was not the rain of marriage presents from

everybody within reach which is the painful fashion now.

And Minnie had a very excellent, solid trousseau, as might be expected, full of useful clothes; the silks very handsome, and the dinner dresses, though serious (which she thought suitable to a clergyman's wife), quite good enough to go *anywhere in*. If she had been yielded to in that respect, her going-away dress would have been lavender with black lace, quite second mourning. But not only her mother and sister, but Mrs. Wilberforce and even Mr. Thynne himself, who did not fancy a bride in mourning, remonstrated so strongly that she was obliged to yield. "I am in favor of showing every respect to our dear ones who are gone; but there are limits," the bridegroom said: and Mrs. Wilberforce declared that, though herself a conservative and staunch upholder of the past, she did think dear Minnie sometimes went a little too far, notwithstanding that the Warrenders were liberals. This determined stand on the part of all belonging to her resulted in Minnie's departure from the Warren clothed in a suit of russet brown, which was very becoming to her, — much more so than the whiteness of her bridal dress and veil.

These events withdrew Minnie's attention in great measure from the others which were preparing, and finally carried her off altogether on the eve of many and great changes, such as turned topsy-turvy the life of the Warrenders. She was naturally very much taken up by her husband and her new surroundings, and the delightful trouble of settling down in her new parish and home. And she was at a considerable distance from them, half a day's journey, which made very frequent visits impossible. It has been already said that we do not pretend to give our opinion as to whether, if Minnie had not married, things might not have gone very differently in the Warrender family life.

After the wedding guests had departed, Warrender ordered his horse to be brought round, as usual. He had, of course, been occupied all the morning with his own family, and with the marriage and the entertainment afterwards. Geoff had got a holiday, which he prized very much. (Lady Markland and the boy had been asked, of course, to the wedding, but it was perhaps a relief to all that they declined to come.) And if there ever was a moment in which Mrs. Warrender wanted her son, it was that day. She was tired out, and in the nervous state to which the best of us are liable at agitating moments. Minnie was not, perhaps, in absolute sympathy with her mother, but Mrs. Warrender had a great deal of imagination, and partly by means of those recollections of the past that are called up by every great family event, and partly by inevitable anticipations of the future, she was in special need of kindness and filial care. Her heart swelled within her when she saw the black horse brought round. She went to the door in the gray gown which she had got for Minnie's marriage, and met her son as he came into the hall. "Oh, Theo, are you going to leave us to-day? I thought you would have stayed with us to-day," she said, with what an unfavorable critic would have called a querulous tone in her voice. It was in reality fatigue and weariness, and a great desire for her boy's affection and comforting care; but the other explanation would not perhaps have been altogether without justification.

"Why should I stay to-day, more than any other day?" he said.

"You don't require me to tell you, Theo. It is getting late; you can't be wanted *there*, surely, to-day."

Now this was injudicious on Mrs. Warrender's part: but a woman cannot always be judicious. He looked at her with quick offense.

"Suppose I think differently?" he said; "or suppose that it is for my

own pleasure I am going, as you say, *there?*"

"I meant no harm," said Mrs. Warrender. "I have not opposed you. Often I have longed to have you a little more at home: but I never said anything, Theo,—you know I have never said anything."

"I can't imagine, mother, what there was to say."

She checked herself with difficulty, but still she did check herself. "There are some things," she said, "that I wish you would attend to,—I cannot help feeling that there are several things; but to-day, dear Theo, both Chatty and I are feeling low. Stay with us this afternoon. It will do us so much good."

She thought that he wavered for an instant, but if so it was only for an instant. "I don't believe that," he said. "We should only quarrel; and what is the use of a thing that is forced! And besides, of all days, this is the one above all others that I want to go. It is my best chance"—and then he stopped and looked at her, the color rising to his face.

"I thought Geoff was to go somewhere, for a holiday."

He gave her another look, and the red became crimson. "That is just the reason," he said enigmatically, and with a slight wave of his hand passed her, and went out to the door.

"You will be back to dinner, Theo?"

He turned his head as he was about to ride away, looking down upon her. "Perhaps I may be back immediately," he said,— "most likely; but never mind me, one way or another. I want nothing but to be let alone, please."

Chatty had come out to the door, and they both stood and watched him as he rode along, disappearing among the trees. "I think he must be going to—seek his fortune," his mother said, restraining a sob.

"Oh, mamma!" said simple Chatty,

"I would go and pray for him, but I don't know what to ask."

"Nor I," said Mrs. Warrender. "God bless him,—that is all that one can say."

But the house looked very dreary as they went back to it, with all the confusion of the wedding feast and the signs of a great company departed. They scarcely knew where to sit down, amid the litter that had been so gay a few hours ago, and looked so miserable now.

But Theo! What was he doing? Where was he carrying the heart that beat so high, that would be silent no longer? Was he going to lay it at the feet of a woman who would spurn it? When would he come back, and how? Already they began to listen, though he had scarcely set out, for the sound of his return,—in joy or in despair, who could say?

XXV.

THEO came home neither late nor early; neither in joy nor in despair. He came back harassed and impatient, eaten up with disquietude and suspense. He was pale and red in succession ten times in a moment. He was so much absorbed in his own thoughts that he hardly heard what was said to him as the three sat down, a little forlorn, to dinner when the late summer twilight began to close over all the brightness of that long, fatiguing day. The night after the wedding, with its sense already of remoteness to the great event of the morning so much prepared for and looked forward to, with the atmosphere so dead and preternaturally silent which has tingled with so much emotion, with the inevitable reaction after the excitement,—nothing could ever make that moment a cheerful one. It is something more than the disappearance of a member of the family: it is the end of anticipation, of excitement, of all that has been

forming and accelerating the domestic life for weeks or months, perhaps. Even if there should happen to be an unexpressed and inexpressible relief in having permanently escaped the sway of a sharp critic, a keen inspecting eye which missed nothing, that consciousness only helps to take the edge off life and make it altogether blurred and brief for the moment. In the present case the very meal was suggestive: cold chickens, cold lamb, ham on the sideboard with ornamentations upon it, remains of jellies, and preparations of cream, — an altogether chilly dinner, implying in every dish a banquet past.

And there was not very much said. Joseph, who was rather more tired than everybody else, made no attempt to bring the lamp, and no one asked for it. They sat in the waning light, which had less of day and more of night in that room than anywhere else, and made a very slight repast in a much subdued way, with little interest in the cold chicken. Once Mrs. Warrender made a remark about the evening. "How dark it is! I think, Theo, if you don't do something soon, the trees will crush the house." "I don't see what the trees have to do with it," he answered with irritation; "I have always begged you not to wait for me when I was late." "But you were not late, dear Theo," said Chatty, with a certain timidity. "I suppose I ought to know whether I was late or not," he replied. And the ladies were silent, and the salad was handed round. Very suitable for a summer evening, but yet on the whole a depressing meal.

When they rose from the table Mrs. Warrender asked Theo to take a turn with her, which he did with great reluctance, fearing to be questioned. But she had more discretion than to question him, at least on that subject. She told him that if he did not particularly want her, she had made up her mind to go away. "Chatty will be dull without her

sister. I think she wants a little change, and for that matter, so do I. And you don't want us, Theo."

"That is a hard thing to say, mother."

"I do not mean any blame. I know that the time is critical for you, too, my dear boy. That is why I ask, do you wish me to remain? but I don't think you do."

He did not answer for a full minute. Then, "No," he said, "I don't think I do." They were walking slowly round the house, by the same path which they had taken together when the father was lying dead, and before there had been question of Lady Markland in the young man's life. "Mother," he said after another interval, "I ought to tell you, perhaps. I know nothing about myself or what I am going to do; it all depends on some one else. Minnie would moralize finely on that, if she were to hear it. Things have come to this, that I know nothing about what may happen to-morrow. I may start off for the end of the world, — that is the most likely, I think. I can't go on living as I am doing now. I may go to — where? I don't know and I don't care much. If I were a Nimrod, as I ought to have been, I should have gone to Africa for big game. But it will probably be Greece or something conventional of that kind."

"Don't speak so wildly, dear. Perhaps you will not go away at all. You have not made up your mind."

"When I tell you I know nothing, not even about to-morrow! But I don't entertain much hope. That is how it will end, in all probability. And of course I don't want you to stay like rooks among the trees here. Poor old house! it will soon have no daylight at all, as you say."

"Theo, I hope you will do something before it is too late. It is not a beautiful house, but you were born in it, and so was your father."

He pressed her arm almost violently

within his. "Who knows, mother? great days may be coming for the old place: or if not, let it drop to pieces, what does it matter? I shall be the last of the Warrenders."

"Theo," she said with agitation, returning the pressure of his arm, "have you said anything to-night?"

Her question was vague enough, but he was at no difficulty in understanding. He said, after a moment, "I had no opportunity, there were people there; but to-morrow, to-morrow" —

They came out together, as these words were said, upon the edge of the pond. In the depth of that dark mirror, broken by water-lilies and floating growth of all kinds, there was a pale reflected sky, very colorless and clear, the very soul and centre of the brooding evening. Everything was dark around, the summer foliage black in the absence of light, the heart of June as gloomy as if the trees had been funeral plumes. The two figures, dark like all the rest, stood for a moment on the edge of the water, looking down upon that one pale, dispassionate, reflected light. There was no cheer in it, nor anything of the movement and pulsation of human existence. The whiteness of the reflection chilled Mrs. Warrender, and made her shiver. "I suppose," she said, "I am fanciful to-night; it looks to me like an unkindly spectator, who does not care what becomes of us." She added, with a little nervous laugh, "Perhaps it is not very probable that our little affairs should interest the universe, after all."

Warrender did not make any reply. He heard what was said to him and saw what was round him in a dim sort of confused way, as if every object and every voice were at a distance; and with an impatience, too, which it was painful to him to keep down. He went with her to the house, saying little; but he could not rest there, and came out again, groping his way through the surrounding

trees, and returned after a while to the pond, where there was that light to think by, more congenial even in its chill clearness than the oppressive dark. It changed beneath his eyes, but he took no notice; a star came into it and looked him in the face from under the shadow of the great floating shelf of the water-lily leaves; and then came the blue of the dawn, the widening round him of the growing light, the shimmer of the early midsummer morning, long, long before those hours which men claim as the working day. That sudden bursting forth of life and color startled him in the midst of his dreams, and he went home and stole into the sleeping, darkened house, where by dint of curtains and shutters twilight still reigned, with something of the exhaustion and neglect of the morning after the feast, — the morning of the day which was to decide for him whether life should be miserable or divine.

These were the words which the young man used in his infatuation. He knew no others: miserable, so that he should no longer care what happened to him, or believe in any good, which was the most probable state of affairs; or divine, a life celestial, inconceivable, which was indeed not to be dwelt upon for a moment as if under any suggestion of possibility it could be.

Next day Mrs. Warrender began at once her preparations for that removal which she had so long contemplated, which had been so often postponed, throwing Chatty into an excitement so full of conflicting elements that it was for some time difficult for the girl to know what her own real sentiments were. She had been figuring to herself with a little wistfulness, and an occasional escapade into dreams, the part which it was now her duty to take up, that of her mother's chief companion, the daughter of the house, the dutiful dweller at home, who should have no heart and no thought beyond the War-

ren and its affairs. Chatty was pleased enough with the former rôle. It had been delightful both to her mother and herself to feel how much they had in common when the great authority on all family matters, the regulator of proprieties, the mistress of the ceremonies, so to speak, was out of the way, and they were left unmolested to follow their natural bent; but Chatty felt a little sinking of the heart when she thought of being bound to the Warren forever: of the necessity there would be for her constant services, and the unlikelihood of any further opening of life. While there had been two girls at home, there was always a possibility of an invitation, of a visit and little break of novelty, but it was one of Minnie's most cherished maxims that a young lady in the house was indispensable, and Chatty, in the recollection of it, felt a certain cheerful despair, if the expression is permissible, seize her. She would be cheerful, she said to herself, whatever happened. It was her duty: she loved her home, and wanted nothing else, oh, nothing else! Home and one's mother, what could one want more?

But when Chatty heard, all in a moment, those plans which promised, instead of the monotonous life to which she had been accustomed, a new world of novelty, of undiscovered distance, of gayeties and pleasures unknown, her despair changed into alarm. Was it right, however pleasant it might be, to go away; to abandon the Warren; to be no longer the young lady of the house, doing everything for those about her, but a young woman at large, so to speak, upon the world, getting amusements in her own person, having nothing to do for anybody? Chatty did not know what to think, what to reply to her mother. She exclaimed, "Oh, mamma!" with a gleam of delight; and then her countenance fell, and she asked, "What will Theo do alone?" with all the conscious responsibility of

a sister, the only unmarried sister left. But the question that was uppermost in her mind did not really concern Theo. "What will Minnie say?" was what she was thinking. She turned this over in her mind all day with a breathless sense of so many new things that the old sense of subjection was a sort of support to her in the whirlwind of change. Minnie had often said that nothing short of necessity would make her leave the Warren. But then the force of that assertion was somewhat diminished by the fact that Minnie had not hesitated to leave the Warren when Mr. Thyne asked her to do so. Was necessity another name for a husband? Chatty blushed at this thought, though it seemed very improbable that any husband would ever appear to suggest such a step to herself. Would Minnie still think that the only motive; would she disapprove?

Chatty went out by herself that day to take the usual afternoon walk which her sister had always insisted upon. The day was dull and gray for midsummer, and Chatty had not yet recovered from the fatigue of yesterday. She allowed to herself that the trees were sadly overgrown, and that it was quite dark within the grounds of the Warren when it was still light beyond; and she permitted herself to think that it was a little dull having nowhere to walk to but Mrs. Bagley's shop. To be sure there was the rectory: but Mrs. Wilberforce would be sure to question her so closely about all that had happened and was going to happen that Chatty preferred not to risk that ordeal. There was not a soul about the village on this particular afternoon. Chatty thought she had never seen it so deserted. To make her walk a little longer, she had come out by the further gate of the Warren,—the one that Theo always used, that which was nearest to Markland. The only figures she saw in all her line of vision, as she came out, making a little sound with the gate, which

in the silence sounded like a noise and startled them, were two women, just parting as it seemed. One of them Chatty saw at a glance was Lizzie Hampson. The other—she came hurrying along towards Chatty, having parted, it appeared, with a kiss from her companion. They met full without any possibility of avoiding each other, and Chatty, in spite of herself, gave a long look at this woman, whom she had seen before in the high phaeton, and sometimes at the gate of the Elms. She was as young, or it might be younger than Chatty, with a lovely complexion, perhaps slightly aided by art, and quantities of curled and wavy hair. But the chief feature in her was her eyes—eyes of infantine blue, surrounded with curves of distress like a child's who has been crying its very heart out. It was evident that she had been crying; her eyelashes were wet, her mouth quivering. Altogether, it seemed to Chatty the face of a child that had been naughty and was being punished. Poor thing! she said in her soft heart, looking at the other girl with infinite pity. Oh, how miserable it must be to go wrong! Chatty felt as if she could have found it in her heart to stop this poor young creature, and entreat her, like a child, not to be naughty any more.

The other looked at her with those puckered and humid eyes with a stare into which there came a little defiance, almost an intention of affronting and insulting the young lady; but in a moment had hurried past and Chatty saw her no more. Chatty, too, quickened her steps, feeling, she could not tell why, a sensation like affront. Why should she be affronted? She did not like to look back, but felt as if the woman she had just passed must be mocking her behind her back, or perhaps threatening her, ready to do her a mischief. And certainly it was Lizzie Hampson who was running on in front. Chatty called to her in the sudden fright that

had come over her, and was glad when the girl stopped and turned round reluctantly, though Lizzie's face was also stained with crying and wore a mutinous and sullen look.

"Did you call me, Miss Warrender? I am going home. Granny is waiting."

"Wait for me a moment, Lizzie. Oh, you have been crying, too. What is the matter? And that—that lady"—

"I won't tell you a lie, Miss Chatty, when you've just found me out: but if you're going to tell upon me!—this is the truth. I have been saying good-by to her; and no one in Underwood will ever see her more." Then Lizzie began to cry again, melting Chatty's soft heart.

"Why should I tell upon you? I have nothing to say. It appears that it is some one you know; but I—don't know who it is."

"Oh, Miss Chatty, you are the real good one;" said Lizzie, "you don't think everybody's wicked. I don't love her ways, but I love her, that poor, poor thing. Don't tell granny I was with her; but it is only to say good-by; that was all, for the last time,—just to say good-by."

"Is she—going away?" Chatty spoke in a low and troubled voice, knowing that she ought not to show any interest, but with a pity and almost awe of the sinner which was beyond all rule.

"Oh, yes, Miss Warrender, she is going away; the gentleman spoke the truth when he said it always comes to misery. There may be a fine appearance for a time, and everything seem grand and gay; but it always comes to misery in the end."

To this Chatty made no reply. It was not a lesson that she required, in her innocence and absence from temptation, to learn; but she had an awe of Lizzie and her words as if a gulf had opened at her feet and she had seen the blackness of darkness within.

"And if you'll believe me, she once was just as good and as innocent! Well, and she's a kind of innocent now, for that matter. Oh, poor thing! Oh, Miss Warrender, don't you be angry if I'm choking and crying. I can't help it! She don't know what she's doing. She don't know bad from good, or right from wrong. There's some like that. Just what pleases them at the moment, that's all they think of. She once had as happy a life before her! and a good husband, and served hand and foot."

"Lizzie," said Chatty, with a shudder, "don't please tell me any more. If anything can be done" —

"Nothing," said the girl shaking her head. "What could be done? If the good ladies were to get her into their hands, they would put her in a penitentiary or something. A penitentiary for her! Oh, Miss Chatty, it's little they know. If they could put her in a palace, and give her horses and carriages and plenty to amuse her, that might do. But she does n't want to repent; she does n't know what it means. She wants to be well off and happy. And she's so young. Oh, don't think I would be like that for the world, not for the world, don't think it! But I can't help knowing how she feels. Oh, my poor dear, my poor dear!"

The wonder with which Chatty heard this strange plea was beyond description; but she would ask no more questions, and hear no more, though Lizzie seemed ready enough to furnish her with all details. She went back with the girl to the shop, thus disarming Mrs. Bagley, who was always full of suspicions and alarm when Lizzie was out of the way, and stood talking to the old woman while Lizzie stole into the parlor behind and got rid of the traces of her tears. Chatty felt very solemn as she stood and talked about her patterns, feeling as if she had come from a death-bed or a funeral. It was something still more terrible and solemnizing: it was her first

glimpse into a darkness of which she knew nothing, and her voice sounded in her own ears like a mockery as she asked about the bundle of things that had come from Highcombe. "There's one as is called the honeysuckle," said Mrs. Bagley: "it will just please you, Miss Chatty, as likes nice, delicate little things." The old woman thought she must be feeling her sister's loss dreadful, looking as melancholy as if it was her coffin she was buying. And Chatty accepted the honeysuckle pattern and looked out the materials for working it, without relaxing from that seriousness which was so little habitual to her. She even forgot all about her own problems, as she went home, seeing constantly before her the pretty, childlike face all blurred with tears. Was it true, as Lizzie said, that there was no way to help or deliver? If she had stopped, perhaps, as she had almost been impelled to do, and said, as it was on her lips to say, "Oh, I am so sorry for you; oh, don't do wrong any more," would the unhappy creature perhaps have listened to her, and repented, though Lizzie said she did not want to repent? Chatty could not forget that pitiful face. Would she ever, she wondered, meet it again?

XXVI.

Markland lay as usual, bare and white against the sun, upon that day of fate. The young trees had grown a little, and stood basking, scarcely shivering, leaning their feeble young heads together in the sun, but making little show as yet; all was wrapped in the warmth and stillness of the summer morn. The old butler stood upon the steps of the great door, his white head and black figure making a point in the bright, unbroken, still life about. Within, Lady Markland was in the morning-room with her business books and papers, but not doing much; and Geoff was in another, alone

with *his* books, not doing much : thinking, both of them, of the expected visitor now riding up in a breathless white heat of excitement to the hall door.

The entire house knew what was coming. Two or three maids were peeping at the windows above, saying, "There he is," with flutters of sympathetic emotion. That was why the butler stood on the steps waiting. All these spectators in the background had watched for a long time past ; and a simultaneous thrill had run through the household, which no one was conscious of being the cause of, which was instinctive and incontrovertible. If not yesterday, then to-day ; or to-morrow, if anything should come in the way to-day. Things had come to such a pitch that they could go no further. Of this every one in Markland was sure. There is something that gets into the air when excitement and self repression run high, and warns the whole world about of the approach of an event. "A bird of the air hath carried the matter." So it is said in all languages. But it is more than a bird in the air, swifter flying, entering into the most secret places. The last thing that Warrender thought of was that the fire and passion in his own breast had been publicly revealed. He wondered night and day whether *she* knew, whether she had any suspicion, if it had ever occurred to her to think ; but that the maids should be peeping from the windows, and the old butler watching at the door to receive the lover, was beyond his furthest conception of possibility : fortunately, since such a thought would have overwhelmed him with fury and shame.

Lady Markland sat at her table, pondering a letter from Mr. Longstaffe. She had it spread out before her, but she could only half see the words, and only half understand what they meant. She had read in Theo's eyes on the previous day — all. Had he but known he had nothing to reveal to her, nothing that

she could not have told him beforehand ! She had felt that the tempest of his young passion had been about to burst, and she had been extravagantly glad of the sudden appearance of the visitors who made it impossible. She had been glad, but perhaps a little disappointed, too ; her expectation and certainty of what was coming having risen also to a white heat of excitement, which fell into stillness and relief at the sight of the strangers, yet retained a certain tantalized impatience, as of one from whose lips a cup has been taken which will certainly have to be emptied another day. This was what she said to herself, with a trembling and agitation which was fully justified by the scene she anticipated. She said to herself that it must be got over, that she would not try to balk him, but rather give him the opportunity, poor boy. Yes ! it was only just that he should have his opportunity, and that this great crisis should be got over as best it might. Her hands trembled as she folded Mr. Longstaffe's letter and put it away ; her mind, she allowed to herself, was not capable of business. Poor boy, poor foolish boy ! for was not he a boy in comparison with herself, a woman not only older in years, but so much older in life ; a woman who had been a wife, who was a mother ; a woman whose first thoughts were already pledged to other interests, and for whom love in his interpretation of the word existed no more ? She would look down upon him, she thought, as from the mountain height of the calm and distant past. The very atmosphere in which such ideas had been possible was wanting. She would still him by a word ; she would be very kind, very gentle with him, poor boy ! She would blame herself for having unintentionally, unconsciously, put him in the way of this great misfortune. She would say to him, "How could I have ever thought that I, a woman so much older, past anything of the kind, — that I could

harm you ! But it is not love, it is pity ; it is because you are sorry for me ! And it will pass, and you will learn to think of me as your friend." Oh, such a friend as she would be to him ! and when some one younger, prettier, happier than she came in his way, as would certainly happen ! Lady Markland could not help feeling a little chill at that prospect. The warmth of a young man's devotion has a great effect upon a woman. It makes many women do foolish things, out of the gratitude, the exhilaration of finding themselves lovable and beloved, even when they have passed the age and the possibility of being loved, as Lady Markland, now seven and twenty, had concluded herself to be.

Seven and twenty ! ah, but that was not all ! a wife already, to whom it was shame so much as to think of any other man. A second marriage appeared to her, as to many women, a sort of atheism ; a giving up of the religion of the immortal. If marriage is a tie that endures forever, as it must be every happy woman's creed it is, how could she die, how dare ever to look in the face a man who because he was dead — no more than that, because a change had happened to him which was no doing of his — she had abandoned for another man ? This argument made it once and forever impossible to contemplate such an act. Therefore it was to another man's wife that this poor boy, this generous enthusiast, was giving his all. But a woman cannot have such a gift laid down at her feet without a sensation of gratitude, without a certain pleasure even amid the pain, in that vindication of herself and her womanhood which he makes to her, raising her in her own esteem. Therefore she could not be hard, could not be angry. Poor boy ! to think of what it was he was throwing away ; and of the beating heart full of foolish passion with which he was coming to say words which her imagination snatched at, then retired from, trying not to an-

ticipate them, not to be curious, not to be moved in advance by what he must say.

And then by times she would pause and ask herself whether she could not prevent him, whether she could not spare him these fruitless words. Would not it be wrong to let him say them when it was so certain what her response must be ? She might stop him, perhaps, in the utterance ; tell him with how much sympathy, with how much tenderness ! that it must not be ; that not for her were such expressions possible ; that he was mistaking himself, and his own heart, in which pity was moving, not love. Could she do this ? She felt a quick pang of disappointment in the thought of not hearing what he had to say : but it would be kinder to him — perhaps : would it be kinder ? — to stop those words on his lips, words that should only be said to the woman who could listen to them, — to the happy young creature whom some time or other he would love. This was the confusion of thought in Lady Markland's mind while she sat by her writing-table among her papers, turning them over with nervous hands, now opening, now closing again the letters to which she could give no attention ; letters, a cool observer might have said, much more important than a question of a foolish young fellow's love. Meanwhile the maids peeped, and the old butler looked down the avenue where Warrender's black horse was visible, marked with foam as if he had been pushed on at a great pace, and yet, now that the house was in sight, coming slowly enough. The servants had no doubt about what was going to happen so far as Warrender was concerned, but it was all the more like an exciting story to them that they had no certainty at all how it was to end. Opinions were divided as to Lady Markland ; indeed, so wrapped was the whole matter in mystery that those who ought to know the best, old Soames for

one, and her own maid for another, would give no opinion at all.

Geoff was all this time in the room where he had his lessons, waiting for his tutor. He was biting his nails to the quick, and twisting his little face into every kind of contortion. Geoff was now ten, and he had grown a good deal during the year, — if not so very much in stature, yet a great deal in experience. A little, a very little, and yet enough to swear by, of the wholesome discipline of neglect had fallen to Geoff's share. Business and lessons had parted his day from his mother's in a way which was very surprising when it was realized; and Geoff realized it, perhaps, better than Lady Markland did. In the evenings she was, as before, his alone; though sometimes even then a little preoccupied and with other things in her mind, as she allowed, which she could scarcely speak to him about. But in the long day these two saw comparatively little of each other. At luncheon, Warrender was always there, talking to Lady Markland of subjects which Geoff was not familiar with. The boy thought, sometimes, that Theo chose them on purpose to keep him "out of it." Certainly he was very often out of it, and had to sit and stare and listen, which was very good for him but did not make him more affectionate towards Theo. To feel "out of it" is not a comfortable, but it is a very maturing experience. Geoff sat by and thought what a lot Theo knew; what a lot mamma knew; what an advantage grown-up people had; and how inattentive to other people's feelings they were in using it. After luncheon, Theo frequently stayed to talk something over with Lady Markland; to show her something; now and then to help her with something which she did not feel equal to. During these moments Geoff was supposed to "play." What he did, generally, was to resort to the stables and talk with the coachman and Black,

whose conversation was perhaps not the best possible for the little lad, and who instructed him in horse-racing and other subjects of the kind.

When Theo went away, Lady Markland would call for Geoff to walk down the avenue with her, accompanying the tutor to the gate. And after he had been shaken hands with and had gone, then was to Geoff the best of the day. His mother and he, when it was fine, strolled about the park together for an hour, in something like the old confiding and equal friendship; a pair of friends, though they were mother and son, and though Geoff was but ten and she twenty-seven. That was old times come back, and recalled what was already the golden age to Geoff, the time before anything had happened. He did not say before his father died, for his childish memory was acute enough to recollect that things had often been far from happy then. But he remembered the halcyon days of the first mourning; the complete peace; the gradual relaxation of his mother's face; the return of her dimples, and of her laughter. It had only been then, he remembered, that he had called her "pretty mamma!" her face had become so fresh, and so soft and round. But lately it had lengthened a little again; and the eyes sometimes went miles off, which made him uneasy. "Why do your eyes go so far away? do you see anything?" he asked, sometimes; and then she would come back to him with a start, perhaps with a flush of sudden color, sometimes with a laugh, making fun of it. But Geoff did not feel disposed to make fun of it. It gave him a pang of anger to see her so; and unconsciously, without knowing why, he was more indignant with Theo at these moments, than he was when Theo sat at table and talked about matters beyond Geoff's ken. What had Theo to do with that far-away look? What could he have to do with it? Geoff could not tell. He was aware

there was no sense in his anger, but yet he was angry all the same.

And now, he sat waiting for Theo to come: waiting, but not wishing for him. Geoff was not so clever as the maids and old Soames; he did not know what he was afraid of. He had never formulated to himself any exact danger; and naturally he knew nothing of the seductions of that career into which Warrender had been drawn without intending it; without meaning any breach of Geoff's peace or of his own. Geoff did not know at all what he feared. He felt that there was something going on which was against him; and he had a kind of consciousness, like all the rest, that it was coming to a climax to-day. But he did not know what it was, nor what danger was impending over him. Perhaps Theo intended to stay longer; to come to Markland altogether; to interfere with the boy's evenings as he had done with his mornings. Or perhaps—but when he for a moment asked himself what he feared, his thoughts all fled away into vague alarms, infinitesimal in comparison with the reality, which was far too big and terrible for his mind to grasp. Mamma was afraid of it, too, he had thought, this morning. She had looked as the sky looks sometimes when the clouds are flying over it, and the wind is high and a storm is getting up: sometimes her face would be all overcast, and then her eyes had the look of a shower falling (though she did not shed any tears), and then there would be a clearing. She was afraid, too. It was something that Theo was going to propose; some change that he wanted to carry out: and mamma was afraid of it, too. This was in one way comforting, but in another more alarming; for it must be very serious indeed, if she, too, was afraid.

He roused himself from these uncomfortable thoughts, and began to pull his books about, and put his exercises

upon the desk which Theo used, when he heard the sound of Theo's arrival,—the heavy hoofs of the big black horse, the voice of Soames in the hall, the quick steady step coming in. The time had been when Geoff would have thrown all his books on the table, and rushed out to witness the arrival, with an eager "Oh, Theo, you're five minutes late!" or "Oh, Theo, I haven't done yet!" For some time, however, he had left off doing this. Things were too serious for such vanities; he lifted his head and held his breath, listening to the approaching footstep. A kind of alarm lest it should not be coming here at all, but straight to Lady Markland's room, made him pale for the moment. That would be too bad, to come here professedly for Geoff and to go instead to mamma! it would be just like Theo; but fortunately things were not quite so bad as this. The steps came straight to Geoff's door. Warrender entered, looking—the boy could not tell how—flushed, weary-eyed: something as he had seen his father look in the morning after a late night. Excitement simulates many disorders, and this was the first thought that leaped to Geoff's mind, with its little bit of painful experience. "I say, Theo!" the boy cried; and then stared and said no more.

"Well! what is it you say? I hope you are prepared to-day, not like last time."

"Last time! but I was very well prepared last time! It is you who forget. I knew everything."

"You had better teach me, then, Geoff, for I don't know everything: no, nor half what I want to know. Oh, here is the exercise!" Warrender said, sitting down. He looked it over and corrected it with his pencil, hanging over it, seeming to forget the boy's presence. When that was done he opened the book carelessly, anywhere, not at the place, as Geoff, who watched with keen eyes everything the young

man was doing, perceived instantly. "Where did you leave off last time? Go on," he said. Geoff began; but he was far too intent on watching Theo to know what he was about; and as he construed with his eyes only, and not all of them, for he had to keep his companion's movements in sight all the time, it is needless to say that Geoff made sad work of his Cæsar. And his little faculties were more and more sharpened with alarm, and more and more blunted in Latin, when he found that stumble as he liked, Theo did not correct him, nor say a word. He sat with his head propped on his hands, and when Geoff paused merely said, "Go on." Either this meant something very awful in the shape of fault-finding when the culprit had come to the end of the lesson, the exemption now meaning dire retribution then, or else—there was something very wrong with Theo. Geoff's little sharp eyes seemed to leap out of their sockets with excitement and suspense.

At last Warrender suddenly, in the midst of a dreadfully boggled sentence, after Geoff had beaten himself on every side of these walls of words in bewildering endeavors to find a nominative, sprang up to his feet. "Look here," he said, "I think I'll give you a holiday to-day."

Geoff, startled, closed his book upon his hand. "I had a holiday yesterday."

"Had you? well, what has that to do with it? You can put away your books for to-day. As for being pre-

pared, my boy, if my head had not been so bad"—

"Is your head bad, Theo?" Geoff put on a look of solicitude to divert attention from his own delinquencies.

"I think it will split in two," said Warrender, pressing his hands upon his temples, in which indeed the blood was so swelling in every vein that they seemed ready to burst. He added, a minute after, "You can run out and get a little air; and"—here he paused, and the boy stopped and looked up, knowing and fearing what was coming. "And," repeated Warrender, a crimson flush coming to his face which had been so pale, "I'll—go and explain to Lady Markland."

"Oh, if you're in a hurry to go, never mind, Theo! I'll tell mamma."

Warrender looked at Geoff with a blank but angry gaze. "I told you to run out and play," he said, his voice sounding harsh and strange. "It's very bright out of doors. It will be the best thing for you."

"And, Theo! what shall I learn for to-morrow?"

"To-morrow!" The child was frightened by the look Theo gave him: the sudden fading out of the flush, the hollow look in his eyes. Then he flung down the book which all the time he had been holding mechanically in his hand. "Damn to-morrow!" he said.

Geoff's eyes opened wide with amazement and horror. Was Theo going mad? was that all that it meant after all?

M. O. W. Oliphant.

A NOCTURN.

I HAVE been an acolyte
In the service of the Night,
Subtile incense I have burned,
Songs of silence I have learned, —

Spirit-uttered antiphon
That from aisle to aisle doth run
Through the deep cathedral wood.
There she blessed me as I stood,
There, or in her courts that lie
Open to the gemmèd sky.
Me with starlight she hath crowned,
And with purple wrapped me round, —
Darkling purple, strangely wrought
By the servants of her thought.

Mortal, whosoe'er thou art,
That dost bear a fevered heart,
Hither come and healèd be:
Night such grace will show to thee,
Thou shalt tread the dewy stubble
Stranger to all fret and trouble,
While bright Hesper leans from heaven
Through the soft, dove-colored even,
While the grass-bird calleth peace
On the fields that have release
From the sickle and the rake.
Happy sigher! thou shalt take
The rich breath of blossomed maize,
As the moist wind smoothly plays
With its misty silks and plumes.
Thou shalt peer through tangled glooms,
Where the fruited brier-rose
Fragrance on thy pathway throws,
And the firefly bears a link;
Where swart bramble-berries drink
Spicy dew, and shall be sweet,
Ripened by to-morrow's heat;
Still, wherever thou dost pass,
Chimes the cricket in the grass;
And the plover's note is heard, —
Moonlight's wild enchanted bird,
Flitting, wakeful and forlorn,
Round the meadows lately shorn.

Wilt thou come, and healèd be
Of the wounds Day gave to thee,
Come and dwell, an acolyte
Of the deep-browed holy Night?

Edith M. Thomas.

ON HORSEBACK.

II.

CRANBERRY FORGE is the first wedge of civilization fairly driven into the northwest mountains of North Carolina. A narrow-gauge railway, starting from Johnson City, follows up the narrow gorge of the Doe River and pushes into the heart of the iron mines at Cranberry, where there is a blast furnace, and where a big company store, rows of tenement houses, heaps of slag and refuse ore, interlacing tracks, raw embankments, denuded hillsides, and a blackened landscape are the signs of a great devastating American enterprise. The Cranberry iron is in great esteem, as it has the peculiar quality of the Swedish iron. There are remains of old furnaces lower down the stream, which we passed on our way. The present "plant" is that of a Philadelphia company, whose enterprise has infused new life into all this region, made it accessible, and spoiled some pretty scenery.

When we alighted, weary, at the gate of the pretty hotel, which crowns a gentle hill and commands a pleasing, ever-green prospect of many gentle hills, a mile or so below the works and wholly removed from all sordid associations, we were at the point of willingness that the whole country should be devastated by civilization. In the local imagination this hotel of the company is a palace of unequaled magnificence, but probably its good-taste, comfort, and quiet elegance are not appreciated after all. There is this to be said about Philadelphia — and it will go far in pleading for it in the Last Day against its monotonous rectangularity and the Babel-like ambition of its Public Building — that wherever its influence extends there will be found comfortable lodgings and the luxury of an undeniably excellent cuisine. The

visible seal that Philadelphia sets on its enterprise all through the South is a good hotel.

This Cottage Beautiful has on two sides a wide veranda, set about with easy chairs; cheerful parlors and pretty chambers, finished in native woods, among which are conspicuous the satin stripes of the cucumber tree; luxurious beds, and an inviting table, ordered by a Philadelphia landlady, who knows a beefsteak from a boot-tap. Is it "low" to dwell upon these things of the senses, when one is on a tour in search of the picturesque? Let the reader ride from Abingdon through a wilderness of corn-pone and rusty bacon, and then judge. There were, to be sure, novels lying about, and newspapers, and fragments of information to be picked up about a world into which the travelers seemed to emerge. They, at least, were satisfied, and went off to their rooms with the restful feeling that they had arrived somewhere, and no unquiet spirit at morn would say "to horse." To sleep, perchance to dream of Tatem and his household cemetery, and the Professor was heard muttering in his chamber,

"Weary, with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's ex-
pir'd."

The morning was warm (the elevation of the hotel must be between 2500 and 3000 feet), rainy, mildly rainy; and the travelers had nothing better to do than lounge upon the veranda, read feeble ten-cent fictions, and admire the stems of the white birches, glistening in the moisture, and the rhododendron trees, twenty feet high, which were shaking off their last pink blossoms, and look down into the valley of the Doe. It is not an exciting landscape, nothing bold or specially wild in it, but

restful with the monotony of some of the wooded Pennsylvania hills.

Sunday came up smiling, a lovely day, but offering no church privileges, for the ordinance of preaching is only occasional in this region. The ladies of the hotel have, however, gathered in the valley a Sunday-school of fifty children from the mountain cabins. A couple of rainy days, with the thermometer rising to 80°, combined with natural laziness to detain the travelers in this cottage of ease. They enjoyed this the more because it was on their consciences that they should visit Linville Falls, some twenty-five miles eastward, long held up before them as the most magnificent feature of this region, and on no account to be omitted. Hence naturally a strong desire to omit it. The Professor takes bold ground against these abnormal freaks of nature, and it was nothing to him that the public would demand that we should see Linville Falls. In the first place we could find no one who had ever seen them, and we spent two days in catechizing natives and strangers. The nearest we came to information was from a workman at the furnace, who was born and raised within three miles of the Falls. He had heard of people going there. He had never seen them himself. It was a good twenty-five miles there, over the worst road in the State — we'd think it thirty before we got there. Fifty miles of such travel to see a little water run down hill! The travelers reflected. Every country has a local waterfall of which it boasts; they had seen a great many. One more would add little to the experience of life. The vagueness of information, to be sure, lured the travelers to undertake the journey; but the temptation was resisted — something ought to be left for the next explorer — and so Linville remains a thing of the imagination.

Towards evening, July 29th, between showers, the Professor and the Friend rode along the narrow-gauge road, down

Johnson's Creek, to Roan Station, the point of departure for ascending Roan Mountain. It was a ride of an hour and a half over a fair road, fringed with rhododendrons, nearly blossomless; but at one point on the stream this sturdy shrub had formed a long bower whereunder a table might have been set for a temperance picnic, completely overgrown with wild grape, and still gay with bloom. The habitations on the way are mostly board shanties and mean frame cabins, but the railway is introducing ambitious architecture here and there in the form of ornamental filigree work on flimsy houses: ornamentation is apt to precede comfort in our civilization.

Roan Station is on the Doe River (which flows down from Roan Mountain), and is marked at 2650 feet above the sea. The visitor will find here a good hotel, with open wood fires (not ungrateful in a July evening), and obliging people. This railway from Johnson City, hanging on the edge of the precipices that wall the gorge of the Doe, is counted in this region by the inhabitants one of the engineering wonders of the world. The tourist is urged by all means to see both it and Linville Falls.

The tourist on horseback, in search of exercise and recreation, is not probably expected to take stock of moral conditions. But this Mitchell County, although it was a Union county during the war and is Republican in politics (the Southern reader will perhaps prefer another adverb to "although"), has had the worst possible reputation. The mountains were hiding-places of illicit distilleries; the woods were full of grog-shanties, where the inflaming fluid was sold as "native brandy," quarrels and neighborhood difficulties were frequent, and the knife and pistol were used on the slightest provocation. Fights arose about boundaries and the title to mica mines, and with the revenue officers; and force was the arbiter of all disputes.

Within the year four murders were committed in the sparsely settled county. Travel on any of the roads was unsafe. The tone of morals was what might be expected with such lawlessness. A lady who came up on the road on the 4th of July, when an excursion party of country people took possession of the cars, witnessed a scene and heard language past belief. Men, women, and children drank from whiskey bottles that continually circulated, and a wild orgy resulted. Profanity, indecent talk on topics that even the license of the sixteenth century would not have tolerated, and freedom of manners that even Teniers would have shrunk from putting on canvas made the journey horrible.

The unrestrained license of whiskey and assault and murder had produced a reaction a few months previous to our visit. The people had risen up in their indignation and broken up the grogeries. So far as we observed temperance prevailed, backed by public opinion. In our whole ride through the mountain region we saw only one or two places where liquor was sold.

It is called twelve miles from Roan Station to Roan Summit. The distance is probably nearer fourteen, and our horses were five hours in walking it. For six miles the road runs by Doe River, here a pretty brook shaded with laurel and rhododendron, and a few cultivated patches of ground and infrequent houses. It was a blithe morning, and the horsemen would have given full indulgence to the spirit of adventure but for the attitude of the Professor towards mountains. It was not with him a matter of feeling, but of principle, not to ascend them. But here lay Roan, a long, sprawling ridge, lifting itself 6250 feet up into the sky. Impossible to go around it, and the other side must be reached. The Professor was obliged to surrender, and surmount a difficulty which he could not philosophize out of his mind.

From the base of the mountain a road is very well engineered, in easy grades for carriages, to the top; but it was in poor repair and stony. We mounted slowly through splendid forests, specially of fine chestnuts and hemlocks. This big timber continues till within a mile and a half of the summit by the winding road, really within a short distance of the top. Then there is a narrow belt of scrubby hardwood, moss-grown, and then large balsams, which crown the mountain. As soon as we came out upon the southern slope we found great open spaces, covered with succulent grass, and giving excellent pasturage to cattle. These rich mountain meadows are found on all the heights of this region. The surface of Roan is uneven, and has no one culminating peak that commands the country, like the peak of Mount Washington, but several eminences within its range of probably a mile and a half, where various views can be had. Near the highest point, sheltered from the north by balsams, stands a house of entertainment, with a detached cottage, looking across the great valley to the Black Mountain range. The surface of the mountain is pebbly, but few rocks crop out; no ledges of any size are seen except at a distance from the hotel, on the north side, and the mountain consequently lacks that savage, unsubduable aspect which the White Hills of New Hampshire have. It would, in fact, have been difficult to realize that we were over 6000 feet above the sea, except for that pallor in the sunlight, that atmospheric thinness and want of color which is an unpleasant characteristic of high altitudes. To be sure, there is a certain brilliancy in the high air — it is apt to be foggy on Roan — and objects appear in sharp outline, but I have often experienced on such places that feeling of melancholy, which would, of course, deepen upon us all if we were sensible that the sun was gradually withdrawing its power of

warmth and light. The black balsam is neither a cheerful nor a picturesque tree; the frequent rains and mists on Roan keep the grass and mosses green, but the ground damp. Doubtless a high mountain covered with vegetation has its compensation, but for me the naked granite rocks in sun and shower are more cheerful.

The advantage of Roan is that one can live there and be occupied for a long time in mineral and botanical study. Its mild climate, moisture, and great elevation make it unique in this country for the botanist. The variety of plants assembled there is very large, and there are many, we were told, never or rarely found elsewhere in the United States. At any rate the botanists rave about Roan Mountain and spend weeks on it at a time. We found there ladies who could draw for us Grey's lily (then passed) and had kept specimens of the rhododendron (not growing elsewhere in this region), which has a deep red, almost purple color.

The hotel is a rude mountain structure, with a couple of comfortable rooms for office and sitting-room, in which big wood fires are blazing; for though the thermometer might record 60°, as it did when we arrived, fire was welcome. Sleeping places partitioned off in the loft above gave the occupants a feeling of camping out, all the conveniences being primitive; and when the wind rose in the night and darkness, and the loose boards rattled and the timbers creaked, the sensation was not unlike that of being at sea. The hotel was satisfactorily kept, and Southern guests, from as far south as New Orleans, were spending the season there, and not finding time hang heavy on their hands. This statement is perhaps worth more than pages of description as to the character of Roan, and its contrast to Mt. Washington.

The summer weather is exceedingly uncertain on all these North Carolina

mountains; they are apt at any moment to be enveloped in mist; and it would rather rain on them than not. On the afternoon of our arrival there was fine air and fair weather, but not a clear sky. The distance was hazy, but the outlines were preserved. We could see White Top, in Virginia; Grandfather Mountain, a long serrated range; the twin towers of Linville; and the entire range of the Black Mountains, rising from the valley, and apparently lower than we were. They get the name of Black from the balsams which cover the summits.

The rain on Roan was of less annoyance by reason of the delightful company assembled at the hotel, which was in a manner at home there, and, thrown upon its own resources, came out uncommonly strong in agreeableness. There was a fiddle in the house, which had some of the virtues of that celebrated in the history of old Mark Langston; the Professor was enabled to produce anything desired out of the literature of the eighteenth century; and what with the repartee of bright women, big wood fires, reading, and chat, there was no dull day or evening on Roan. I can fancy, however, that it might tire in time, if one were not a botanist, without the resource of women's society. The ladies staying here were probably all accomplished botanists, and the writer is indebted to one of them for a list of plants found on Roan, among which is an interesting weed, catalogued as *Humana, perplexia negligens*. The species is, however, common elsewhere.

The second morning opened, after a night of high wind, with a thunder shower. After it passed, the visitors tried to reach Eagle Cliff, two miles off, whence an extensive western prospect is had, but were driven back by a tempest, and rain practically occupied the day. Now and then through the parted clouds we got a glimpse of a mountain-

side, or the gleam of a valley. On the lower mountains, at wide intervals apart, were isolated settlements, commonly a wretched cabin and a spot of girdled trees. A clergyman here, not long ago, undertook to visit some of these cabins and carry his message to them. In one wretched hut of logs he found a poor woman, with whom, after conversation on serious subjects, he desired to pray. She offered no objection, and he kneeled down and prayed. The woman heard him, and watched him for some moments with curiosity, in an effort to ascertain what he was doing, and then said:—

“Why, a man did that when he put my girl in a hole.”

Towards night the wind hauled round from the south to the northwest, and we went to *High Bluff*, a point on the north edge, where some rocks are piled up above the evergreens, to get a view of the sunset. In every direction the mountains were clear, and a view was obtained of the vast horizon and the hills and lowlands of several States—a continental prospect, scarcely anywhere else equaled for variety or distance. The grandeur of mountains depends mostly on the state of the atmosphere. *Grandfather* loomed up much more loftily than the day before, the giant range of the Blacks asserted itself in grim inaccessibility, and we could see, a small pyramid on the southwest horizon, *King's Mountain* in South Carolina, estimated to be distant one hundred and fifty miles. To the north Roan falls from this point abruptly, and we had, like a map below us, the low country all the way into Virginia. The clouds lay like lakes in the valleys of the lower hills, and in every direction were ranges of mountains wooded to the summits. Off to the west by south lay the Great Smoky Mountains, disputing eminence with the Blacks.

Magnificent and impressive as the spectacle was, we were obliged to con-

trast it unfavorably with that of the White Hills. The rock here is a sort of sand or pudding stone; there is no limestone or granite. And all the hills are tree covered. To many this clothing of verdure is most restful and pleasing. I missed the sharp outlines, the delicate artistic sky lines, sharply defined in uplifted bare granite peaks and ridges, with the purple and violet color of the northern mountains, and which it seems to me that limestone and granite formations give. There are none of the great gorges and awful abysses of the White Mountains, both valleys and mountains here being more uniform in outline. There are few precipices and jutting crags, and less is visible of the giant ribs and bones of the planet.

Yet Roan is a noble mountain. A lady from Tennessee asked me if I had ever seen anything to compare with it—she thought there could be nothing in the world. One has to dodge this sort of question in the South occasionally, not to offend a just local pride. It is certainly one of the most habitable of big mountains. It is roomy on top, there is space to move about without too great fatigue, and one might pleasantly spend a season there, if he had agreeable company and natural tastes.

Getting down from Roan on the south side is not as easy as ascending on the north; the road for five miles to the foot of the mountain is merely a river of pebbles, gullied by the heavy rains, down which the horses picked their way painfully. The travelers endeavored to present a dashing and cavalier appearance to the group of ladies who waved good-by from the hotel, as they took their way over the waste and wind-blown declivities, but it was only a show, for the horses would neither caracole nor champ the bit (at a dollar a day) down hill over the slippery stones, and, truth to tell, the wanderers turned with regret from the society of leisure and persiflage to face the wilderness of Mitchell County.

"How heavy," exclaimed the Professor, pricking Laura Matilda to call her attention sharply to her footing: —

"How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek — my weary travel's end —
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
'Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy
friend!'

The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider loved not speed, being made from
thee:

The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
For that same groan doth put this in my
mind;
My grief lies onward and my joy behind."

This was not spoken to the group who fluttered their farewells, but poured out to the uncomplaining forest, which rose up in ever statelier and grander ranks to greet the travelers as they descended — the silent vast forest, without note of bird or chip of squirrel, only the wind tossing the great branches high overhead in response to the sonnet. Is there any region or circumstance of life that the poet did not forecast and provide for? But what would have been his feelings if he could have known that almost three centuries after these lines were penned, they would be used to express the emotion of an unsentimental traveler in the primeval forests of the New World? At any rate he peopled the New World with the children of his imagination. And, thought the Friend, whose attention to his horse did not permit him to drop into poetry, Shakespeare might have had a vision of this vast continent, though he did not refer to it, when he exclaimed: —

"What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?"

Bakersville, the capital of Mitchell County, is eight miles from the top of Roan, and the last three miles of the way the horsemen found tolerable going, over which the horses could show their paces. The valley looked fairly thrifty

and bright, and was a pleasing introduction to Bakersville, a pretty place in the hills, of some six hundred inhabitants, with two churches, three indifferent hotels and a court-house. This mountain town, 2550 feet above the sea, is said to have a decent winter climate, with little snow, favorable to fruit-growing, and, by contrast with New England, encouraging to people with weak lungs.

This is the centre of the mica mining, and of considerable excitement about minerals. All around, the hills are spotted with "diggings." Most of the mines which yield well show signs of having been worked before, a very long time ago, no doubt by the occupants before the Indians. The mica is of excellent quality and easily mined. It is got out in large irregular-shaped blocks and transported to the factories, where it is carefully split by hand, and the laminæ, of as large size as can be obtained, are trimmed with shears and tied up in packages for market. The quantity of refuse, broken, and rotten mica piled up about the factories is immense, and all the roads round about glisten with its scales. Garnets are often found imbedded in the laminæ, flattened by the extreme pressure to which the mass was subjected. It is fascinating material, this mica, to handle, and we amused ourselves by experimenting on the thinness to which its scales could be reduced by splitting. It was at Bakersville that we saw specimens of mica that resembled the delicate tracery in the moss-agate, and had the iridescent sheen of the rainbow colors — the most delicate greens, reds, blues, purples, and gold, changing from one to the other in the reflected light. In the texture were the tracings of fossil forms of ferns and the most exquisite and delicate vegetable beauty of the coal age. But the magnet shows this tracery to be iron. We were shown also emeralds and "diamonds," picked up in this region, and there is a mild expectation in all the in-

habitants of great mineral treasure. A singular product of the region is the flexible sandstone. It is a most uncanny stone. A slip of it a couple of feet long and an inch in diameter each way bends in the hand like a half frozen snake. This conduct of a substance that we have been taught to regard as inflexible impairs one's confidence in the stability of nature and affects him as an earthquake does.

This excitement over mica and other minerals has the usual effect of starting up business and creating bad blood. Fortunes have been made, and lost in riotous living; scores of visionary men have been disappointed; lawsuits about titles and claims have multiplied, and quarrels ending in murder have been frequent in the past few years. The mica and the illicit whiskey have worked together to make this region one of lawlessness and violence. The travelers were told stories of the lack of common morality and decency in the region, but they made no note of them. And, perhaps fortunately, they were not there during court week to witness the scenes of license that were described. This court week, which draws hither the whole population, is a sort of Saturnalia. Perhaps the worst of this is already a thing of the past; for the outrages a year before had reached such a pass that by a common movement the sale of whiskey was stopped (not interdicted, but stopped), and not a drop of liquor could be bought in Bakersville nor within three miles of it.

The jail at Bakersville is a very simple residence. The main building is brick, two stories high and about twelve feet square. The walls are so loosely laid up that it seems as if a colored prisoner might butt his head through. Attached to this is a room for the jailer. In the lower room is a wooden cage, made of logs bolted together and filled with spikes, nine feet by ten feet square and perhaps seven or eight feet high.

Between this cage and the wall is a space of eighteen inches in width. It has a narrow door, and an opening through which the food is passed to the prisoners, and a conduit leading out of it. Of course it soon becomes foul, and in warm weather somewhat warm. A recent prisoner, who wanted more ventilation than the State allowed him, found some means, by a loose plank, I think, to batter a hole in the outer wall opposite the window in the cage, and this ragged opening, seeming to the jailer a good sanitary arrangement, remains. Two murderers occupied this apartment at the time of our visit. During the recent session of court, ten men had been confined in this narrow space, without room enough for them to lie down together. The cage in the room above, a little larger, had for tenant a person who was jailed for some misunderstanding about an account, and who was probably innocent — from the jailer's statement. This box is a wretched residence, month after month, while awaiting trial.

We learned on inquiry that it is practically impossible to get a jury to convict of murder in this region, and that these admitted felons would undoubtedly escape. We even heard that juries were purchasable here, and that a man's success in court depended upon the length of his purse. This is such an unheard of thing that we refused to credit it. When the Friend attempted to arouse the indignation of the Professor about the barbarity of this jail, the latter defended it on the ground that as confinement was the only punishment that murderers were likely to receive in this region, it was well to make their detention disagreeable to them. But the Friend did not like this wild-beast cage for men, and could only exclaim, "Oh, murder! what crimes are done in thy name."

If the comrades wished an adventure, they had a small one, more interesting

to them than to the public, the morning they left Bakersville to ride to Burnsville, which sets itself up as the capital of Yancey. The way for the first three miles lay down a small creek and in a valley fairly settled, the houses, a store, and a grist-mill giving evidence of the new enterprise of the region. When Toe River was reached there was a choice of routes. We might ford the Toe at that point, where the river was wide, but shallow, and the crossing safe, and climb over the mountain by a rough but sightly road, or descend the stream by a better road and ford the river at a place rather dangerous to those unfamiliar with it. The danger attracted us, but we promptly chose the hill road on account of the views, for we were weary of the limited valley prospects.

The Toe River, even here, where it bears westward, is a very respectable stream in size, and not to be trifled with after a shower. It gradually turns northward, and joining the Nollechucky becomes part of the Tennessee system. We crossed it by a long, diagonal ford, slipping and sliding about on the round stones, and began the ascent of a steep hill. The sun beat down unmercifully, the way was stony, and the horses did not relish the weary climbing. The Professor, who led the way, not for the sake of leadership but to be the discoverer of laden blackberry bushes, which began to offer occasional refreshment, discouraged by the inhospitable road and perhaps oppressed by the moral backwardness of things in general, cried out: —

“Tired with all these, for restful death I cry, —
 As, to behold desert a beggar born,
 And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
 And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
 And gilded honor shamefully misplaced,
 And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
 And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
 And strength by limping sway disabled,
 And art made tongue-tied by authority,
 And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
 And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
 And captive good attending captain ill:
 Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
 Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.”

In the midst of a lively discussion of this pessimistic view of the inequalities of life, in which desert and capacity are so often put at disadvantage by birth in beggarly conditions, and brazen assumption raises the dust from its chariot wheels for modest merit to plod along in, the Professor swung himself off his horse to attack a blackberry bush, and the Friend, representing simple truth, and desirous of getting a wider prospect, urged his horse up the hill. At the top he encountered a stranger, on a sorrel horse, with whom he entered into conversation and extracted all the discouragement the man had as to the road to Burnsville.

Nevertheless, the view opened finely and extensively. There are few exhilarations comparable to that of riding or walking along a high ridge, and the spirits of the traveler rose many degrees above the point of restful death, for which the Professor was crying when he encountered the blackberry bushes. Luckily the Friend soon fell in with a like temptation, and dismounted. He discovered something that spoiled his appetite for berries. His coat, strapped on behind the saddle, had worked loose, the pocket was open, and the pocket-book was gone. This was serious business. For while the Professor was the cashier, and traveled like a Rothschild, with large drafts, the Friend represented the sub-treasury. That very morning, in response to inquiry as to the sinews of travel, the Friend had displayed, without counting, a roll of bills. These bills had now disappeared, and when the Friend turned back to communicate his loss, in the character of needy nothing not trimm'd in jollity, he had a sympathetic listener to the tale of woe.

Going back on such a journey is the woefulest experience, but retrace our steps we must. Perhaps the pocket-book lay in the road not half a mile back. But not in a half a mile, or a mile, was it

found. Probably, then, the man on the sorrel horse had picked it up. But who was the man on the sorrel horse, and where had he gone? Probably the coat worked loose in crossing Toe River and the pocket-book had gone down stream. The number of probabilities was infinite, and each more plausible than the others as it occurred to us. We inquired at every house we had passed on the way, we questioned every one we met. At length it began to seem improbable that any one would remember if he had picked up a pocket-book that morning. This is just the sort of thing that slips an untrained memory.

At a post-office, or doctor's shop, or inn for drovers, it might be either or neither, where several horses were tied to the fence, and a group of men were tilted back in cane-chairs on the veranda, we unfolded our misfortune and made particular inquiries for a man on a sorrel horse. Yes, such a man, David Thomas by name, had just ridden towards Bakersville. If he had found the pocket-book, we would recover it. He was an honest man. It might, however, fall into hands that would freeze to it. Upon consultation, it was the general verdict that there were men in the county who would keep it if they had picked it up. But the assembly manifested the liveliest interest in the incident. One suggested Toe River. Another thought it risky to drop a purse on any road. But there was a chorus of desire expressed that we should find it, and in this anxiety was exhibited a decided sensitiveness about the honor of Mitchell County. It seemed too bad that a stranger should go away with the impression that it was not safe to leave money anywhere in it. We felt very much obliged for this genuine sympathy, and we told them that if a pocket-book were lost in this way on a Connecticut road, there would be felt no neighborhood responsibility for it, and that nobody would take any interest in the in-

cident except the man who lost, and the man who found.

By the time the travelers pulled up at a store in Bakersville they had lost all expectation of recovering the missing article, and were discussing the investment of more money in an advertisement in the weekly newspaper of the capital. The Professor, whose reform sentiments agreed with those of the newspaper, advised it. There was a group of idlers, mica acquaintances of the morning, and philosophers in front of the store, and the Friend opened the colloquy by asking if a man named David Thomas had been seen in town. He was in town, had ridden in within an hour, and his brother, who was in the group, would go in search of him. The information was then given of the loss, and that the rider had met David Thomas just before it was discovered, on the mountain beyond the Toe. The news made a sensation, and by the time David Thomas appeared a crowd of a hundred had drawn around the horse-men eager for further developments. Mr. Thomas was the least excited of the group as he took his position on the sidewalk, conscious of the dignity of the occasion and that he was about to begin a duel in which both reputation and profit were concerned. He recollected meeting the travelers in the morning.

The Friend said, "I discovered that I had lost my purse just after meeting you; it may have been dropped in Toe River, but I was told back here that if David Thomas had picked it up it was as safe as if it were in the bank."

"What sort of a pocket-book was it?" asked Mr. Thomas.

"It was of crocodile skin, or what is sold for that, very likely it is an imitation, and about so large" — indicating the size.

"What had it in it?"

"Various things. Some specimens of mica; some blank checks; some money."

"Anything else?"

"Yes, a photograph. And, oh, something that I presume is not in another pocket-book in North Carolina, — in an envelope, a lock of the hair of George Washington, the Father of his Country." Sensation, mixed with incredulity. Washington's hair did seem such an odd part of an outfit for a journey of this kind.

"How much money was in it?"

"That I cannot say, exactly. I happen to remember four twenty dollar United States notes, and a roll of small bills, perhaps something over a hundred dollars."

"Is that the pocket-book?" asked David Thomas, slowly pulling the loved and lost out of his trousers pocket.

"It is."

"You'd be willing to take your oath on it?"

"I should be delighted to."

"Well, I guess there ain't so much money in it. You can count it (handing it over); there hain't been nothing taken out. I can't read, but my friend here counted it over, and he says there ain't so much as that."

Intense interest in the result of the counting. One hundred and ten dollars! The Friend selected one of the best engraved of the notes, and appealed to the crowd if they thought that was the square thing to do. They did so think, and David Thomas said it was abundant. And then said the Friend:—

"I'm exceedingly grateful to you besides. Washington's hair is getting scarce, and I did not want to lose these few hairs, gray as they are. You've done the honest thing, Mr. Thomas, as was expected of you. You might have kept the whole. But I reckon if there had been five hundred dollars in the book and you had kept it, it would n't have done you half as much good as giving it up has done; and your reputation as an honest man is worth a good deal more than this pocket-book. [The Pro-

fessor was delighted with this sentiment, because it reminded him of a Sunday-school.] I shall go away with a high opinion of the honesty of Mitchell County."

"Oh, he lives in Yancey," cried two or three voices. At which there was a great laugh.

"Well, I wondered where he came from." And the Mitchell County people laughed again at their own expense, and the levee broke up. It was exceedingly gratifying, as we spread the news of the recovered property that afternoon at every house on our way to the Toe, to see what pleasure it gave. Every man appeared to feel that the honor of the region had been on trial and had stood the test.

The eighteen miles to Burnsville had now to be added to the morning excursion, but the travelers were in high spirits, feeling the truth of the adage that it is better to have loved and lost, than never to have lost at all. They decided, on reflection, to join company with the mail-rider, who was going to Burnsville by the shorter route, and could pilot them over the dangerous ford of the Toe.

The mail-rider was a lean, sallow, sinewy man, mounted on a sorry sorrel nag, who proved, however, to have blood in her, and to be a fast walker and full of endurance. The mail-rider was taciturn, a natural habit for a man who rides alone the year round, over a lonely road, and has nothing whatever to think of. He had been in the war sixteen months, in Hugh White's regiment, — reckon you've heerd of him?

"Confederate?"

"Which?"

"Was he on the Union or Confederate side?"

"Oh, Union."

"Were you in any engagements?"

"Which?"

"Did you have any fighting?"

"Not reg'lar."

"What did you do?"

"Which?"

"What did you do in Hugh White's regiment?"

"Oh, just cavorted round the mountains."

"You lived on the country?"

"Which?"

"Picked up what you could find, corn, bacon, horses?"

"That's about so. Did n't make much difference which side was round, the country got cleaned out."

"Plunder seems to have been the object?"

"Which?"

"You got a living out of the farmers?"

"You bet."

Our friend and guide seemed to have been a jayhawker and mountain marauder — on the right side. His attachment to the word "which" prevented any lively flow of conversation, and there seemed to be only two trains of ideas running in his mind: one was the subject of horses and saddles, and the other was the danger of the ford we were coming to, and he exhibited a good deal of ingenuity in endeavoring to excite our alarm. He returned to the ford from every other conversational excursion, and after every silence. "I do' know's there's any great danger; not if you know the ford. Folks is carried away there. The Toe gits up sudden. There's been right smart rain lately. If you're afraid, you can git set over in a dug-out, and I'll take your horses across. Mebbe you're used to fording? It's a pretty bad ford for them as don't know it. But you'll get along, if you mind your eye. There's some rocks you'll have to look out for. But you'll be all right, if you follow me."

Not being very successful in raising an interest in the dangers of his ford, although he could not forego indulging a malicious pleasure in trying to make the strangers uncomfortable, he finally

turned his attention to a trade. "This hoss of mine," he said, "is just the kind of brute-beast you want for this country. Your hosses is too heavy. How 'll you swap for that one o' yourn?" The reiterated assertion that the horses were not ours, that they were hired, made little impression on him. All the way to Burnsville he kept recurring to the subject of a trade. The instinct of "swap" was strong in him. When we met a yoke of steers, he turned round and bantered the owner for a trade. Our saddles took his fancy. They were of the army pattern, and he allowed that one of them would just suit him. He rode a small flat English pad, across which was flung the United States mail pouch, apparently empty. He dwelt upon the fact that his saddle was new and ours were old, and the advantages that would accrue to us from the exchange. He did n't care if they had been through the war, as they had, for he fancied an army saddle. The Friend answered for himself that the saddle he rode belonged to a distinguished Union general, and had a bullet in it that was put there by a careless Confederate in the first battle of Bull Run, and the owner would not part with it for money. But the mail-rider said he did n't mind that. He would n't mind swapping his new saddle for my old one and the rubber coat and leggins. Long before we reached the ford we thought we would like to swap the guide, even at the risk of drowning. The ford was passed, in due time, with no inconvenience save that of wet feet, for the stream was breast high to the horses; but being broad and swift and full of sunken rocks and slippery stones and the crossing tortuous, it is not a ford to be commended. There is a curious delusion that a rider has in crossing a swift broad stream. It is that he is rapidly drifting up stream, while in fact the tendency of the horse is to go with the current.

The road in the afternoon was not unpicturesque, owing to the streams and the ever noble forests, but the prospect was always very limited. Agriculturally, the country was mostly undeveloped. The travelers endeavored to get from the rider an estimate of the price of land. Not much sold, he said. "There was one sale of a big piece last year; the owner authorized Big Tom Wilson to sell it, but I d' know what he got for it."

All the way along the habitations were small log cabins, with one room, chinked with mud, and these were far between; and only occasionally thereby a similar log structure, unchinked, laid up like a cob house, that served for a stable. Not much cultivation, except now and then a little patch of poor corn on a steep hillside, occasionally a few apple-trees, and a peach-tree without fruit. Here and there was a house that had been half finished and then abandoned, or a shanty in which a couple of young married people were just beginning life. Generally the cabins (confirming the accuracy of the census of 1880) swarmed with children, and nearly all the women were thin and sickly.

In the day's ride we did not see a wheeled vehicle, and only now and then a horse. We met on the road small sleds, drawn by a steer, sometimes by a cow, on which a bag of grist was being hauled to the mill, and boys mounted on steers gave us good evening with as much pride as if they were bestriding fiery horses.

In a house of the better class, which was a post-house, and where the rider and the woman of the house had a long consultation over a letter to be registered, we found the rooms decorated with patent-medicine pictures, which were often framed in strips of mica, an evidence of culture that was worth noting. Mica was the rage. Every one with whom we talked, except the rider, had more or less the mineral fever. The

impression was general that the mountain region of North Carolina was entering upon a career of wonderful mineral development, and the most extravagant expectations were entertained. Mica was the shining object of most "prospecting," but gold was also on the cards.

The country about Burnsville is not only mildly picturesque, but very pleasing. Burnsville, the county-seat of Yancey, at an elevation of 2840 feet, is more like a New England village than any hitherto seen. Most of the houses stand about a square, which contains the shabby court-house; around it are two small churches, a jail, an inviting tavern, with a long veranda, and a couple of stores. On an overlooking hill is the seminary. Mica mining is the exciting industry, but it is agriculturally a good country. The tavern had recently been enlarged to meet the new demands for entertainment, and is a roomy structure, fresh with paint and only partially organized. The travelers were much impressed with the brilliant chambers, the floors of which were painted in alternate stripes of vivid green and red. The proprietor, a very intelligent and enterprising man, who had traveled often in the North, was full of projects for the development of his region and foremost in its enterprises, and had formed a considerable collection of minerals. Besides, more than any one else we met, he appreciated the beauty of his country, and took us to a neighboring hill, where we had a view of Table Mountain to the east and the nearer giant Blacks. The elevation of Burnsville gives it a delightful summer climate, the gentle undulations of the country are agreeable, the views noble, the air is good, and it is altogether a "livable" and attractive place. With facilities of communication, it would be a favorite summer resort. Its nearness to the great mountains (the whole Black range is in Yancey County), its fine pure air, its opportunity for fishing and hunting, commend it to those in search

of an interesting and restful retreat in summer.

But it should be said that before the country can attract and retain travelers, its inhabitants must learn something about the preparation of food. If, for instance, the landlord's wife at Burnsville had traveled with her husband, her table would probably have been more on a level with his knowledge of the world, and it would have contained something that the wayfaring man, though a Northerner, could eat. We have been on the point several times in this journey of making the observation, but have been restrained by a reluctance to touch upon politics, that it was no wonder that a people with such a cuisine should have rebelled. The travelers were in a rebellious mood most of the time.

The evidences of enterprise in this region were pleasant to see, but the observers could not but regret, after all, the intrusion of the money-making spirit, which is certain to destroy much of the present simplicity. It is as yet, to a degree, tempered by a philosophic spirit. The other guest of the house was a sedate, long-bearded traveler for some Philadelphia house, and in the evening he and the landlord fell into a conversation upon what Socrates calls the disadvantage of the pursuit of wealth to the exclusion of all noble objects, and they let their fancy play about Vanderbilt, who was agreed to be the richest man in the world, or that ever lived.

"All I want," said the long-bearded man, "is enough to be comfortable. I would n't have Vanderbilt's wealth if he'd give it to me."

"Nor I," said the landlord. "Give me just enough to be comfortable. [The tourist could n't but note that his ideas of enough to be comfortable had changed a good deal since he had left his little farm and gone into the mica business, and visited New York, and enlarged and painted his tavern.] I should

like to know what more Vanderbilt gets out of his money than I get out of mine. I heard tell of a young man who went to Vanderbilt to get employment. Vanderbilt finally offered to give the young man, if he would work for him, just what he got himself. The young man jumped at that — he'd be perfectly satisfied with that pay. And Vanderbilt said that all he got was what he could eat and wear, and offered to give the young man his board and clothes."

"I declare," said the long-bearded man. "That's just it. Did you ever see Vanderbilt's house? Neither did I, but I heard he had a vault built in it five feet thick, solid. He put in it two hundred millions of dollars, in gold. After a year, he opened it and put in twelve millions more, and called that a poor year. They say his house has gold shutters to the windows, so I've heard."

"I should n't wonder," said the landlord. "I heard he had one door in his house cost forty thousand dollars. I don't know what it is made of, unless it's made of gold."

Sunday was a hot and quiet day. The stores were closed and the two churches also, this not being the Sunday for the itinerant preacher. The jail also showed no sign of life, and when we asked about it, we learned that it was empty, and had been for some time. No liquor is sold in the place, nor within at least three miles of it. It is not much use to try to run a jail without liquor.

In the course of the morning a couple of stout fellows arrived, leading between them a young man whom they had arrested, — it did n't appear on any warrant, but they wanted to get him committed and locked up. The offense charged was carrying a pistol; the boy had not used it against anybody, but he had flourished it about and threatened, and the neighbors would n't stand that; they were bound to enforce the law against carrying concealed weapons.

The captors were perfectly good-natured and on friendly enough terms with the young man, who offered no resistance, and seemed not unwilling to go to jail. But a practical difficulty arose. The jail was locked up, the sheriff had gone away into the country with the key, and no one could get in. It did not appear that there was any provision for boarding the man in jail; no one in fact kept it. The sheriff was sent for, but was not to be found, and the prisoner and his captors loafed about the square all day, sitting on the fence, rolling on the grass, all of them sustained by a

simple trust that the jail would be open some time.

Late in the afternoon we left them there, trying to get into the jail. But we took a personal leaf out of this experience. Our Virginia friends, solicitous for our safety in this wild country, had urged us not to venture into it without arms — take at least, they insisted, a revolver each. And now we had to congratulate ourselves that we had not done so. If we had, we should doubtless on that Sunday have been waiting, with the other law-breaker, for admission into the Yancey County jail.

Charles Dudley Warner.

SHOULD A COLLEGE EDUCATE?

In the "American language" (which is simply the most modern English) a *college* and a *university* are two different things. The terms are sometimes confounded, in loose popular speech, but the best usage in this country shows an increasing tendency toward a sharp distinction between them. A failure to apprehend this distinction clearly, and a consequent notion that a college is only a little university, or a university only a large college, has sometimes given rise to odd doctrine as to what a college should teach.

In their original signification the words are not widely different: the *universitas* signifying merely a "corporate whole," in law; the *collegium*, a "society of colleagues." But the term *university*, in its development in Europe and this country, and the term *college*, in its development in this country especially, have become widely differentiated. That which is properly called a university has its own distinct pur-

pose, and consequently its own proper methods and appliances. That which is properly called a college has a different purpose, and its methods and appliances are consequently entirely different.

Ideally, a *university* is a place where anybody may learn everything. And this, whether it be as knowledge, properly speaking, or as skill. Actually, however, as found existing at present (since few persons after leaving college wish to study beyond the requirements of a bread-occupation), a university consists of a central college, surrounded by a cluster of professional or technical schools, where special branches are pursued, chiefly with reference to some particular calling.

A *college*, on the other hand, is a place where young people, whatever their future occupation is to be, may first of all receive that more or less complete development which we call a "liberal education."¹

The character of the college course, *nia*, for instance, has a "University of California," consisting of a College of Letters, a College of Agriculture, a College of Mining, etc. Of these only the College of Letters answers to the ac-

¹ In one or two instances our state charters have employed these terms, *university* and *college*, in such a way as to confuse any rational or usual distinction between them. The State of Califor-

then, should be determined purely with reference to the distinct purpose of the college. The human mind being many-sided, the college undertakes to aid its development on all the lines of its natural growth. The tendency of modern life, moreover, with its extreme division of labor, being to force one or two powers of the mind at the expense of the rest, the aim of the college is to forestall this one-sided effect by giving the whole man a fair chance beforehand. While the special or professional schools of the university provide that a person may go as far as possible on some one line of knowledge, which constitutes his specialty,¹ or of that combination of knowledge and skill which constitutes his profession, the college provides that he shall get such a complete possession of himself — in all his powers: mind, body, and that total of qualities known as “character” — as is essential to the highest success in any specialty or profession whatever. He may get this broad preparation elsewhere than in college. It may come through private study. It may come sometimes — but only to men of extraordinary endowments — from the discipline of life itself. But to the ordinary man, the “average man,” it comes most surely and most easily through a college course. Once having it, from one source or another, a man no doubt fits himself best to serve the world by perfecting his knowledge and skill in some single direction; but without some such broad preliminary development, some such “liberal education,” he will fail not only of his best possible special

cepted sense of the term “college,” the others being what are more properly called professional or technical “schools.” The use of the words at Cambridge (U. S.) illustrates their almost universal application in this country: “*Harvard University*” consisting (in the language of the annual catalogue) of “*Harvard College*, the *Divinity School*, the *Law School*, the *Lawrence Scientific School*,” etc.

¹ The Johns Hopkins University, at Baltimore, furnishes one example, in this country, of a “university” in somewhat the sense of the term

work, but — what is worst of all — he will assuredly fail of that best service which any man can do for the community, the living in it, whatever his profession, as a complete and roundly moulded man. He will fail (to use Mr. Spencer’s excellent phrase) of “complete living.” He will have entered the world without being equipped for that great common profession, the profession of living — underneath and above his particular calling — the intellectual life.

But (it may be asked) why may not the university, through some one of its special schools, furnish this culture without the need of a college? Because a man is too complex an organism to get complete growth in any single region of study, or by any one line of exercises.

But, at least (it may further be asked), might not the ideal university, with its whole circle of knowledges, professional and otherwise, give this complete culture? In other words, why should not the college add to its course all kinds of knowledges, and so itself become an ideal university, where anybody might learn everything? It is the theory implied in this question that produces the tendency toward unlimited “electives” in the college course. There should be no difficulty in seeing why this is an irrational tendency, however attractive it may seem at first sight to the public. It is irrational because the time actually given to college study is no more than four years; in this time only a few subjects can be studied; and the very essence of the function of the college as used abroad. It does not, it is true, exclude college work, but it maintains chairs of original research, and at the same time provides advanced instruction for graduate students on special lines of study, other than those of the usual professional schools. It is to be hoped that the fact of its carrying on under-graduate college work does not indicate any danger of its being checked in its full career, through some possible unripeness of its public for its more advanced work, and warped toward an ordinary university with a college and professional schools, only.

lege is, therefore, that it should select among the numberless possible subjects those which promise the greatest educating force. For we reach, at this point in the discussion, a fact that underlies the whole system of any right education — a fact persistently ignored by many persons having to do with educational affairs, particularly in the lower schools and in remote communities, and on the ignorance of which no end of educational blunders have been built. It is the fact that, while every possible knowledge and skill is useful for one purpose or another, *not all are equally useful for the purposes of education*. The college, therefore, must select such studies as are most useful for its own purposes. So far as the university undertakes to prescribe any such general or culture-course, it becomes a college. So far as the college forgets to do this, in deference to notions of a “practical” training, or of the magnificence of a great cloud of electives, it does not become a university — for that, in the nature of the case, is impossible; but it fails of its true function as a college, and is no longer either the one thing or the other.

The ideal of a great university where anybody might learn everything has a peculiar charm for the imagination. Bacon sketched the large outlines of such an establishment in his *New Atlantis*; and ever since his day we have come to see more and more clearly that knowledge does indeed make prosperity, whether for peoples or for individuals. Nothing can be more charming, then, than the thought of a great central institution where the last word on every subject might be heard; where the foremost scientist in every science, the foremost craftsman in every handicraft, should impart the entirety of his acquisitions or his dexterity to all who cared to seek it. Such a university ought, it would seem, to be accessible to every community in this modern world.

But all this would not give us a college. That we have only when we have a company of competent scholars providing a course of general preliminary training; a course selected with reference to its particular end of producing broadly educated men. The university, taking the man as he is, would propose to leave him as he is, except for the acquisition of a certain special knowledge or skill. The college, taking the youth as he is, proposes to make of him something that he is not. It proposes no less a miracle, in fact, than the changing of a crude boy into an educated man. A miracle — yet every day sees it more and more successfully performed.

An educated man — what is it that we understand by the phrase? If it would not be easy to set down all that it connotes in our various minds, we should probably agree that it includes, among other things, such qualities as these: a certain largeness of view; an acquaintance with the intellectual life of the world; the appreciation of principles; the power and habit of independent thought; the freedom from personal provincialism, and the recognition of the other point of view; an underlying nobleness of intention; the persistence in magnanimous aims. If there has not yet been found the system of culture which will give this result every time and with all sorts of material, it may at least be asserted that a course of study — whether in college or out — somewhat corresponding to the course pursued at our best colleges has a visible tendency to produce this result. Whether it might be produced, also, by some entirely different course is certainly a question not to be rashly answered in the negative. All we can say is, that any course which has as yet been proposed as a substitute has proved, on experiment, to have serious defects in comparison with it. Our wisest plan is to hold fast what we already know to be good studies, making farther experiments with candor and

fairness; avoiding, on the one hand, the timid pre-judgments of those who are afraid of all that is not ancient and established, and, on the other hand, the crude enthusiasms of those half-educated persons who think that nothing old can be good, and nothing new can be bad.

Two principal proposals of change in the college course have been made. One is that the modern languages should be substituted for the ancient. So far as the complete substitution has been tried, most observers would probably agree that the experiment has failed. In other words, more persons are found to have studied modern languages without having become "educated" persons by that means than are found to have studied the classics without that result. College observers, unbiased by any personal interest as teachers on either side, would probably be found nearly unanimous as to this point. Without discussing the question theoretically here, we would only insist upon this: that, so far as any change of this kind is made, it be made only on the ground of greater serviceableness for purely educational purposes, as being better fitted to "educate the man"—the only test of studies with which the college has anything whatever to do. Probably Mill's answer, or counter-question, will eventually be found the wisest one as between the classical and the modern languages and literatures: "Why not both?"

The other principal proposal of change is the substitution of natural science in place of the "humanities." To the addition of a certain amount of natural science, enough, certainly, to impart its admirable methods of research, and, what is more, its admirable spirit of uncompromising adhesion to the exact truth, no one is likely to object. But when it is pro-

posed to make any radical substitution of the material studies for the human studies, making courses (as has been done) without Latin, Greek, Literature, Logic, Philosophy, Ancient History, etc., supplying their places with the natural sciences, it is well to consider carefully, first, the results of the experiment so far as it has been tried; and, secondly, certain well-established principles concerning the human mind in its relation to studies. As to ascertained results, it is to be said that for some time now there have been, in several of our institutions of learning, courses having these contrasted characters running side by side. We will not here offer any testimony of our own as to the comparative results of the two in the production of broadly educated men. We would only suggest to those who are in any doubt upon the matter, or who have any radical change of college courses in view, to look into the results of the experiment for themselves, and to take the testimony of those who have had opportunity to observe them. The effect of such an examination will be likely to produce hearty agreement with an editorial writer in a late number of *Science*, who remarks that "the introduction of scientific studies in our educational systems has not brought about the millennium which was expected." Much good, no doubt, they have done, when introduced in proper proportion. Their methods have certainly influenced favorably the methods of the older studies. But, after all, we come back to the truth that, of the two groups of studies, both indispensable, the humanities furnish the greater growth-power for the mind, because they are the product and expression of mind.¹

It cannot be too carefully kept in

¹ Sometimes we hear the curious remark made, perhaps by one of the weaker brethren among those very useful persons, the dealers in second-hand science (*Popular Science*), that the book of nature is the expression of the mind of God, while other books only express the mind of man.

But it does not require great acumen to perceive that the mind of man and all its productions are also the work and the expression of the same Author—his Bible, one might say, to carry on the figure, while material nature is only his spelling-book.

view that, in any such comparison of the natural sciences with the humanities, we take into account only their educational value. The sensitive loyalty of scientific men to their specialties, a very pleasant thing to see, sometimes seems to blind them to this distinction between intrinsic values and educational values. They should remember that no slight upon the intrinsic value of any science is implied in the doubt as to its comparative educational value. There are many things of enormous usefulness to the world in other ways, whose examination could contribute next to nothing toward the development of mind. Iron, for example, constitutes almost the framework of civilization; but this does not at all imply that metallurgy, as a college study, would have any considerable educating force. On the other hand, there are many subjects of study whose application to the ordinary business of life might seem very remote indeed, yet whose power to "educate the man" is found to be very great. The calculus, or the *Antigone*, might never be of any "use" to the man, in the superficial sense of the word, yet they might have been the very meat and drink of his intellectual growth. The natural sciences may well be satisfied with the crowns of honor the world must always give them for their royal contributions to our mental and material existence, without expecting to be made exclusively, also, our nurses and schoolmasters. The fitness for those humbler but necessary functions must be determined wholly on other grounds than that of value, however priceless it be, to the world for other purposes. Both experiment and reflection seem to point more and more decisively to the view that mind, on the whole, grows chiefly through contact with mind. And accordingly, what are called the liberal courses of study, formed largely of those studies which bring to the student the magnetic touch of the human spirit in its dealings with

life, seem to show more vitalizing power, — seem actually to produce, on experiment, more broadly educated men than what may be called the illiberal courses, formed without these human studies. Yet here, again, "Why not both?" is the best solution, so far as we can effect it. For the natural sciences have, undeniably, certain admirable influences in education. They are free from any encouragement of morbid moods. They teach the mind to "hug its fact." There is little ministry to brooding egotism in them; except that sometimes a very callow pupil may for a while feel that the mastery of a few rudiments somehow covers him prematurely with the glory that properly belongs to the great discoverers; but from this stage he soon recovers. There is always a freshness and out-of-door healthfulness about even the simplest work in natural science that makes it a charming study, for the lower schools, especially. Mr. Spencer has well pointed out its adaptation, on this score, even to the period of childhood. It is, in fact, so far as it includes only the observation of outside nature, an invigorating play of the mind, rather than a laborious work. And the need of this health-giving intellectual play we never outgrow.

But the attractiveness of these natural studies must not be allowed to blind us to the need, when it comes to forming a course for the maturer mind, of more abstract and complex subjects. The sciences in their higher and severer regions, where the mind of man has more and more mingled itself with the mere facts of nature, as in wide comparative views and the induction of great principles; and especially the purely human studies, the languages, histories, philosophies, literatures, — these must be the food and light of the larger growth of the mind. The law of intellectual development in education seems to be analogous to a certain familiar law

of physical growth in lower organisms. The very lowest, the vegetable, is able to nourish itself directly on the crude inorganic elements of nature: the higher, the animal, can only be nourished on matter already organized by life. Somewhat so, apparently, with the growth of intellect: while the simpler faculties, such as we share with other animals, are able to get their full development from the sights and sounds of nature alone, the deeper feelings and the higher intellectual processes can be best nourished on the outcome of the human spirit — nature and life as organized, or reorganized, by the mind of man.

In meeting the public on this matter of the course of study, the college finds itself confronted with two or three false notions, so inveterate that they may well be classed as popular delusions. Each of these, like most popular delusions, has crystallized round a convenient phrase.

One such notion is that the choice of studies for any given youth should be governed by his own natural predispositions. In other words, he should "follow his bent." This has a plausible sound, yet to apply it to the college course would be to ignore the very purpose of the college. When it comes to selecting a life occupation, a specialty for study or practice, such as the various schools of the university undertake to furnish, a youth should, no doubt, choose according to his taste and talent. But to choose on that ground alone in his preparatory culture-course would simply magnify any lack of balance in his original nature. As well might one advise a boy at the gymnasium to devote himself to those exercises in which he naturally excelled, to the neglect of all that found out his weak points; if the arms were feeble, to use only the muscles of the thighs; if the thighs were undeveloped, to use only the arms. The purpose of the college is to do for mind and character what the gymnasium does

for the physical powers: to build up the man all round. If the student "hates mathematics," it is probably because his mind is naturally weak on the side of abstract reasoning, and the hated study is therefore the very study he needs. If he has a lofty disdain of literature, it is very likely only an evidence of some lack of that side of culture somewhere in his ancestry. There is nothing sacred about a "bent." So far from being an indication of Providence, it is apt to be a mere indication of hereditary defect. If we look at it from the side of its being a predisposition to weakness in some particular directions, a bent *away* from certain lines of study (the form in which it chiefly shows itself in college), we can see that the sooner it is repaired by a generous mental diet, the better for the man and for the race to whose ideal perfection he and his posterity are to contribute. Perhaps the greatest danger to which the higher education is at present exposed is that of spreading before the student a vast number of miscellaneous subjects, all recommended as equally valuable, and inviting him to choose according to his bent. The result naturally is that the average boy follows that universal bent of human nature toward the course that offers him the easiest time. If this course happens to include strong studies, easy only because he is specially interested in them, the harm is not so great; but if it consists chiefly of light studies, introduced into the curriculum only because somebody was there to teach them, and somebody else wanted them taught (and perhaps a little, too, because each counts one in a catalogue), then the harm is enormous. This becomes evident enough if we use (as we may for brevity's sake be permitted to do) the *reductio ad absurdum* of an extreme illustration; if we suppose that some language having a great history and a great literature, the Greek, for example, is rejected in favor of some barbarous tongue em-

bodying neither history nor literature; say, for example, the Pawnee or the Eskimo; or if we suppose that for exercises in writing and reasoning is substituted the collecting of postage-stamps of all nations, or practice on the guitar. Far short of any such violent extremes, there are perfectly well recognized differences between the efficacy of one study and another in educating a college student. And it would seem wiser to trust the choice to the governing body of the college than to an inexperienced lad, swayed by some momentary whim, or by the class-tradition of the "easiness" of one subject or another; in other words, by his natural bent.

Another popular delusion concerning the college course hinges on a common misuse of the word *practical*. It properly signifies *effectual in attaining one's end*. So, transferring the term to persons, we call him a *practical* man who habitually employs such means. A "practical study," then, is in reality a study which is calculated to effect the end we have in view in pursuing it. And since the end in view of a college study is purely and simply the development of the mind and character, any study is a practical study just to the extent that it is effectual for this end. And any study is a completely unpractical study, no matter how useful it may be for other purposes, if it is ineffectual for this. The real virus of people's misuse of this word lies in their taking it to mean, not effectual for one's end, whatever it be, but effectual for that particular end which to them happens to seem the chief end of man. If a man's one aim is to have a successful farm, he is apt to consider all studies unpractical that do not bear directly on agriculture. If the great object of another is to gain public office, to him that study alone seems "practical" which directly subserves this end. Accordingly, there are always found well-meaning persons, not con-

versant with educational affairs, who consider the best studies, and those which for college purposes are most practical, as being completely unpractical; and who will always be trying to crowd in upon its courses those so-called practical studies, which, for the ends the college has in view, would prove as unpractical as studies could be.

It furnishes a favorite phrase for those who thus misconceive the purpose of a liberal education, to say that it fails to fit a man for the "struggle of life." If the phrase means the making of a living, this objection certainly seems not well founded. Any one's daily observation of common life will enable him to answer the question whether or not liberally educated men are, relatively to the rest of the community, making a comfortable living. When, however, we come to notice that some of those who are fondest of this complaint against the college course, on their own account, do not seem to stand in any conspicuous need of a living, we are led to suspect that they may mean something else by the "struggle of life." Perhaps some mean by this phrase the strife for sudden wealth, or for political office, prizes for which, in fact, a good deal of violent "struggling" is done. So far from inciting men to any such feverish struggle, it may be hoped that the higher education will always raise them above the disposition for it, or the temptation to it. Public reputation and public office should, we are beginning once more to believe, "seek the man;" and they may be depended on to find him as fast as he deserves them. If not in the scramble and struggle of certain ignoble regions of effort, at least in the legitimate pursuit of any dignified career, men succeed in the long run by means of their character and intelligence; and the more completely these have been developed, the surer the success. Such a completeness the present college course is generally admitted to

have an observed tendency, at least, to produce.

However much it may lack of perfection, the common criticisms upon it seem wide of the mark: whether it be the charge that there are not enough electives for every possible taste or bent; or that the studies are not practical enough; or that they fail to fit a man for the "struggle of life." For these complaints are all based on the same fundamental misconception, the supposition, namely, that the purpose of the college is merely to equip the man; when in reality its purpose is, first of all, to evolve the man. They all overlook this central idea of the higher education: that its aim is not merely to add something to the man from without, as convenience, or equipment; but to produce a certain change in him from within as growth and power. The misconception seems all the more shortsighted, in that it fails to perceive that the most valuable equipment for any work whatever that may afterward be undertaken is found in this very breadth and depth of preparatory development.

Two permanent human desires, on the surface antagonistic, but at bottom perfectly reconcilable, have all along been at work in moulding systems of education. One is the desire to *be* much, or the desire for attainment; the other is the desire to *get* much, or the desire for acquisition. As we look at young people, we find that we have both these desires for their future. We would have them amount to a great deal, in themselves: we may call this our *aspiration* for them; and we would have them get on in life: we may call this our *ambition* for them. As we look at the community we feel these same two desires: we would have it a community of wise and noble persons; and we would have it a prosperous community.

Now our educational work has taken on one character or another, according as *aspiration* or *ambition* has been most

prominently in mind. Some, perceiving that we are all "people of whom more might have been made," have been most impressed with the importance of lifting men's personal lives to higher planes. Others have felt most the need of equipping men for special efficiency in the various callings of life. Not the college only, but the entire field of education, from kindergarten to university, has been a battle-ground where these two ideas, unwisely supposing themselves natural foes, have continually fought. But both these desires are in the right. Seen in the larger view there is no possible *casus belli* between them. They are reconciled the moment it is seen to be true that the completest development is itself the most valuable equipment.

Fortunately, the colleges have for the most part taken this larger view, and have courageously kept their courses in accord with it, in spite of efforts from outside to warp them from their true purpose of providing an *education* for men, to that of providing an *occupation* for them; and corresponding efforts to have the *educative* studies removed, and *occupative* studies substituted in their stead.

That the college course will be further improved, as it has been constantly improving in the past, no one can doubt. The important thing is that changes, when they are made, should be made with a clear understanding of the purpose of the college, and in furtherance of this. It would not be best (if, once more, a violently absurd example may be pardoned) that Eskimo should be substituted for Greek on a vicious and sophistical ground; such as, for instance, that a young man might some time go on a diplomatic mission to Greenland, and might find it a convenient language to have. Nor should practice on the guitar be substituted for literary exercises, on any such ground as that it is well received in society, and, for purposes of instruction in the female sem-

inaries, might at any moment be a valuable equipment for the struggle of life.

The greatest advance in college work is probably to be expected from improved methods of treatment, rather than from radical changes of the subjects of the course. Much of the elementary work in the languages, both ancient and modern, will no doubt eventually be relegated to the lower schools. More and more the classics will be taught as literatures. The same change, it may be hoped, will some time invade even the modern language courses, so that they will have less of the Ollendorff character, the mere conversational drill, conceived as being useful or ornamental for the "struggle," and more of the character of an intellectual study of the modern European mind in its history and literature. So also in the natural sciences, the lower schools will doubtless one day do a large part of what now the colleges are doing; much of that mere observation and memory, namely, which is not beyond the capacity of the ordinary boy or girl of high-school age.

One college study there is, in partic-

ular, which may be expected to make great advances in its scope and methods. It is a study which has for a long time appeared on all the catalogues, but which, so far as any adequate development is concerned, is still in its infancy. This study, the History of English Literature, has too largely consisted in the mere memorizing of disconnected facts and dates as found in some one or two text-books. And so far as the real authors of our literature have been studied at all, it has been with much too exclusive a regard to philology. Even in this comparatively superficial aspect of the subject, its study has been confined, commonly, to a few poets of the early period. The outside shell of literature, the language, has been taught with much acumen and nice scholarship; but the substance, the thing itself, has been neglected. It remains to be seen what educating force there will prove to be in the proper study of this subject when it shall include the history of English thought, of which English literature is only the expression; and when it shall bring the student face to face with the best minds of modern as well as of ancient times.

E. R. Sill.

HERMIONE.

I.

The Lost Magic.

WHITE in her snowy stone, and cold,
 With azure veins and shining arms,
 Pygmalion doth his bride behold,
 Rapt on her pure and sculptured charms.

Ah! in those half-divine old days
 Love still worked miracles for men;
 The gods taught lovers wondrous ways
 To breathe a soul in marble then.

He gazed, he yearned, he vowed, he wept.
 Some secret witchery touched her breast;
 And, laughing April tears, she stepped
 Down to his arms and lay at rest.

Dear artist of the storied land!
 I too have loved a heart of stone.
 What was thy charm of voice or hand,
 Thy secret spell, Pygmalion?

II.

Influences.

If quiet autumn mornings would not come,
 With golden light, and haze, and harvest wain,
 And spices of the dead leaves at my feet;
 If sunsets would not burn through cloud, and stain
 With fading rosy flush the dusky dome;
 If the young mother would not croon that sweet
 Old sleep-song, like the robin's in the rain;
 If the great cloud-ships would not float and drift
 Across such blue all the calm afternoon;
 If night were not so hushed; or if the moon
 Might pause forever by that pearly rift,
 Nor fill the garden with its flood again;
 If the world were not what it still must be,
 Then might I live forgetting love and thee.

III.

The Dead Letter.

THE letter came at last. I carried it
 To the deep woods unopened. All the trees
 Were hushed, as if they waited what was writ,
 And feared for me. Silent they let me sit
 Among them; leaning breathless while I read,
 And bending down above me where they stood.
 A long way off I heard the delicate tread
 Of the light-footed loiterer, the breeze,
 Come walking toward me in the leafy wood.

I burned the page that brought me love and woe.
 At first it writhed to feel the spires of flame,
 Then lay quite still; and o'er each word there came
 Its white ghost of the ash, and burning slow
 Each said: "You cannot kill the spirit; know

That we shall haunt you, even till heart and brain
Lie as we lie in ashes — all in vain."

IV.

The Song in the Night.

In the deep night a little bird
Wakens, or dreams he is awake:
Cheerily clear one phrase is heard,
And you almost feel the morning break.

In the deep dark of loss and wrong,
One face like a lovely dawn will thrill,
And all night long at my heart a song
Suddenly stirs and then is still.

Andrew Hedbrook.

A STRANGER IN THE CITY.

His name was Golden. He had been in town two days. He was tall and gaunt, with a shock of gray hair, and a voice like an ice-wagon rumbling over a cobble-stone pavement. It was in the parlor of Mrs. Granger's boarding house in Jay Street, Albany. Only Golden, our genial landlady, and myself were present.

As we gathered around the winter evening fire, Golden continued his narrative. He had already told us that he was brought up "under the eaves" of the Green Mountains, that his sister Jane had inspired him while he was yet a boy with a desire for education, and that he had with her help managed to get half-way through college. Continuing his story, he said:—

It was that shortness of funds that brought me to Albany thirty-one years ago. The understanding was that I might take a stop-off ticket for two years; and then, with plenty of money, which I expected to earn in the mean

time, Jane and I calculated that the rest of my college course would be a splendid run, ending with a magnificent finish in black broadcloth on Commencement day, — my clothes theretofore having been satinnet and fustian.

You ought to understand first where I came from. Perhaps you have never been on the Green Mountains. I might as well tell you that what you cannot see of the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them from the top of old Mansfield is not worth talking about. On one side you have New Hampshire and the White Mountains, and on the other Vermont and Lake Champlain and the Adirondacks. That tells the whole story, although remarks are in order, if any one is so disposed. I might suggest, as an item of interest, that the mountain itself is covered with rocks, spruce-trees, and hedgehogs.

Our folks lived at the foot of Mansfield, on the Vermont side. We called it twenty miles to Burlington, on Lake Champlain, and that was our road out

into the world. A Vermonter who did business in Albany managed it with some of your city men so that I got a place as teacher in one of your public schools. And then down I came, as unsophisticated as you can imagine, but desiring and resolving to be the best and most faithful instructor in the world. I had never seen a large place before; I was a stranger in the city.

But I am happy to report that my teaching was a success. I liked my scholars, and they liked me. I must state, however, another point which was not so favorable. I will preface it by saying that you have a habit of blackening characters here without much hesitation. Public men are usually the sufferers. Perhaps I was a public man in a very small way. But however that may have been, my point is that guileless and innocent as I was, I had not been here quite nine months when I got a slap with the tar-brush that marked me, apparently, for life, and scared me almost out of my senses. I do not say how far human beings were to blame in my case. Perhaps the total depravity of inanimate things had something to do with it. You have noticed that depravity of all kinds is of a blacker dye in political capitals than elsewhere.

What I am trying to get down to is this: they charged me here with stealing. That was what it amounted to. It seems ridiculous, but it is true. The idea that I had stolen thirteen dollars in bank bills out of the office of my friend Captain Brown, who was a shipper down on the dock, took possession of the minds of my scholars and their parents and others. The first hint I had of it was from my pupils. They began to treat me with disrespect amounting almost to contempt, and some of them made allusions to pirates and to Captain Brown which I did not see the force of. When information was asked for, they evaded my inquiries. It was impossi-

ble for me to understand the situation. Day by day, however, it became more certain that something was wrong, although I had no idea what it was.

I finally ascertained what the trouble was from a Vermont man named Avery, whose acquaintance I had made in the city. He did not seem inclined to tell me when I first questioned him, but finally disclosed the facts. It appeared that Captain Brown had been sitting in his office one morning with thirteen dollars before him upon his desk, waiting to pay the money to a mechanic, who was to come at an appointed hour. In the mean time the captain was reading a volume that you may have heard of. It is entitled *The Pirate's Own Book*. It is illustrated with hideous woodcuts, and the narratives are of a painful and revolting character. It is due to Captain Brown to say that he was not reading such a work solely for his own amusement. He was lamenting the fact that his nephew, Orlando Smith, should have a fondness for such literature. The boy, who was seventeen years of age and remarkably vigorous, was wild enough and bad enough without such reading. Just as the captain was observing a picture in the book which represents a man's severed head, he heard an unusual noise outside, on the river or the dock. He placed the thirteen dollars in bills between the pages, closed the book upon them, and leaving the volume, with the money thus protected, on his desk, went out and walked to the brink of the river. He was absent fifteen minutes, but did not at any time lose sight of his office door. Your humble servant, on his morning walk, was the only individual who entered that door. So the captain said; and when he returned to his office it was empty, and the book and the money were gone. As I frequently dropped in to say good morning and ask the news, my friend Brown thought nothing of it when he

saw me step in, and out again immediately. I had not seen him because he was partially hidden behind some boxes piled on the wharf for shipment. He had permitted me to go on my way without making his proximity known. It was inferred that I took the book and the money. As no one else had entered the office during the captain's absence, the inference seemed to be unavoidable. But the captain was a generous man, and considering my youth and position, had intended to keep the matter a secret. It had, however, leaked out, perhaps through his family, or through the mechanic who had come to Brown's office for his money that morning, only to learn that it had disappeared. The people had got hold of the story in some way, and were suspecting me.

As Avery related these circumstances I became hot with anger. The idea that any one should dare to suspect me of stealing seemed wicked, incredible, and vile. My first impulse was to hasten to Brown and demand of him, in the upbraiding tone of injured innocence, whether he was not ashamed of his outrageous and dastardly charge against my sacred integrity. And if he was not, I yearned for the moment to come when I should see him wither beneath the scorn and contempt which I would pour out upon his miserable soul.

Avery cooled me down. I think that my flaming eyes and the demonstrations I made must have convinced him of my innocence; but he did not think they would have that effect upon the captain. He suggested that if I pitched into Brown, as I had threatened, I would shortly find myself in jail. The circumstances would justify my arrest at any moment. Avery hinted that he had already talked with Captain Brown about my affair, and that if I wished to get clear I had better not provoke a man who was already sore

over the loss of thirteen dollars. He remarked that the evidence was squarely against me, and that while this might be my misfortune and not my fault, it would be rash and foolish to disregard it.

I was compelled to feel that even Avery was not quite clear in reference to my innocence, although I think, upon the whole, he believed me. Yet it was puzzling. The money had disappeared from the office, and no one but myself had been there. It was not easy to blame even Avery for his doubts.

As I reflected upon these circumstances and realized the situation, a very uncomfortable feeling stole over me. The shyness of friends was accounted for, and the mystery in the air was no longer without explanation. The dejection which I began to experience was not lessened by the information which Avery volunteered, that Captain Brown would have consented to make complaint against me, and would have permitted my arrest, had it not been that he was a special friend of the man who had procured for me my situation as teacher. It appeared that only friendship had saved me from jail.

As the result of Avery's statement of the situation and his advice, I was reduced to a condition of pitiable tremor. After I left him to go my room, it seemed to me that every eye in the street was boring into me.

When I reached the small house which I called home, and had ascended to the close and dingy apartment in the third story which was mine (by the week), I found a letter on my table. The terms of that epistle were simple. I was directed to close my school at the earliest convenient day, and without further notice. The information was also conveyed that my services would not be required in the future. The letter was properly signed, and amounted to a very curt dismissal.

It was Saturday (and no school) when I got that news. What I suffered that day and the following Sunday, as I sat alone in my room, no mortal tongue can tell. I was, in point of fact, only a poor country boy, puffed-up with a little college learning, and crying not only for my own sorrow, but for the injury to sister and mother and home. Of course you think you would not have suffered as I did. It is generally supposed that a person who is innocent will, when accused, be brave and defiant. But that is not true. It is the innocent who feel the keenest anguish. Ask any experienced criminal lawyer and he will tell you so. I never have endured more in my life than on the two days to which I have alluded.

Monday, at noon, I dismissed the school, telling them that I should no longer be their teacher, and venturing to say a few words of farewell. But their sneering faces made it almost impossible. They departed without saying good-by, and some of them hooted as they went out of the door. I struggled hard to be manly and brave and not give way in the presence of the scholars whom I loved so well. But in truth I was cut to the heart. I have not told you how I had toiled for them, and had not counted my health or life dear to me, that I might succeed in teaching them and being their true friend. This was my reward. It gives me a chill even yet to think of it.

And now I come to another point. I have said that the scholars did not bid me farewell; but there was one exception. As I sat there at my desk, suffering and trying not to show it, a girl about fifteen years of age, with a handsome, sensitive face, brown hair, and bright hazel eyes, came back and stood looking at me, and biting her handkerchief, and seeming very sad and mournful. It was Phœbe Smith, the sister of Orlando, and niece of Captain Brown.

It had been my way and perhaps my

nature to be rather dignified as a teacher. I had treated Phœbe as if she were a small girl; but she was really quite tall and womanly. When she stood and gazed at me in that wondering and mournful way I knew that she expected me to say something. It touched me deeply to see that there was *one* who was willing to show me kindness. I asked, as cheerfully as I could, —

“Well, Phœbe, do you wish to say good-by?”

She did not come nearer nor offer to shake hands, but with her eyes fixed upon me continued to bite her handkerchief. Finally I asked again, trying to smile, —

“Would you like to say good-by?”

She just shook her head and kept biting her handkerchief as if she were a little girl. Something began to come up in my throat as I looked at her. At last she opened her mouth and said with a kind of gulp, —

“I do not believe you took that money, Mr. Golden.”

I felt my face growing scarlet. I saw Phœbe put her handkerchief to her eyes. Then my lips began to quiver, and the first I knew I broke down, and throwing my arms on the desk before me I buried my face on them. Some one came to the door and called, “Phœbe, Phœbe,” and away she went; and that was the end of my school.

You can see for yourselves, friends, the position in which I was placed. Here I was in a large city, bearing a stinging disgrace. Our folks had always been very particular. There was not so much as a speck on the reputation of the Goldenes. I had calculated to be high up in the matter of a shining name. Sister Jane and I had hoped I might be a minister of the gospel. That was my dream. A thousand times I had longed, as I walked my lonely round on our little farm and on the mountain, to engage in *some* way in the great battle with the world. And here

I was in the midst of the conflict, and it was going dead against me. A thing had happened which was not dreamed of in my philosophy. If it had been the loss of health or friends, or the certainty of my own speedy death, I think I could have borne it well. All those troubles I had calculated upon. But when my good name was touched, I shrank and withered like Jonah's gourd. I had not learned the lesson that a man's reputation is in part the gift of God, and may be taken away at any moment. I find that this is a strange doctrine to many men. Job was the only one who believed it in his time and section of the country. I had never thought of it as really applicable except in the past among the martyrs. Of course I had supposed in a vague way that some such thing was true, but that was very different from experiencing and believing it. I have always been glad that I learned the lesson when I was young. Perhaps some men are not called upon to learn it at all in this life; but if so, I think they die without their education being finished.

I am aware that there is a philosophy which says that a man (or boy) may be superior to adversity. That was the doctrine which delighted me and became my stay and support in college. Perhaps there is no better system for a learned professor with a comfortable salary. But when it comes to being turned out of a public school, I think the philosophy needs bracing. I distinctly remember that it did not sustain me after my scholars were dismissed for the last time, and Phoebe Smith had gone home.

Having locked the schoolhouse door and got to my room, I reflected upon the strange events that had occurred. I did not know what to do. That day passed, and then another, and then a week, without activity on my part. I scarcely went out, except early in the morning to walk by the river in a place

not much frequented. Thinking matters over, I gradually and very painfully came down from my high hopes, and decided that it would not do to go away, but that I must in a modest and manly fashion face the situation in which I found myself. It was a trying conclusion to come to. To think, innocent as I was, of going through life as a black sheep was hard. But I made up my mind to it; and I thought that a quiet place in a machine-shop under Avery, who was a boss, would be about my size.

Of course you will perceive that I took an exaggerated view of the horrors of my position. But I was sensitive, inexperienced, and alone.

It has never been possible for me to blame myself severely for the discouraging view I took of my life at that time. In memory, I see myself as I was then, often crying in my sleep until my sobs awoke me. I remember the dank and sickly air of the summer nights, and the stifling heat of the crowded city. That I had been disgraced and thrown aside, and that my greatest hopes in life were cut off, was, at any rate, a great reality to me. For what chance was there for a minister of the gospel who was known as a thief? And what chance was there to disprove the charge, amid a crowd of strangers, who had judged the case on evidence, and who now shunned me as if I were a leper? Perhaps I imagined more than was true. Yet I think it would not have been very unwise to have learned a trade. What would have happened in that direction if something else had not happened, I will not undertake to say. But something else *did* happen. The summer heats were coming on, and the close and tainted atmosphere and city food and mental suffering brought me down so that I took to my bed with a raging fever. The doctor pronounced it a severe case, and what took place after that I do not

remember. I know that in some way Phœbe Smith was with me more or less, and that Jane came, and on the whole I had a serious time of it. But I pulled through, and in August, while the heat was still dreadful, and my room like an oven, Jane took me home. That summer in the city, with the sickness, is still, in my recollection of it, like a nightmare.

As soon as we reached Vermont I was better, and in a few weeks the country surroundings and quiet rest restored my physical frame, although I was still somewhat haggard with anxiety.

Jane had got the facts of my great trouble from Phœbe. We talked matters over. I could see that my poor sister was dreadfully hurt by my ill-fortune.

When the cool September days came I seemed to drink in new life, and the gloom which had been gathering upon me, in part passed away. Mother and Jane would not listen to the idea that I must give up my plan of life because of the occurrence at Albany. They tried to have it that my views upon that point were ridiculous and morbid. At times they seemed so to me; but then, as I reflected, the facts would push themselves obstinately into the foreground. I did not feel that I could justify myself in standing before the world as a religious teacher, with such a record.

It was true in our place as in most country places, that nothing pertaining to any of the people could be long unknown. Jane's going to Albany after me and all the reasons for it were well understood by our immediate neighbors and many other people of the town. I thought most of them took sides with me in the matter. Yet who could tell? To determine that I would go out among my friends and face opinion required courage. I endeavored each day to steel my heart and gain strength to

meet the trial. I formed some very good resolutions, but did not carry them out.

There was one point in regard to which I was decided and firm. It was my fixed intention to return to Albany and busy myself in a machine-shop, and meet the enemy in that silent, persevering way. It seemed to me that if I did not, the thought of the stain upon my record would haunt me forever. My disposition was to attack the falsehood and fight it down, if it took a lifetime. Jane was strenuously opposed to this. She said that she had not toiled for my education to have me throw it away. It was apparent that she had the advantage in the argument. She claimed that it was wrong for me to shrink from contact with friends as I did. When I pleaded for delay to grow stronger before pushing out into social life, she would not heed my excuses. I could not resist her pleadings. Jane arranged that I should lead the union, week-day, conference-meeting, at our schoolhouse, on Thursday, the seventeenth day of September, and I consented to do it. The day of the month and all the circumstances are impressed upon my mind. I dreaded that appointment more than any other of my whole life; and I am not quite sure that Jane was right in pushing me up to it. It would be very hard for me, even now, to stand before the people with a charge of stealing existing against me. Nevertheless, I was right in deciding to yield to Jane's entreaties. It was a matter of conscience with me. I did not let her know that it kept me awake nights.

On Monday, before the important Thursday, I went out of the house and across the pasture, and up upon some rocks with my Bible. I desired to study a subject for the meeting. There was a place where the September sun was reflected, and it was warm and bright. It had been my retreat for

several days. I had been trying hard to find out how to agree with Jane about my course in life. On this occasion that subject kept forcing itself into my mind in spite of my efforts to banish it. But I had rid myself of such thoughts for the time, and had just settled down to the Bible lesson, when I heard a noise. I looked up and there was Jane coming over the grass from the house. She was calling aloud, and almost screaming as she ran. Jane always was a little nervous, but I had never seen her act quite like that before. I sat and looked at her for a while and listened.

I saw that there was something more than common the matter, and so I got up and went down off the rocks on to the grass and walked toward her. When I came near she was crying, and as I reached her she threw herself on the ground, seemingly out of breath, her face twitching, and her lips working inarticulately. Presently she managed to find her voice, and then she cried out, —

“Oh, Sam, Sam, they have found the money, they have found the money!”

With this she held an open letter towards me and a piece cut from a newspaper.

Orlando Smith had been lost at sea and his chest had come home, and in it they had found the book and the money all safe, packed away with other books and wrapped in a piece of brown paper. In a minute I understood it. Orlando had run away, to go to sea, the very day the book and the money disappeared, and he had in some way got possession of them and had taken them with him.

I never could remember exactly how I spent the next five minutes after I had learned of this. Probably I was on the grass, crying. I remember that soon the sunshine seemed brighter than before, and an old familiar look, that I had long missed, came back upon the mountain. The valley again resumed that restful appearance which had been

one of its greatest charms in my boyhood; and a spiritual light which was new to me began to dawn. From where we were I could dimly see Burlington. One of my first thoughts was that I could go there now without fear.

After a little while we went to the house and saw mother, who seemed ten years younger than she had been when I started out that morning. She was a still kind of woman, whose feelings were very strong and deep.

The news that the book and the money had been found was not long in spreading through our town. One copy of the Albany newspaper which gave an account of the matter was taken in our neighborhood, so that some of the people learned of it in that way, and some received the facts from Jane. When Thursday evening came I went to the conference meeting in a very happy frame of mind. I had slept soundly and eaten heartily for the first time since my sickness. I hardly think, as a matter of fact, I did anything very wonderful in the way of a speech that evening, but I became enthusiastic and forgot myself. As I was speaking and looking into the eyes of the people, I got talking fast, and then in some way they were in tears. I had no idea of being pathetic or eloquent, but I presume my feeling of thankfulness was apparent. Somehow, that talk made my reputation in the town. The people said I had a gift, and that preaching ought to be my occupation.

Here I reach a stage in my narrative where explanation is in order. The first point is to show how it happened that Orlando got into the office that morning and obtained possession of his copy of *The Pirate's Own Book*, and the thirteen dollars inclosed in it, without being seen by his uncle. The newspaper presented a theory upon that subject revealing some curious facts and circumstances. It appeared in the first place that Cap-

tain Brown had a defect in his right eye which rendered that important organ substantially useless. But it was admitted by all his neighbors and acquaintances that his left eye was uncommonly bright and efficient, so that he was an excellent watchman. The newspaper remarked, however, that there was a scientific fact in regard to the vision of a single eye, not generally known. It was this: In the normal eye of every person there is a blind spot, a little toward the outer angle from the axis of vision. This blind spot (of which we are wholly unconscious) may readily be detected by the aid of two large dots located to the right and left on a white page, and three inches apart. Hold the page, as in reading, about twelve inches from the face. Close the right eye and look intently at the dot to the right with the left eye. The dot to the left will mysteriously vanish. It is covered by the blind spot. The experiment may be varied in many ways. Small black buttons or even nickels (if the adjustment of distances is exact) may be used with success. Objects on all sides of the dot (or button, or nickel) will be perceived out of the corner of the eye, but the dot itself seems to have melted into the white paper. If you look across a street and have the arrangement of distances in the same proportion as in the experiment I have suggested, a window or a door can be made to disappear in the same mysterious manner.

A man with only one eye is of course greatly surprised upon learning of this defect in his vision. He may think that he perceives the entire side of a house when in fact there is a place several feet in diameter which entirely escapes him. The newspaper stated that Captain Brown had become convinced that this defect in his vision, of which he was unaware until it was demonstrated to him, had prevented him from seeing Orlando on the important occasion in question.

You will readily imagine that Jane

and I delighted in the curious experiment described so minutely in the newspaper. We found it entirely successful with every one who tried it, and a matter of amusement and surprise to all the neighbors. No one had ever heard of the blind spot before. But it was found a very complete and satisfactory solution of the mystery.

Here, perhaps, I ought to pause. Having presented a pleasing picture of my deliverance, the fitness of things warns me not to interfere with it. But it is important to tell the whole truth in this matter, and I shall not forbear.

I am sorry to announce that the joyful intelligence which lifted the dark shadow from my life was not in reality true, although its falsity was not discovered until years had passed away. In point of fact, neither the book nor the money which had been lost was found. The story which had been published in the newspaper, and which we had hugged to our hearts and rejoiced over and cried over, and from which I had gained health and vigor, was based upon a set of fallacious circumstances, curiously devised and falsely manufactured for my especial benefit. In behalf of my happiness and with a view to my relief, a pious trick, if there is such a thing, had been played by a kind-hearted girl. You can say that the presence of political and legislative management in this city had dulled her moral sense, if that is your view. I do not attempt to place the responsibility. All I affirm is, that a fraud which made every person who was interested believe that the book and the money had been recovered was planned by the brain and executed by the hands of Phœbe Smith.

In considering the act of which I am about to tell you, I think it right that you should remember how young she was, and reflect upon the motive which induced her to resort to deception. She believed in my innocence, and had seen as

perhaps as no one else could (except my mother or my sister Jane) the anguish I had been made to suffer. However wrong it may have been to deceive, it was certainly very noble to wish so earnestly to save me from deep sorrow.

The plan Phoebe adopted was simple and effective. She secured another copy of *The Pirate's Own Book*, and wrote Orlando's name in it, imitating his handwriting, and adroitly placed it in his chest with money of her own, when, after his loss, the chest came back from sea and before it was supposed to have been opened.

I have already stated that Orlando ran away the very day the book and the money disappeared. This fact gave great plausibility to Phoebe's deception. Fortunately for my peace of mind, I did not know of her plot in my behalf until adventitious circumstances revealed it, long subsequent to the events I have related. Neither was it made known to any one. The secret was profoundly buried by Phoebe in her own breast. I have been amazed when contemplating the breadth and completeness of her deception, viewed in connection with her youth and the sincerity of her heart. It would seem that from her own recollection of the lost volume, and from the captain's description of the money, she so succeeded in duplicating both, that no thought ever occurred to any one that the substituted articles were not the originals. Besides putting the book and the money so skillfully in the chest where they were discovered, she made the suggestion explaining the probable manner of the loss, which impressed itself upon Captain Brown and all the friends, and upon the newspaper reporter and the public, as the truthful explanation of the occurrence.

As one of the consequences of subsequent investigation, I am able to go back in the course of my narrative and state to you what poor Phoebe was doing when I was sorrowing over the dark calamity

that had fallen upon my career. Her friends found out, long afterward, how she passed through various difficulties in obtaining thirteen dollars. A dealer in second-hand volumes identified, by his small label and price mark, the copy of *The Pirate's Own Book* which she had purchased at his store and made use of as I have described. This searching and identification took place after Phoebe's death, and nearly four years after she was my pupil.

You can imagine what a curious task and labor of love it was for her associates and friends to trace out the ingenious goodness and strange deceit which had marked the achievement which she had buried from the eyes of the world. The hidden life of this young girl was found to be very interesting.

It came to light, in tracing the course of Phoebe's scheme, that her main anxiety had been to find some reasonable hypothesis that would account for the pretended fact that Orlando visited the office of his uncle and secured the book without being observed. When once the book and money were discovered in the chest, of course that left the burden of accounting for the mistake that, apparently, had been made, upon the shoulders of Captain Brown. It was for him to explain, if he could, how he had failed to see Orlando. Phoebe evidently dreaded this point, and made preparations of a subtle and curious nature to furnish her uncle with an excuse. It appeared that she had first taken into the account the fact I have already mentioned, that the captain had a defect in his right eye. And now I come to the point where Phoebe, as it seems to me, showed her greatest skill and power of combination. You may remember to have seen a curious book, found in many school-libraries, entitled *Brewster's Natural Magic*. In that work, which reveals, in a very plain way adapted to the minds of the young,

some of the wonders of science, Phœbe found an account of the blind spot in the eye, and the experiment demonstrating it, as I have described. Her application of it was ingenious. The first item remembered about it is that soon after the news of the loss of Orlando had been received, and while they were still waiting for the return of his chest, "the blind-spot experiment" came into vogue with Phœbe and her friends. It is remembered that Phœbe Smith first called attention to it, and devised various changes to render it more interesting.

Notwithstanding her youth, and the benevolent motive which influenced her, Phœbe died without having made a revelation of the deception she had practiced. I think we can understand how, in a moral atmosphere where successful political management is regarded with approval, she might have been led to associate such deceit in a good cause with virtue. I have been confirmed in this view by the fact that certain friends of hers have expressed to me their sense of the superlative merit of her effort in my behalf. Some of the women contemplated her heroism with wonder and tearful admiration. They made mention of her sacrifice of truth and veracity for me as the loftiest possible example of praiseworthy, womanly devotion. To do such a deed as she had done in my behalf, and pass away from earth without any mention of it, seemed to them an exhibition of human goodness that was extremely bright and dazzling. I am compelled to think that these kind friends admired her benevolence and its success all the more because of the trick involved in it. I hope not, but it has appeared so to me as I have talked with them about it. You may smile at this, but the

whole matter strikes me as very serious. It seems wonderful to me that my happiness for years, and, humanly speaking, my plan of life and my usefulness, were dependent upon the deception of this young girl.

All these phases were discussed by us when the genuine Orlando copy, so to speak, of *The Pirate's Own Book* was actually found, — an event which occurred soon after Phœbe's death, when the old office was pulled down for the purpose of rebuilding. There was then revealed behind the wainscoting, directly back of where the captain's desk had stood, the identical volume which had made the trouble, with the thirteen dollars in bills still undisturbed between the pages. It was remembered also that the roller of a large map which reached along the wall had sometimes been hit by a loose cleat on the old office door, and it appeared that the roller thus moved must have pushed the book off the desk into an opening there was in the rough boarding. About that time the captain confessed that he had always dimly felt that the money found in Orlando's chest was not exactly the money which had been lost. It was not until this revelation brought to light the true copy of the book and the real state of the case that Phœbe's benevolent scheme was suspected and investigated. It was then that her goodness was so commended by those who had been her associates. I do not say it was wrongly commended. Indeed, I would be an ungrateful wretch if I could entertain the shadow of a thought against her. I try to think that only the kindness and heroism and love were Phœbe's, and that the influences which had poisoned the moral atmosphere around her were responsible for the deception.

P. Deming.

AN INTERLUDE.

AN "IMAGINARY CONVERSATION," SUPPOSED TO BE FOUND AMONG THE UNPUBLISHED PAPERS OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

I.

SHAKSPERE AND ANNE HATHAWAY
SHAKSPERE.

ANNE. Yes, the happy poems are the best. But there is one happy thing that even you would never be able to tell, with all your art.

SHAKS. And what is that, blue-eyes?

ANNE. You could never tell how happy it makes me to have you back again from London. Only a month — but it seemed a year. How ever did I let you go!

SHAKS. Anne, there is something I do not like to tell you — Nay, do not start.

ANNE. Will!

SHAKS. Look not so affrighted; it is only that they won from me a promise to come again at Michaelmas. Nay, girl, 't is not a thing to sob at.

ANNE. It has come. I knew I never could hold you.

SHAKS. 'T is but for a little while. Why, that is my brave wife: lift your sweet face; let me wipe the tears away.

ANNE. No, let them run. The heart will maybe ache the less for them.

SHAKS. So long a silence? Prithee, speak to me. What do those blue-bell eyes behold in the distance that should make them so heavy? 'T is but for a month, or two — or not a year, at most.

"Morrow part, and morrow meet,
Makes a merrie parting, sweet!"

Speak, I say! what is it you see?

ANNE. I see the time that was to come. Do you not remember, sitting in the little brier-rose garden at Shottery, how I used to say, "It can never last!" For something — some augury such as

foreboding women know — would suddenly make my heart faint and heavy. And you would stop my mouth — Let be I must needs cry a little when I remember.

SHAKS. Fie, fie! Are you a grown woman, or a child in arms? — Well, what is the new fret, now?

ANNE. The letter!

SHAKS. Anne, Anne, are you lunatic? what letter?

ANNE. That will say, "I am writing to tell you our separation must be final."

SHAKS. Anne! (Ah, these poor fond fools!) Wife, I say! (She has e'en swooned away.)

II.

SOUTHAMPTON AND ANNE S.

ANNE. Ay, I had his letter. The hand was Shakspeare, but the voice was some good, virtuous, prying, devilish friend of his.

SOUTH. Nay, woman, affront me not with your fierce looks. I did not see him when he wrote it, nor ever advised him touching its purport. Be still! I came all the way hither to confer with your reason, not to bear with your passions.

ANNE. I know well what you have advised him. A woman's wit needs no second-sight to discern her love's enemy. You prate to him of your wily right and wrong. It is a thing of conscience, forsooth, to give me up. The poor precedents of the commonalty you put for the eternal laws of God's mercy. I tell you Heaven talks closer with a woman's heart than with all the cunning custom-mongers of the world. God gave me

my husband, and you would push him from me for your circle's shallow traditions, — poor scruples, scribbled on perishable parchment, and taken for Heaven's mandates writ on tables of stone.

SOUTH. Rail on! but I am a better friend to him than you with what you call your love. I counsel him for his gain: you would hold him from it for your pleasure.

ANNE. So I have stung the true color of it into light, at last! You make it a virtue to him of a Sunday, but a' Monday morning and all the other days it is his "gain"! You paint it shrewdly to him, I ween: the out-worn country woman, — among the clods, as it were, — the fall of the leaf, as it were, — Hobbin the sheep-boy, and Clobbinet that minds the curds!

SOUTH. Come, woman! The mood becomes you not. You are e'en better favored in honest speech. Leave flouting to the court.

ANNE. If it were truth you told him — but I know the town. I could trail my velvet at my gran'dam's there as well as any. I say, I know the town, and I know my worth. The silk robe still hides the shallows better than any homespun. Under the tricked bearing and the pretty phrase will my Shakspeare find the deeper fountains of his art? Not so — it was never so. They may gloss life better, but we live it here. He had never been my poet had you reared him there. It was these stars that drew him, these country skies that fed him honey-dew.

SOUTH. And Anne Hathaway?

ANNE. I care not for your discourtesies. The thing is greater to me than that I should care. It was Anne Hathaway that knew his thought — ay, and answered it. He was my poet, before ever he descended to become your patcher of plays.

SOUTH. I' faith, I would fain hear those poems!

ANNE. You will never hear them. They are mine alone.

SOUTH. What! you *have* verses writ by him? If this purse — this ruby —

ANNE. Court fool! And you thought your trinkets would buy heart's blood?

SOUTH. You have not destroyed them?

ANNE. Nay, they are gathered in my heart. But the paper — yea, sooth, the paper of them was burned the day the letter came.

SOUTH. The letter! was it not pure reason in the letter? "It is the right I do," he said.

ANNE. So you *did* see the letter! Oh, the honorable courtier and brave gentleman!

SOUTH. After it was writ I saw it. "Thou knowest," he said to you, "it is the right I do, and thou must do thy share."

ANNE. My share! Ay, I shall do my share.

SOUTH. Plague on your crying! Hear but straight reason, I say.

ANNE. Well — you have come from my husband: I will hear.

SOUTH. Your husband? Where is the husband you were married to in secret, years before? Turn not away. "It is foul wrong," says Shakspeare — says he not well? — "for me to take his place."

ANNE. His place? Where is his place! Did he not leave me — a green girl — of his own free pleasure? "Right!" what know I of right save justice and mercy to God's creatures! I think the things the world names right are but the pretexts for following its own sweet desires. To forgive one's enemies — to be faithful to one's friends — what priest's canon dares contravene such right as this? Adieu! and tell my husband — nay, tell him naught from me, for to him I am naught. Or tell him, till my heart is broken, it is all his, and his alone.

[Goes in.

SOUTH. Wild words from a wild creature, and with distempered gesture. And yet, it is a clear soul, and a womanly withal. If I were Shakspeare — I know not.

III.

FROM THE WIFE TO THE HUSBAND.
A LETTER.

DEAR WILL: And so you think our separation must be final? But how can it be final till love be dead? Final for our little life it may easily be, but when the winter of these brief necessities shall awake to endless summer-time, what room is there then for separations? You do not wish it, do you? Yet I know that now it is better so. You must follow the clue that is in your hand. You have the round of illusions and disillusion to complete. But something tells me you will never find your mate till you come back to me. I know that I am lesser than you: I know that I am older; and yet I am not old. And there is something in my bosom that will refuse to grow old so long as you are to be lived for. I have not told you my thoughts in these months past. My heart has been full with what I would not speak, lest I seem to hold you back from your better fortune. If I have whispered it on my pillow, if I have called it aloud on the night wind in the solitary fields, I knew it could never reach you to do you harm. God forgive me if sometimes I have wished it might, so it would bring you back to my arms. Your friend said it were noblest in me to make you forget me. Well, perchance I am trying. It may be this pursuit is but a subtlety to weary you of me, grounded on this: that he who seeks is never sought. Nay, what if it were still a shrewder subtlety, this very telling you thereof? You said once I was subtle. Do you remember? And I said it was a vile phrase, it was

French, and I would have none of it. Ah, the little affectionate familiar jests we had together — the slow talks we had, mingled with confident quietness: must it all have come to naught? Have the words all gone like frosty breath into the air? Is there nothing, nothing, and never to be anything? Can such a past just die, and have no consequent, as in a desert a call that was not answered and that dies away forever? And you? You will meantime be happy. Never say not — I knew it long ago. Do I wish it? Not now, not yet. But I shall wish it, in better and larger moments. Then I will wish you only your own heart's desire; hoping nothing, only that some day in some far-off world I may stand near, if unseen, and see your gladness, and be so pure at last that I shall be glad in that alone.

Farewell — and remember — best, oh most best — believe it.

ANNE S.

IV.

A SECOND LETTER.

TO MY FRIEND THAT WAS MINE, W. S.

It was a silly letter that I wrote before: such as women will still be writing, when they use their wits to follow their feeling, not to lead it. It was a true letter, too, for I meant it all; but this it would have been wiser to mean: *Imprimis* — Lovers still love most hotly when they are long apart. How rede you that riddle? Why, thus: we are not so perfect as the imagination bodies us out, delicately touching his colors on our image. Day by day the absent grows more beautiful, wiser, more pat to our desire. I know that through the silence I shall grow to seem to you what I am not. But look not back from your path. I know your needs. I can foretell what your nature is capable to answer to. You are only right when you cut loose from a past that had no out-

look. Among a thousand things unattainable to my nature belongs your life. If ever aspiration flags, and memory goes feeling backward after old illusions, appeal from rosy fancy to daylight fact. Let us think of each other as we would in the commonplace life of the house. Whatever in feature or form is insignificant, whatever in the disposition is harsh and untunable, whatever in the mind is incapable, — these we must see, if we would see the very truth; the little jangles of life as well the joys; the self-seeking, the indolences, the animal solicitations that are mixed with all our clay. Not in order that we may hate each other; but to take that cheerful and reasonable view that leaves the heart light and the mind clear. So might we be comrades, — taking and giving what help we can; nor blind to the better looks of comelier persons, nor to the freshness of younger ones, nor the vigor of halier ones, the wit of sprightlier ones, the deeper plummet of wiser ones.

So may each love only as Cordelia said she loved: "So much as you are, so much as you are worth withal."

We were not worthy to live together if we are not able to live well apart.

It doth spoil life's reasonableness when the overflowing heart must e'en flood the brain and blur its clarity. I am content, in one regard, if my lover's passion goes away from me, drawn, like a flame in the wind, toward another, if only it carry away the veil of illusion through which my lover saw me. I would that we knew each other at last, in true light and shadow, with all our lack and ails, nothing extenuated, and yet all seen as by a kindly comrade. And you that went from my arms as a cold and merely friendly lover will come back to my hands a warm and loving friend. If the years pass heavily, it is no matter: they will bring that day. If they pass swiftly and hasten on old age, it is no matter: they will bring that day. And for that I wait.

A. S.

MISS INGELOW AND MRS. WALFORD.

THERE appears to be a peculiar and perennial fascination, for people of our race at least, about the novel of English life as such. We Americans feel it with especial force, perhaps, just as we feel the fascination of the actual English life, because there we find people altogether such as ourselves, — our next of spiritual and intellectual kin, speaking our language, informed with our instincts, moved by our own very sentiments and aspirations, and all firmly based upon stable (or seemingly stable) social conditions, surrounded by a mellow and harmonious environment, with a background of landscape as appropriate to the figures that move in it as the austere hills, pure skies, and feathery

trees of Perugino to his abstracted saints, or the rose and golden atmosphere of Venice, to ducal *fêtes* and ecclesiastical processions. We are hard at work among ourselves just now, expending a huge amount of energy and talent, in trying to prove that we also, in America, have a distinct school of fiction; trying to make finished pictures out of the great mass we undoubtedly have of new and striking, but heterogeneous and unclassified material. It is of no use; we can but make sketches as yet, and jot down *memoirs pour servir*. Crystals do not readily form in a boiling liquid. Life must be still for an instant, at least, before it can be even successfully photographed.

But after all, our appetite for English fiction, though seemingly more accountable, is hardly more omnivorous than that of the English themselves. It is doubtful whether any known method of computation would suffice accurately to estimate the number of three-volume novels which issue from the British press in the course of a single year. Those which are caught up and reproduced by our shrewd raiders constitute but a small fraction of the whole. I had once the honor of being conducted by a great scholar through the Bodleian Library; not the noble and charming old reading-room, with its venerable alcoves and beautiful ceiling, but that vast magazine of letters which lies below it. The Bodleian, as the reader knows very well, is one of two or three great libraries, which claim, for reasons best known to themselves, a copy of every published book. Accordingly, after following our *Savio gentile* through broad realms of science and long reaches of history, through the halls appropriated to the immortalities of Greece and Rome, and those others consecrated to that lore of the Orient which he himself has done so much to illuminate and impart, we came upon a sort of *terrain vague* of seemingly illimitable extent, entirely occupied by the English novels, mostly in three volumes, of the last twenty or thirty years. What a limbo! There they swarmed: in triple rows upon the walls, and crowded stacks upon the floors; their backs brave with gold, their sides clad in all the colors of the spectrum, and reflecting amusingly enough the fluctuations of fashion in hue, from the crude blues, arsenic greens, and sickly *groseilles* of the Second Empire, through a brief period of brazen Bismarck brown, to the dim tints of the æsthetic revival. But their bravery did but intensify their obscurity. Titles and names of authors were alike unknown to fame. This innumerable multitude of fine new books was as the leaves of

last year's forest, or the uncounted dust of what Mr. Fitzgerald calls "yesterday's ten thousand years."

Nevertheless, as the depth of the leaf-mould measures in some sort the vigor of the forest, so this enormously excessive supply of a certain class of light reading is, in itself, indicative of an immense demand. "The many fail, the few succeed;" therefore where the many succeed, what wonder if an infinite number fail? It must needs be; so I said to myself at the time, as we traversed those gayly lined catacombs, and so I have often reflected since, that all those three-volume futilities aimed, at least, at depicting the sort of life which is fullest of interest, the dearest, most *intime*, most desirable of all, to the nations comprising the greatest readers (I do not say the greatest students) in the world.

And so it is; and the fact is to our race's credit, upon the whole. For the truer the art, the more sympathetic and impartial the temper of the would-be dramatist of that English life the very thought of which gives *des vapeurs* to the ordinary Gaul, the more likely he will be to picture a state of society founded upon veracity and braced by honor, enlivened by humor and by varied intellectual interests, refined by a sincere humanity, and sweetened by an undercurrent of simple and unfeigned religion. Grief and crime he will treat—since treat of them he must, and extensively, in any complete picture of any known society—with a just seriousness and delicacy; with a certain grave frankness also, since the one thing of which he is constitutionally and utterly incapable is the innuendo. If this should seem too optimistic a view to the inveterate reader of a certain sensational class of modern English novels, let him reflect how very ephemeral, if intense, for the moment, is the interest of those productions; what need their authors feel, to put them forth in rapid succes-

sion ; and how truly what we have said applies, in the main, to the work of the greatest artists of all, and to the large majority of the classics of English fiction : to Richardson and Scott and Miss Austen ; to Dickens and Thackeray ; to George Eliot and John Shorthouse. Let him compare, but for a moment, the kind and degree of emotion with which he read for the first time, and has often, it may be, re-read, the tale of the fall of Effie Deans, or the fate of Hetty Sorrel, or the flight with her early lover of Barnes Newcome's unhappy wife, with the complex sentiments which are evidently required of him in view of the ordeal of Richard Feverel and the sacrifice of Miss Brown, and he will see clearly what we mean by insisting upon the plain manliness and moral simplicity of legitimate English fiction of the highest order. Its cleanliness is fundamental ; the sources of its most enduring interest all open, and therefore innocent.

Just at present, however, we have no concern with the very great masters, except by way of indicating the tone which they have happily given to a very extensive literature. There are plenty of those of the second and even third order, to whose modest art we are indebted for an incalculable amount of cheerful solace and wholesome amusement. A little while ago we had occasion to consider the voluminous and varied productions of Mrs. Oliphant ; and since then our attention has been directed to the work of two other English female novelists of moderate pretension, but, as it seems to us, of very marked merit, — to Jean Ingelow and the marvelously clever author of *Mr. Smith and The Baby's Grandmother*.

They both belong to what may be called the school of Miss Austen ; that is to say, they rely for the interest of their work on the minute study of certain frequent and probable, nay, in some cases, flagrantly commonplace

types of character ; and on the homely but harmonious accessories, and (with certain exceptions in Miss Ingelow's case, to be noted hereafter) the natural and unforced combinations, and evolutions, and eventualities of the every-day life of English gentlefolk and their dependents. They are essentially feminine writers both, seldom taxing their powers with the effort to depict scenes which must, almost of necessity, lie outside the range of a lady's experience. When a woman does this successfully, — witness George Eliot's ale-house and election scenes, and hundreds in the works of that other great George, across the Channel, and many even in those of Mrs. Oliphant, — it constitutes one of the most signal proofs of exceptional power. When she tries it and does not succeed, she furnishes an equally signal measure of her limitations. These two show a wise modesty in usually refraining from the attempt ; although Mrs. Walford has proved that she can make men of the world talk naturally among themselves, which is, in itself, no small achievement for any woman.

Miss Ingelow has always seemed to us to suffer, as a novelist, from the obstinate reluctance of the world to accord to any individual the possession of more than one kind of ability. Do we not all naturally take it as a sort of impertinence or affront, — at the least, as evidence of a very grasping disposition, — when one who has fairly established his claim to the honors of a certain specialty asks for our suffrages in a new direction ? Miss Ingelow was a poet, — a minor poet to be sure, but extremely popular as such. Perhaps none but minor poets are ever largely popular in their own day. It must be secretly grievous to a man of the highest poetic aims and sensibilities to have produced poems as widely read and universally admired as *Hiawatha* or *The Light of Asia* ! Miss Ingelow, however, had opened a

slender vein of poesy which was all her own. She had written a few ballads and lyrics which had instantly found their place, and will probably always retain it, in all standard collections of the gems of English song. She had developed a certain originality of rhyme and rhythm, and had shown a graceful command of a quaint, sometimes a trifle too quaint, English vocabulary. It was this which secured her the honor of poor Fly-Leaf Calverley's most delightful raillery, but she shared that honor with the Laureate and Mr. Browning, which might, one would think, have contented anybody.

But Miss Ingelow was not content. She tried her hand at children's tales, and produced, in *Mopsa the Fairy*, a really charming fantasy, where many of the best qualities of her poetry were found allied to a certain artless charm of transparent and direct prose diction, — where indeed some of her most exquisite poetical bits first appeared, as captions to the chapters, or songs sung by the characters. Her first attempts at the portrayal of actual English life were less successful. They may be found in a small volume characteristically entitled *Studies for Stories*, curious and interesting chiefly as revealing the serious and systematic manner in which Miss Ingelow went to work to win her laurels in prose fiction. These little sketches are exactly what they profess to be, — studies: conscientious efforts at the delineation of separate figures; attentive observation of salient characteristics, with usually an effort, a little too pronounced and palpable, at deducing a moral from their interaction. The lady was evidently bent on mastering an untried art, and was not in the least shy about letting the public perceive the humility of her first attempts. Several years — as many as seven or eight at the least — must have elapsed between the publication of these preliminary sketches and the appear-

ance of Miss Ingelow's first novel proper, *Off the Skelligs*. It was immediately evident that her studies had borne fruit. The opening chapters of *Off the Skelligs* possess an entirely fresh and quite extraordinary charm. The childhood of Tom and Dorothea Graham is less profoundly studied, no doubt, than that of Tom and Maggie Tulliver, but it is in a wholly different *genre*, and what with the quaintness of the juvenile types portrayed, and the exceptional character of their surroundings, it is hardly less fascinating in its way than that immortal chronicle. The picture of those two precocious but perfectly simple, babyish, and unconscious mites of humanity — Snap and Missy, the boy of eight and the girl of six — declaiming scenes from Shakespeare in their nursery, and wrangling over the rules of a universal language of their own invention, is altogether captivating. They had a literary mother, poor things, who was endeavoring to make money by her pen, shut up in the solemn and inviolable privacy of a remote chamber; and we feel a lively sympathy with the superstitious emotions of the nurse, who found "something awful in their play-acting," and with the consternation of the successive tutors who were engaged to superintend this untimely intellectual development, and of whom the varying degrees of dismay are most amusingly described: —

"In due time the tutor made his appearance. He came in with sufficient assurance. He heard us read — we lisped horribly. He saw us write — our writing was dreadful. He seemed a good youth enough. That he was very young was evident; we had been told that he had just left King's College, London. So we treated him with great deference, and whatsoever he did, we admired. Thus, when he whistled while mending our pens, and when he cut his initials on the wooden desk, we thought these acts proofs of superiority.

He, however, did not seem as well pleased with us, for he had encouraged us to talk that he might discover what we knew, and he shortly began to look hot, uncomfortable, and perplexed.

"Finally he remarked that it was time to 'shut up shop,' asked if there were any rabbits on the common, and affably decreed that we might come out with him and show him about.

"Off we all set, first to the mill for a dog, then to the heath, when finding our new friend gracious and friendly, we shortly began to chatter, and explain various things to him, and to argue with one another.

"At last we sat down. Our tutor sank into silence, whistled softly, and stared from one of us to the other. Snap, in the joy of his heart, was describing our new language, and—oh, audacious act!—was actually asking him whether he would like to learn it.

"Not a word did he say, but a sort of alarm began to show itself in his face; and at length, at the end of a sharp argument between us, he started up and exclaimed, 'I say! there's something wrong here—a child of six and talk about a strong preterite! Good gracious!'

"So I tell her,' said Snap. 'She ought to know better than to expect all our verbs to have strong preterites.'

"Come home, young ones,' said our tutor.

"We rose, and he set off at a steady pace; we sneaked behind, aware that something was wrong. We wondered why he went so fast, for he was evidently tired and often wiped his forehead with his handkerchief.

"At the cottage door he met my mother. 'I hope you have had a pleasant walk,' she said.

"Oh, yes, thank you! at least—not exactly. It's—it's *not exactly what I expected.*'"

And he left on the following day. The successor of this craven youth was

not so easily routed. He was, as it afterward appeared, hopelessly in love with the squire's daughter, and so had a personal motive for lingering in that forsaken neighborhood.

"Enter new tutor, introduced by my mother,—a tall cheerful young man, followed by two dogs. His countenance expressed great amusement, and when mamma had retired, he looked at us both with considerable attention, while his dogs lay panting at his feet with their tongues out.

"As for me, I was dreadfully abashed, and felt myself to be a kind of impostor, who must carefully conceal what I was, or the new tutor would run away.

"Come here,' said the new tutor to Snap, 'and let the little fellow come, too. Oh, she's a girl, I remember. Well, come here, both of you, and let me see what you are like. You, number one, I suppose, are at the head of this class?'

"Yes, sir,' said Snap.

"What's your name, youngster?'

"Tom Graham, sir.'

"Now, you just look at me, will you. I hear you are a very extraordinary little chap. I am very extraordinary myself. I shall never give double lessons when I am angry.'

"Encouraged by the gay tone of his voice, I looked up, on which he said, 'And what can you do, little one, hey?'

"Being for once abashed, I shrank behind Snap, but was pulled out by the tutor's long arm and set on his knee, while Snap, at his desire, gave an account of his acquirements and of my own.

"After this, the dogs were sent out, and the new tutor began to examine our books, and speedily won our love by the clear manner in which he explained and illustrated everything.

"In the course of the morning it came out that I did not know how to work. 'Not know how to work, and begin Greek,' he exclaimed. 'Where's the nurse? Fetch her in!'

"In came nurse, curtseying.

"'Why, Mrs. What's-your-name,' said our tutor, 'I understand that this young lady cannot work.'

"Nurse, taken by surprise, stammered out some excuse.

"'It's a very great neglect,' proceeded our tutor. 'Fetch some of your gussets and things and let her begin directly.'

"'Now, sir?' said nurse.

"'To be sure! Set her going and I'll superintend. I can thread a needle with any man.'

"'Sir, she has n't got a thimble.'

"'It is a decided thing that she must have a thimble?'

"'Oh, yes, sir, that it is.'

"Mr. Smith was discomfited by this information, but not for long. Three days after, as Snap and I were playing on the common, we saw him strolling toward us with a large parcel under his arm.

"'Come here, you atom,' he said to me. 'I have something to show you.' So I came, and crouched beside him, for he had seated himself on the grassy bank, and he had very shortly unfolded to my eyes one of the sweetest sights that can be seen by a little girl. It was a doll, a large, smiling wax doll. Beside it, he spread out several pieces of gay print and silk and ribbon. He had bought them, he said, at the town, and moreover he had bought me a thimble.

"To ask mamma's help would have been of little use, and he scorned to ask that of nurse; but, by giving his mind to the task, and making his own independent observations, he designed, *by the help of his compasses*, several garments for the doll, and these in the course of time he and I made, thereby giving exceeding satisfaction to the servants and family at the mill, who used furtively to watch his proceedings with great amusement."

The moral of this piquant scene is

not mentioned, but it is happily unmistakable. To develop consistently, and with interest, the characters of these rather abnormal little beings would seem to be about as difficult a task as a novelist could essay, but Miss Ingelow acquits herself of it, as far as the girl, at least, is concerned, triumphantly. Tom is a disappointment, but the author's art cannot be said to fail here, for so he would almost inevitably have been in real life. His brilliant boyhood had no *suite*. His marvelous mental power was accompanied by a corresponding moral weakness, which dragged him, eventually, as far behind his fellows as he had originally started in advance of them; and all that astonishing promise of his days of innocence remained but a rather heart-sickening memory. The tragedy is not striking and terrible, like that in which the lives of George Eliot's brother and sister were involved, but how true it is to common experience, and the level tenor of life's ordinary woe! Dorothea, on the other hand, becomes a very proper little heroine, without ever losing her originality or her fascination. In her learned humility and gentle audacity, her fine mixture of spirit and softness, and her almost comical unconsciousness of her own personal charms, she remains always and unmistakably, the fairy-like "Missy" of the strong preterites and the Shakespeare recitals, and one of the oddest and most engaging of all modern *ingénues*.

The preservation of her artless charm is the more remarkable, in that it is always she who tells her own and her brother's story, and that is a nice art indeed which can make a *naïf* character reflect itself without injury to its own *naïveté*. Even Dickens's Esther Summerson is priggish and self-righteous at times, but this *mignonne* Dorothea, not at all.

Miss Ingelow's poetic and dramatic powers find scope in the really thrilling description of the wreck off the

rocks from which the novel takes its name; and properly enough, since its true love-story begins then and there; but it is in depicting the daily life at Wigfield that she first fully makes good her claim to be reckoned among the vivid and successful delineators of English domesticity. Affluent without ostentation; pure, healthful, and humane; pious without austerity or pretension; courteous and generous and gay; monotonous, yet always mildly amusing, — this is that life of sweet decorum, of sobriety rather than of dullness, in which we do so well to take what seems by moments, even to ourselves, an inexplicable delight. This is that true beatitude of blameless Philistinism, equally removed from the exotic vices and the barbaric expensiveness, chronicled with so much gusto by Lord Beaconsfield and Ouida, and the fantastic tricks played before high heaven by certain small but highly conscious *coteries*, important chiefly through their impertinence, and conspicuous by their absurdity.

Miss Ingelow lingers too long over the pleasant life at Wigfield for the symmetry of her tale. There is too much about the elder brother's philanthropies and there are too many of the younger brother's jokes; yet we speak for ourselves in averring that she never positively fatigues her reader, who is glad when the course of the story returns to that quiet place, after the somewhat forced episode of the heroine's attempted labors in the London slums. The weak part of *Off the Skelligs* is its plot. That a person — even a very small and self-distrustful person — of Dorothea's delightful common sense should have engaged herself to the volatile and insignificant, though amusing Valentine, when she had really given her heart to the staid and slightly magnificent Giles is hardly to be credited, and the manner in which the true lovers of the story are involved in the misunderstanding

which delays their bliss implies even more than the elaborate imbecility usually displayed in such cases.

Miss Ingelow appears clearly to have perceived that her first novel had no proper *intrigue*, and to have resolved, come what might, to remedy this defect in her subsequent efforts. But first, she could not resist the temptation to develop a little further the fortunes of her first-born characters, for whom she had naturally conceived a lively affection, and whose existence had probably assumed for her a sort of importunate objectivity. The experiment is always a doubtful one. It cannot be said either to have failed or to have succeeded completely, in the by no means commonplace story entitled *Fated to be Free*. Once more the author's lively imagination supplies her with a novel and highly picturesque opening to her tale. She introduces a strange set of characters, living in antiquated fashion in an out-of-the-world nook, who prove, however, to have relations of the most important kind with some whom we have already seen in *Off the Skelligs*, moving in the broad daylight of every-day life. She devises a secret, which she is so anxious not to reveal prematurely that she can hardly be said ever to reveal it satisfactorily, and with the proper dramatic effect. She broaches a moral; and of all gravest questions, the one here involved is the everlastingly staggering question of the relations between necessity and free-will! This is the way in which our author looks at it, and thus offers her suggestion for the reconciliation of the irreconcilable. An unalterable destiny gives us liberty of moral choice. We are subject to fate, but to a fate which makes us to a certain extent free. Valentine, the light, sparkling, incorrigible Valentine, who would so gladly have yielded himself wholly to the swaying of circumstance, Valentine was forced to take the responsibility of his own course, to say with a categorical *yes or no*

whether he would enter upon his tempting but tainted and virtually forbidden inheritance; and clearly to perceive at the last, just as his vain young life was slipping from him, that it had been so, and that his fate had been to have his fate in his own hands. The story is a short and rather sad one, though brightened by much unforced light talk, and lively nonsense of young and happy people, but the author's genuine artistic instinct suffices to make it consistent and shapely, and, in fine, it has its charm.

By the time, however, that *Fated to be Free* was concluded, Miss Ingelow had become possessed, or so we divine, by certain definite theories about novel-making which she was impatient more fully to develop. First of all, the truism that truth is stranger than fiction seems to have impressed itself upon her mind with new and extraordinary force. She is struck, as most of us have been, at one time or another, by the notion that if we would but remember what we hear, and dared tell what we actually know, it would become apparent that strange coincidences and grotesque combinations do frequently occur even in the most ordinary and conventional lives. The most probable defect of the novel of comfortable English life is, naturally, a lack of incident; but it is possible to conceive, even within these highly proper bounds, of a situation so strange that incidents in abundance would inevitably grow out of it. Accordingly, still with the same happy and engaging carelessness about making her experiments in public, Miss Ingelow set herself resolutely, as it would seem, to conjure up situations of this kind, and did actually contrive two, which, so far as we know, had never been thought of before, and proceeded to work them out, like problems, in *Sarah de Berenger* and *Don John*.

The conception of the former is the more entirely novel. A poor woman,

of extraordinary character, the wife of a convict just transported for fourteen years, unexpectedly falls heir to a modest competence; and in order to secure it, for the benefit of her two baby girls, from the possible future claims of their worthless father, she assumes different names for herself and for them, takes the position of their servant, and brings them up as little orphan gentlefolk, of whose income, slender for their false position, although amounting to wealth for their true one, she passes for the scrupulously honest trustee. A great deal of skill is shown in the contrivance of slight chances, whereby the self-devoted author of this pious fraud is continually enabled to escape detection; and it was clever to conceive of her as aided above all, however unwittingly, by the inveterate folly and freakishness, the long pampered eccentricities, of the wealthy and addle-pated spinster who finally leaves her money to the convict's children. The drawback is that the thing was, after all, so outrageous a fraud that our gratification at its success is felt to be uncomfortably immoral. Moreover the *bizarre* central figure of *Sarah de Berenger*, though happily enough imagined, is not well developed. She just fails of being an entirely credible, and therefore legitimately amusing character. The latter part of the story, from the time when the mother is forced finally to sever herself from her children and go back to her rehabilitated convict, is very painful, but, to our thinking, very powerful also; especially in the way in which we are forced to share both the poor wife's dispassionate conviction of the reality of her wretched husband's repentance, and her invincible repugnance for his person.

The *motif* of *Don John* seems, at first sight, to be more hackneyed; but it is not so, for here we have the time-honored expedient of changing children at nurse treated in an entirely unprecedented, and yet perfectly plausible

fashion. The irresponsible young wet-nurse, whose imagination has been fired, and her light head turned, by an immense consumption of the fiction furnished by a cheap circulating library, makes, in the first instance, in mere wantonness, the experiment of substituting her own child for the one which had been confided — somewhat too unquestioningly — to her care, while a severe epidemic of scarlatina took its long course through the nursery of her employers, the Johnstones. Again a chain of curious and very creditably devised chances favor — almost necessitate — the maintenance of the deception; and at length it comes about, through the sudden death, by accident, of her accomplice in the dangerous game she had been playing, that the nurse herself is not entirely certain whether it is the Johnstone baby or her own which the family reclaim, while she is herself prostrated by severe illness. The frightened woman keeps her guilty and yet rather absurd secret for a little while, but then the miserable confession will out, and the unhappy parents who have been the victims of this enraging trick find that they can do no better than pack the unprincipled nurse off to Australia, adopt the other child, and bring up the twin boys exactly alike. The history of the growth of their characters, and the development of their fates, is a singular and affecting one. It is the best told of all Miss Ingelow's tales, — the most direct and dramatic and symmetrical; and, in short, Don John is, to our mind, an exceedingly beautiful little story; a finished and charming specimen of that minor English fiction which is often as good, from a literary point of view, as the best produced elsewhere.

As in *Fated to be Free* the author had hovered about the eternally burning questions of fate, free-will, and foreknowledge absolute, so in the obviously *recherchés* plots of Sarah de Ber-

enger and Don John, she finds scope for some curious speculations on the potency of education and the mysteries of heredity. It is a little difficult to make out her exact position; perhaps she has never fully defined it even to herself. Upon the whole, however, she would seem to make light of ancestral influences, and to intimate that the individual himself and his guardians and teachers in early years are alone responsible for his spiritual development and mundane destiny; thus reiterating her protest against those necessitarian doctrines which are commonly held so dangerously to benumb the moral sense.

It is to be observed, however, that the novelist who is born, not made, is not apt greatly to preoccupy himself with the illustration of points like these, or, other than incidentally, with any points whatever. Nor are we wont to perceive with him, as plainly as we cannot help doing in Miss Ingelow's case, the growth of the design and the machinery of construction. The other novelist whose name we have associated, and whose work we have been interested to compare with hers has, above all others, the merits of spontaneity and unconsciousness. The opening chapters, indeed, of the first of Mrs. Walford's works which created any sensation suggested the idea that she had been a very devout disciple of Miss Austen. Probably she had, but she soon proved herself a *variante* and not a copy. Mr. Smith: A Part of his Life had a flavor and a humor entirely its own. The artless vulgarities of the Hunt family could hardly have been more carefully studied or more faithfully represented by the creator of the immortal Mrs. Bennett herself; but in the conception of her hero, — the plain, modest, pious, instinctively chivalrous, and inevitably honorable English gentleman, — with the simplicity of his love, and the perfectly unconscious dis-

interestedness of his motives, Mrs. Walford gives proof of higher sympathies and deeper estimates of human nature than were often betrayed — whatever may have been felt — by her accomplished model. Lord Sauffrenden is another delightful type, not in the least romantic, or ideal, except in the fine touch, at once light and firm, with which he is drawn; and his wife is another; while the story of the vain, yet not ignoble heroine, and of her moral awakening and virtual regeneration by the brief, humble, wistful passage through her life of one thoroughly good man, is exactly as well told as possible. Indeed, excellent as is the faculty of characterization shown in Mr. Smith, and racy the humor, the most remarkable thing about the little book is a certain sober unity and masterly simplicity of method, — a resolute subordination of all details to the general design. In this respect it reminds us, even more than of Jane Austen, of that small masterpiece of George Eliot's, *Silas Marner*, and is really, in the best sense of the term, what people mean, or ought to mean, when they call a tale artistic.

Apparently, however, it is not always possible for Mrs. Walford to exercise over herself the degree of restraint which had been requisite to render the unambitious narrative of a part of Mr. Smith's life so symmetrical and so satisfying. The immediate successor of that tale, *Pauline*, was in no respect a repetition. For one thing, it abounded in scenery. Much is made, and skillfully, in the first and last parts of the story, of the local color of the Hebrides; whereas Mr. Smith had been as innocent of landscape as *Emma*, or any other novel of the pre-*Wordsworthian* school. Moreover, there was an almost passionate intensity in certain portions of *Pauline*, suggesting another, and perhaps higher order of power than any which the earlier book had revealed, —

one touching upon the veritably tragic. Still, it was unequal in its different parts, and imperfectly sustained. This book certainly had a moral. A good woman is not to marry a bad man with the vain hope of making him better. Such devotion is not useless, merely, but sinful. On this austere text, the author, in the person of her saint-like yet perfectly simple and natural heroine, not so much preaches a homily as makes a plea, — a tearful, regretful, yet inflexible plea. We recall few passages in modern fiction more seriously beautiful than the last scene vouchsafed to us of her pensive story, in which she receives the tidings — told carelessly and incidentally — of the violent end of the man she loved. She is again in her beloved Hebrides, where she had known him first. A terrible summer tempest has just swept over the islands. The devoted pastor of one or two solitary parishes, who had gone in a boat to visit a dying parishioner, had been drowned in the discharge of his humble duty, and *Pauline* is writing to a friend of the event which had deeply moved herself and all the countryside. "He died as he had lived," she was writing, and then she paused and lapsed into revery, —

"What a grand death to die! No pain, — no weary waiting for the end! He fell in his harness fighting the good fight. . . . How could I ever have thought him thrown away here? Oh, what a good man has gone to his rest! How poor, how small we grow beside such giants! We fritter away the lives that might all, with God's help, be great and glorious as his was. We clog ourselves, we forget that

'Pilgrims who travel in the narrow way
Should go as little cumbered as they may.'

"'Life, life, what is life?' murmured *Pauline*, gazing into the fathomless heavens above with dreamy eye. 'A few winters and summers, a few pains and pleasures, a single love. Ah me!

What will be the end of my love? Am I preparing to go as little cumbered as I may, or am I adding a weight to pull me down? Not yet, can I know?" —

Her brother and his gay *fiancée* break in upon her here, with abundance of light chatter and news of the day. Death and distant calamity can cast no more than a passing shadow over their exuberant spirits.

"Were there any letters?" asks Pauline at last, interrupting their badi-nage.

"No, I don't think so. I had one. I say! Poor Blundell has broken his neck riding a steeple-chase in Paris last Sunday!"

"The ink was not dry upon the sheet, under Pauline's hand. Over the words, *He died as he had lived*, her fingers hung frozen, rigid, numbed.

"Is n't it strange," said Tom, still standing in the doorway, "that we should have had the news *here*? Do you remember" — he heard Elsie calling him, and went away caressing a puppy he held in his arms.

"The paper rustled in the draught of air, for he had left the door open. A dog bayed on the hillside, and a raven croaked overhead. The room felt cold. The sunshine crept away from it. Colder still sat that motionless figure bending over the desk. A step outside — she staggered to her feet, barred the door, and had her hour of agony unseen. . . . The end was *this*."

This is admirable in its restraint. There is no parade of renunciation and consecration. The three words "a single love," written before the blow fell, contain the whole sequel of the story, and tell as plainly as pages of sentiment could have done that Pauline would be henceforth a nun without a livery or a cloister, and all that was left of her life, an unuttered prayer for the dead.

From the high finish of simple Mr. Smith, and the fervor of emotion which

she had occasionally touched in Pauline, Mrs. Walford fell suddenly, inexplicably, in her two succeeding efforts to the grade of a third or fourth rate storyteller, the triviality of whose theme is not redeemed by any very conspicuous excellence of treatment. There were amusing scenes; there was usually the charm which seems inalienable with this otherwise uncertain writer, of absolutely natural conversation; but *Cousins* was a book to be forgotten as soon as read, and *Troublesome Daughters*, meandering, as it did, through three volumes of feeble improbabilities, flatly belied the possible humor of its theme, and almost sufficed to bury in oblivion the memory even of Mr. Smith. "How soon that writer wrote herself out!" was what people thought, if they thought of Mrs. Walford at all, amid the bewildering rush of new candidates for their favor. So fully was the fact of her *fiasco* accepted that when Blackwood began publishing, some years later, an anonymous serial, with the piquant title of *The Baby's Grandmother*, and the story, which had opened well, was developed with much spirit and went on steadily deepening in interest, among the speculations which began to be rife as to its authorship, not one, so far as we remember, pointed in the right direction. The systematic and unrelenting novelist who neglects not the meanest serial, and receives with noble impartiality all that Tauchnitz sends, while thankful for the oases afforded by *The Baby's Grandmother* in the desert of his life, perceived no more than a phantasmal resemblance to some manner previously known, in the free and graceful drawing of the figures of Matilda and Letta, and the amusing incongruity of their relation as mother and child. Lady Matilda, bright, buoyant, exuberant in beauty and seemingly immortal in youth; a girl still, to all intents and purposes, at thirty-seven, although a widow; and, oh, exquisite jest of indisputable fact,

a grandmother! — an unaffected girl, too, with all a handsome girl's involuntary fascination, plus a certain tranquil and seductive splendor of perfectly mature womanhood: and side by side with this radiant mamma, her absolutely insignificant child, plain, dull, congenitally old, but insufferably self-conceited withal, resolved to be everywhere conspicuous, delivering herself in season and out of season of pages of prim platitudes, in the style so well described by the indefensible word *burbling*, and reported for the reader's benefit, as it were, stenographically, with a demure faithfulness which is in itself diverting! It seems odd, but quite natural, under the circumstances, that the godfather of the important first-born of this dismal but importunately lifelike Lotta should fall in love over the christening font with the baby's grandmother, whose home is with two bachelor brothers, both of whom adore her, and her affectionate relations with whom are charmingly depicted. Lord Overton the elder, the head of the family, is another simple, kindly, spotless English gentleman, of the Sauffrenden type; the younger, the Hon. Teddy, is a past reprobate, but a very sweet fellow, and so plainly an intellectual innocent that it is impossible to be severe upon him. The hero of the book, James Challoner, is a very real but very doubtfully agreeable person. A certain vague distrust we are made to feel of him from the very first is most cleverly imparted and managed. He reveals, however, the somewhat rare faculty of loving both greatly and tenderly; and when we are told by the author that he had himself been loved by many women before Lady Matilda's day dawned for him, we believe it readily, although doubting much whether any but her gracious and spirited self would have "had a good time" as his wife. All might have gone well, however, if the vanquished hero had not been already, unbeknown to his

new friends, affianced and on the eve of marriage with a buxom heiress of no particular charms and an inferior social position; and it is when the scene of the story changes from the easy and high-bred home-life of Overton to the great manufacturing town where the Tufnells, the parents of Challoner's betrothed, live and luxuriate in their honestly gotten gains, that Mrs. Walford's truly marvelous power of relentless realization is first fully revealed.

The heavy father and the fat, fond mother; the loud, laughing, aggressively "stylish" daughters, of whom the bride to be is one, are successively impaled like so many entomological specimens, and exhibited for us; and all the dreadful diversions of their prosperous and ambitious *monde*, depicted in detail. There is a chapter in which the arrangements are discussed for what was to be the great event of their "season," a fancy ball, from which we would gladly quote were it not a shame to divide so perfect a chrysolite. Nothing is extenuated here, and nothing overdone. In its way, it is faultless.

Good people are the Tufnells, — blameless and even bountiful, honorable also in instinct and practice, and full to overflowing of a certain demonstrative humanity; but how, even while striving to be impartial, does the author betray her detestation of them and their environment! But for this bitter grain of what we are fairly constrained to call personal despite, her searching realism might almost be compared with that of that transcendent, but as yet barely recognized genius, the Russian novelist Tolstoi, the colossal author of *La Guerre et La Paix*. Where he, however, is passionless, she is merciless. There was a trace, in her treatment of the Hunts in Mr. Smith, and of the Jermyns in Pauline, of the same fastidious aversion to the subjects of her unflinching study, — a something so nearly vicious in her unsparing accuracy, as quite to excite our

sympathy for its victims. It is as if she had a sacred *vendetta* to accomplish on virtuous vulgarity. Excellent people? Oh, heavens, yes! but odiously free and easy in their good-nature; purse-proud, yet with an uneasy jealousy of rank; their life showy, but inelegant and unlovely; their speech a misery to ears polite. What were Challoner's emotions likely to have been, when he found himself first hero and chief favorite in the Tufnell family-circle, and bound in all honor so to remain?

Not very much is said by the author on this head. She leaves the facts to speak for themselves, which they do, as we have said, pitilessly. To give the particulars of Challoner's treachery would be to forestall the interest of some who, not having yet read the story, may possibly be moved to do so, on our recommendation. Elements of tragedy are in the tale, and they are hardly less ably handled than the others. Still, as those of comedy predominate upon the whole, it is appropriate that the book should end "well" in the popular sense of the term. It need not, however, and ought not to have ended gleefully. The final union of those impassioned middle-aged lovers cost two lives, and, on the part of the heroine, at least, a terrible process of disillusion. They might have accepted one another after all this, and lived in what passes for content; but that they should have done so without many a sad and bitter

reflection, wholly without remorse, in fact, but rather in the spirit of childish and almost silly delight which pervades the last chapter, is a supposition inconsistent with the alleged depth of their natures, and even belies the scope of their intelligence. Mrs. Walford is never secure when she lets herself go. She should be always cool, collected, moderate, watchful, as in Mr. Smith. The moment she yields unreservedly to emotion, even her own private and natural emotion toward her own characters, her art breaks down. It is a curious fact, moreover, that the moral of The Baby's Grandmother, so far as it has one, precisely contradicts the moral of Pauline. Lady Matilda takes Challoner in the end, at the earnest insistence of the sensible and sympathetic Overton, confessedly to save him from going utterly to the bad.

It would appear, therefore, that this highly endowed but unequal writer has not even yet acquired the full command of her really noble powers. While Miss Ingelow furnishes an instance of a slender and somewhat artificial talent, carefully cherished and scientifically developed to its utmost capacity, in Mrs. Walford we observe the irregular action of a larger power, of which the possessor herself appears but fitfully conscious, but of which the perfect exercise would place her name very near the head of the list of female writers of fiction now living.

Harriet Waters Preston.

THE CONSTANT FRIEND.

BENEATH the green, unfolding leaves,
In rosy dawning day,
I stood and looked to east and west
To find which way would suit me best,
And north and south, and east and west,
I looked to find the way.

The bells rang through the sunny air,
 The May buds opened fresh and fair,
 The birds were singing everywhere,
 And I was young and gay.
 I saw around on every side
 The many winding paths divide,
 And wrapt in wonder, grand and wide
 The earth before me lay.

I clapped my hands and laughed and cried
 To all the birds and butterflies.
 "Now who will be my friend and guide
 And always with me stay?"
 Then from the green, unfolding leaves
 Love's eyes upon me shone.
 His voice with spring-time's promise swelled,
 And all the sweet May morning held;
 His voice with spring-time's promise swelled
 In rippling crystal tone.

"T is I will be thy constant friend,
 From first to last, from end to end,
 Be with thee all the way.
 I'll sing for thee when birds are fled,
 I'll bloom for thee when flowers are dead;
 My radiant warmth around me shed
 Shall make December May.
 My voice divine shall still thy fears,
 My sunbeams shine in all thy tears,
 My blessings night and day
 Make good to thee the cold world's scorn,
 And set a rose on every thorn,
 And from thy pathway rough and long
 Roll every stone away."

This Love did say — did say to me,
 When I was young and gay.

.

Beneath the brown and falling leaves
 I watch the fading day.
 I've wandered far through east and west,
 Whichever way did seem the best;
 And north and south, and east and west,
 In many a winding way.
 Dull clouds obscure the autumn skies,
 Gone are the birds and butterflies,
 Forlorn and bare the wide earth lies,
 And I am old and gray.

The song is out, the race is run,
 And dark the night is drawing on :
 From lonesome plains the north wind's moan
 Is sounding in my ear.
 But constant friend from first to last,
 Though every star be overcast,
 Love stands beside me firm and fast,
 And nought have I to fear.

He wraps me in his mantle warm,
 He keeps away the cold and storm,
 His kind cares never cease.
 His gentle, soothing fingers spread
 A pillow neath my weary head,
 He fills my age with peace.
 He sang for me when birds were flown,
 He bloomed for me when flowers were gone,
 He made December May.
 And let my griefs be what they might,
 Each tear still held his sunbeam's light ;
 His blessings night and day
 Made good to me the cold world's scorn,
 And set a rose on every thorn,
 And from my pathway rough and long
 Rolled every stone away.

This Love did do — did do to me,
 And I am old and gray.

Kathleen Wright.

THE PROPHET OF THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS.

XV.

It was not so dreary in the dark depths of the cavern as in the still white world without ; and the constable of the district, one Ephraim Todd, found the flare of the open furnace and the far-reaching lights, red among the glooms, and a perch on an empty barrel, and the warm generousities of the jug a genial transition. Nevertheless he protested.

"You-uns oughter be plumb 'shamed, Pete," he said, "ter toll me hyar, an' me a off'cer o' the law."

"Ye hev been hyar often afore, the Lord above knows," asseverated Pete, "an' ye needed mighty little tollin'."

"But I war n't a off'cer o' the law, then," said the constable, wrestling with his official conscience. "An' I hev tuk a oath an' am under bonds. An' hyar I be a-consortin' with law-breakers, an' 't ain't becomin' in a off'cer o' the law."

"Ye ain't tuk no oath, nor entered into no bonds ter keep yer throat ez dry ez a lime-kiln," retorted Pete. "Jes' take a swig at that thar jug an' hand it over hyar, will ye, an' hold yer jaw."

Thus readily the official conscience,

never rampant, was pacified. The constable had formerly been, as Pete said, an *habitué* of the place, but since his elevation to office he had made himself scarce, in deference to the promptings of that newly acquired sense of dignity and propriety. Should some chemical process obliterate for a time a leopard's spots, consider the satisfaction of the creature to find himself once more restored to his natural polka-dots; and such was the complacency of the constable, with his artificial conscience evaporated and his heart mottled with its native instincts of good and evil. He was glad to be back in the enjoyment of the affluent hospitalities of the moonshiner's jug.

He was a big, portly fellow, hardly more symmetrical than the barrel upon which he was seated. He had an inexhaustible fund of good humor, and was not even angry when Pete, in sheer contrariety, told him the reason for his enticement to the still. He said he would be glad enough if Rick Tyler could swear out anything that would benefit the parson, and declared that he believed only Micajah Green's malice could have compassed his incarceration.

"'Cajah inquired o' me whar this place war, Pete," he said, "a-purtendin' like he hed been hyar wunst. But I jes' tole him 't war ez safe ez a unhatched deedie in a aig — an' I batted my eye, jes' so, an' he shet up purty quick."

The gleam from the furnace door showed Pete's own light gray eyes intently staring at the visitor, but he said nothing and the matter passed.

When the constable's heart was warmed by the brush whiskey he understood the sensation as happiness, and he translated happiness as a religious excitement. He had a maudlin tendency as he talked about the parson, who, he declared, had led him to grace, and he recited some wonderful stories of religious experience, tending to illustrate his present righteousness and the depths

of iniquity from which he had been redeemed. Pete's perversity operated to curtail these. "That's a fac'!" he would heartily assent; "ye useter be one o' the meanes' men on these hyar mountings!" Or "Grace hed a mighty wrastle with Satan in yer soul. I dunno whether he air cast out *yit*!"

The constable — his big owlish head askew — was embarrassed by these manœuvres, and presently the talk drifted to the subject of the parson's spiritual defection. This he considered a mental aberration.

"Hi Kelsey," he said, "war always more or less teched in the head. I hev noticed — an' ye may sot it down ez a true word — ez ev'y man ez air much smarter 'n other men in some ways, in other ways air foolisher. He mought prophesy one day, an' the nex' ye would n't trest him ter lead a blind goose ter water. He air smarter 'n enny man I ever see — Pa'son Kelsey air. Thar's Brother Jake Tobin ain't got haffen his sense; an' yit nobody can't say ez Brother Jake ain't sensible."

The philosopher upon the barrel, as he made this nice distinction, gazed meditatively into the bed of live coals that flung its red glare on his broad flushed countenance and wide blinking eyes. It revealed the others, too: the old man's hard, lined, wrinkled visage and his stalwart supple frame; Pete, with his long tangled hair, his pipe between his great exposed teeth; Ab, filling the furnace with wood, and as he bent down to look in, his ragged beard moved by the hot breath of the fire; the big-boned, callow Sol, with his petulant important face; and Ben in the dim background tossing the sticks over to Ab from the gigantic wood-pile. They fell with a sharp sound, and the cave was full of their multiplied echoes. The men as they talked elevated their voices so as to be heard.

Ab was rising from his kneeling posture. He closed the furnace door, and as it clashed he thought for an instant

he was dreaming. In that instant he saw Pete start up suddenly with wild, distended eyes, and with a leveled pistol in his hand. The next moment Ab knew what it meant. A sharp report — and a jet of red light, projected from the muzzle of the weapon, revealed a group of skulking, unfamiliar figures stealthily advancing upon them. The return fire was almost instantaneous, and was followed by multitudinous echoes and a thunderous crash that thrilled every nerve. The darkness was filled with the clamors of pandemonium, for the concussion had dislodged from the roof a huge fragment of rock, weighing doubtless many tons. The revenue raiders lagged for a moment, confused by the overwhelming sound, the clouds of stifling dust, and the eerie aspect of the place. They distinguished a sharp voice presently, crying out some imperative command, and after that there was no more resistance from the moonshiners. They had disappeared as if the earth had swallowed them.

The intruders were at a loss. They could not pursue and capture the men in the dark. If the furnace door were opened they would be targets in the glare for the lurking moonshiners in the glooms beyond. It did not at once occur to them that the cave had another outlet, until, as the echoes of the fallen fragment grew faint, they heard far away a voice crying out, "Don't leave me!" and the mocking rocks repeating it with their tireless mimicry.

It was the constable. He never forgot that agonized retreat down those unknown black depths. He was hardly able to keep pace with his swifter fellows, falling sometimes, and being clutched to his feet rudely enough, as they pressed on in a close squad; feeling now and then the sudden wing of a bat against his face and interpreting it as the touch of a human pursuer; sometimes despairing, as they scrambled through a long, low, narrow passage,

scarcely wide enough for the constable's comfortable fatness. Then it was that fear descended upon him with redoubled force, and he would exclaim in pity of his plight, "An' me a off'cer o' the law!" He impeded their flight incalculably, but to their credit be it said the lighter weights had never a thought of deserting their unfortunate guest despite the danger of capture and the distress of mind induced by the loss of their little "all." The poor constable fitted some of the tube-like passages like the pith in the bark, and as he was at last drawn, pallid, struggling, his garments in shreds, from an aperture of the cave in a dense untrodden jungle of the laurel, he again piteously exclaimed, "An' me a off'cer o' the law!"

There was little leisure to meditate upon his degraded dignity. He followed the example of the moonshiners, and ran off through the laurel as fleetly as a fat man well could.

The raiders showed excellent judgment. They offered no pursuit down those dark and devious underground corridors. Acquiring a sense of security from the echoes growing ever fainter and indicative of lengthening distances, they presently opened the furnace door, and by the aid of the flare cut the tubs and still to pieces, destroyed the worm, demolished the furnace, and captured in triumph sundry kegs and jugs of the illicit whiskey. There was a perfunctory search for the distillers at the log-cabin on the mountain slope. But the officers made haste to be off, for the possibility of rally and recapture is not without parallel facts in the annals of moonshining.

Perhaps the mountain wilds had never sheltered a fiercer spirit than old Groundhog Cayce when he ventured back into his den and stood over the ruins of his scanty fortunes, — the remnants of the still: the furnace, a pile of smoking stones and ashes and embers; the worm in spiral sections; the

tubs half burnt, riven in pieces, lying about the ground. The smoke was still dense overhead and the hot stones were sending up clouds of steam. It was as well, perhaps, since the place would never again be free from inspection, that it could not be used as it once was. The great fragment of rock, fallen from the roof, lay in the course of the subterranean stream, and the water, thus dammed, was overflowing its channel and widely spreading a shallow flood all along the familiar ground. It was rising. He made haste to secure the few articles overlooked by the raiders: a rifle, a powder-horn on one of the ledges that served as shelf, a bag of corn, the jovial jug. And for the last time he crept through the narrow portal and left the cavern to the dense darkness, to the floating smoke, to the hissing embers, and the slow rising of the subterranean springs.

For days he nursed his wrath as he sat upon the cabin porch beneath the yellow gourds and the purple blooms of the Jack-bean, and gazed with unseeing eyes at the wide landscape before him. The sky was blue in unparalleled intensity. The great "bald" towered against it in sharp outlines, in definite symmetry, in awful height. The forests were aflame with scarlet boughs. The balsams shed upon the air their perfumes, so pervasive, so tonic, that the lungs breathed health and all the benignities of nature. The horizon seemed to expand, and the exquisite lucidity of the atmosphere revealed vague lines of far away mountains unknown to the limitations of less favored days. In the woods the acorns were dropping, dropping, all the long hours. The yellow sunshine was like a genial enthusiasm, quickening the pulses and firing the blood. The hickory trees seemed dyed in its golden suffusions, and were a lustrous contrast to the sombre pine, or the dappled maple, or the vivid crimson of the black-gum. But the future

of the year was a narrowing space; the prospects it had brought were dwarfed in the fulfillment, or were like an empty clutch at the empty air. And winter was afoot; ah, yes, the tenderest things were already dead,—the flowers and the hopes,—and the splendid season cherished in its crimson heart a woeful premonition. And thus the winds, blowing where they listed, sounded with a melancholy cadence; and the burnished yellow sheen was an evanescent light; and the purple haze, vaguely dropping down, had its conclusive intimations in despite that it loitered.

Dorinda, with her hands folded too, sat much of the time in dreary abstraction on the step of the porch, looking down at the yellowed cornfield which she and Rick ploughed on that ecstatic June morning. How long ago it seemed! Sometimes above it, among the brown tassels, there hovered in the air a cluster of quivering points of light against the blue mountain opposite, as some colony of gossamer-winged insects disported themselves in the sunshine. And the crickets were shrilling yet in the grass. She saw nothing, and it would be hard to say what she thought. In the brilliancy of her youthful beauty—a matter of linear accuracy and delicate chiseling and harmonious coloring, for nature had been generous to her—it might seem difficult to descry a likeness to the wrinkled and weather-beaten features of her father's lowering face, as he sat in his chair helplessly brooding upon his destroyed opportunities. But there was a suggestion of inflexibility in both: she had firm lines about her mouth that were hard in his; the unflinching clearness of her eyes was a reflection of the unflinching boldness of his. Her expression in these days was so set, so stern, so hopeless that one might have said she looked like him. He beheld his ruined fortunes; she, her bereft heart.

Amos James, one day, as he stood on

the porch, saw this look on her face. She was leaning on her folded arms in the window hard by. She had spoken to him as absently and with as mechanical a courtesy as the old moonshiner at the other end of the porch. He came up close to her. It was a wonderful contrast to the face she had worn when they talked, that day at the spring, of Rick Tyler's escape. With the quickened intuition of a lover's heart he divined the connection.

"Ye hain't kep' yer promise, D'rindy," he said, in a low tone.

"What promise?" she demanded, rousing herself and knitting her brows as she looked at him.

"Ye 'lowed ye'd let me know ef ever ye kem ter think less o' Rick Tyler."

Her eyes, definitely angry, flashed upon him.

"Ye shan't profit by it," she declared.

And so he left her, still leaning in the vine-framed window, the lilac blossoms of the Jack-bean drooping until they touched her black hair.

Rick Tyler was dismayed by the result of his jealousy and the strange "lesson" that Dorinda had learned. He found her inflexible. She reminded him sternly of the conditions of her promise and that he had failed. And when he protested that he was jealous because he loved her so, she said she valued no love that for her sake grudged a word, not in generosity, but in simple justice, to liberate an innocent man in the rigors of a terrible doom. And when at this man's very name he was seized with his accustomed impetuous anger, she looked at him with a cool aloof scrutiny that might have expressed a sheer curiosity. It bewildered and tamed him. He had never heard of a Spartan. He only thought of her as immovable, and as infinitely remote from his plane, as the great dome of the mountain. He remembered that she had always softened to his misfortunes, and he talked of how he had suffered. But she said

that was all over now, and he had been "mighty lucky." He sought to appeal to her in her own behalf, and reminded her how she had loved him through it all, how she would have married him, despite the fierce pursuit of the law. She had loved him; he would not forget that.

"No," she said, drearily. "I never loved ye. I loved what I thunk ye war. But ye war n't that — nuthin' like it! Ye war suthin' else. I war jes' in love with my own foolishness."

Poor Dorinda! Alas, for the fair ideals! these things are transient.

He went away at last, indignant and amazed. Once he thought of offering to make the affidavit, not cognizant of its fatal defect, and then the conviction took hold upon him that this melancholy was her deep disappointment because she loved the man she sought to aid. And sometimes he could not believe he had lost her heart. And yet when he would go back, her dull indifference to his presence would convince him alike that he was nought to her now and that he had been supplanted.

His contradictions of feeling began to crystallize into a persistent perversity. He took pleasure in denying the story she had told of his escape, and many people hardly knew which version to believe. He congratulated Brother Jake Tobin one evening at the cabin on having turned Hi Kelsey out of the church, and called him a wolf in sheep's clothing. And then for his pains he was obliged to listen to her defense of the absent man; she declared the parson was like one of the prophets, like some man in the Bible. As to that confession he had made in the church, "'t war plain he war out'n his head." Meantime Brother Jake Tobin discreetly bent his attention upon the honey and fried chicken on the supper table, and Rick Tyler fumed in silence.

After the news of the *nolle prosequi* Rick went about the mountain with his

former large liberty. His step-brothers were desirous of obliterating his recollection of their avoidance, and made him a present of several head of cattle and some hogs. He lived at home among them, and began to have prospects for the future. He was planning with the younger Cayces to start a new still, for a region is particularly safe for that enterprise immediately after a visit from the revenue officers, their early return being improbable. And he talked about a house-raising while the weather held fine and before snow. "I'm a-thinkin' 'bout gittin' married, Pete, ter a gal over yander ter the Settlemint," he said, looking for the effect on Dorinda. She was as silent, as stern, as listless as ever. And but for the sheer futility of it he might have fallen to upbraiding her and protesting and complaining as of yore, and repudiated the mythical "gal at the Settlemint."

All the leaves were falling. Crisp and sere, they carpeted the earth and fled before the wind. They seemed in some wise to illumine the slopes as they lay in long yellow vistas under the overhanging black boughs. Many a nest was revealed, — empty, swinging on the bare limb. The mountains near at hand were sad and sombre, the stark denuded forests showing the brown ground among the trees, and great jutting crags, and sterile stretches of outcropping rocks, and fearful abysmal depths of chasms — and streams, too, madly plunging. All the scene was stripped of the garb of foliage, and the illusion of color, and the poetry of the song birds and the flowers. More distant ranges were of a neutral vagueness, and further still they seemed a nebulous gray under a gray sky. When the sun shone they were blue — a faint, unreal blue, a summer souvenir clinging to the wintry landscape like some youthful trait continued in a joyless age.

For it was November, and the days were drear.

About this time an excited rumor suddenly prevailed that Parson Kelsey had returned to the Great Smoky Mountains. It was widely discredited at first, but proved to be authorized by Gid Fletcher, who was himself just back from Shaftesville, where he had been to testify in the trial for the rescue of Rick Tyler. A story of discomfiture he retailed, and he seemed ill at ease and prone to lay much blame on Rick, whose perverse circulation of diverse accounts of the escape had greatly unnerved him before his journey, and prevented the prosecution from summoning Rick as a witness, if indeed he would have permitted himself to be served with the subpoena. The judge was testy in trying the case and charged the jury in favor of the prisoner; after the verdict of acquittal he stated indignantly that there had been practically no evidence against the defendant, and that it was a marked instance of the indifference or ignorance of the committing magistrate and the grand jury that such a case of flagrant malice could get beyond them and into the jurisdiction of the court. Gid Fletcher solaced himself by telling how Green played the fool on the stand, when the judge snarled at him, and contradicted himself and cut a "mighty pore figger." "Though ez ter that, the pa'son riz up an' reviled both me an' 'Cajah in open court," said Fletcher. "'Pears like he hed read the Bible so constant jes' ter l'arn ev'y creepy soundin' curse ez could be called down on the heads o' men. An' somebody said ter the jedge arterward ez he oughter fine pa'son fur contempt o' court. An' the jedge 'lowed he war n't a statute; he hed some human natur in him, an' he wanted me an' 'Cajah ter hear the truth spoke one time."

The blacksmith declared, too, that he was "fairly afeard o' pa'son" and his fierce threats of revenge, and was glad enough that they were not obliged to make the journey together, for he, having a horse, had ridden, while the par-

son had been constrained to walk. "I reckon he 's hyar by this time," Fletcher said to Nathan Hoodendin, "but I ain't a-hankerin' ter meet up with him agin. He's more like a wild beastis 'n a man; ter see him cut his blazin' eye aroun' at ye, ye 'd 'low ez he 'd never hearn o' grace!"

The snow came with Kelsey. One day, when the dull dawn broke, the white flakes were softly falling — silent, mysterious, ghostly invasion of the wild wintry air and the woods. All adown chasms and ravines, unexplored and unknown, the weird palpitating motion animated the wide and desert spaces. The ground was deeply covered; the drifts filled the hollows; they burdened the crests of the jutting crags and found a lodgment in all the fissures of their dark and rugged faces. The white lines on the bare black boughs served to discriminate their sylvan symmetry. Vague solemnities pervaded the silent marshaling of these forces of Nature. The wind held its breath. An austere hush lay upon the chilled world. The perspective had its close limitations and the liberties of vision were annulled. Only the wild things were abroad; but the footprints of the rabbit or the deer were freshly filled, and the falling snow seemed to possess the world. When it ceased at last it lay long on the ground, for the cold continued. And the wilderness was sheeted and still.

There were presently visible occasional ruts winding in and out among the trees, marking the course of the road and the progress of some adventurous wagon and ox-team, — sometimes, too, the hoof-prints of a saddle-horse. One might easily judge how few of the mountaineers had ventured out since the beginning of the "cold snap." These marks were most numerous in front of the log-house where Hiram Kelsey and his uncle and the two old men sat around the fire. There was a prevalent curiosity as to how the parson had endured

the double humiliation of imprisonment and being cast out of the church. They were hardly prepared for the tempestuous fury which animated him upon the mention of the prosecution and the witnesses' names. But when hesitating inquiries were propounded by those of his visitors disposed to controversy, — seeking to handle his heresies and gauge his infidelity, — he would fall from the ecstasies of rage to a dull despondency.

"I dunno," he would say, looking into the heart of the red fire. "I can't sati'fy my mind. Some things in the Bible air surely set contrariwise. I can't argyfy on 'em. But thar's one thing I kin *feel* — Christ the Lord liveth. An' sometimes that seems doctrine enough. An' mebbe some day I'll find Him."

A thaw came on, checked by a sudden freeze. He thought it as cold as ever one afternoon about sunset as he trudged along the road. He saw a tiny owl, perched in a cedar tree hard by the rail fence. The creature's feathers were ruffled and it looked chill. The atmosphere was of a crystalline clearness. The mountains in the east had dropped the snow from the darkling pines, but above, the towering balds rose in unbroken whiteness imposed in onyx-like distinctness upon the azure sky. There were vague suggestions of blue and violet and rose on the undulations of the steep snow-covered slopes close at hand. The crags were begirt with icicles, reaching down many feet and brilliant with elusive prismatic glimmers. He heard a sudden crash, a huge scintillating pendant had fallen by its own weight. Chilhowee stood massive and richly purple beyond the snowy valley; above was a long stretch of saffron sky, and in its midst the red sun was going down. He stood to watch its fiery disk slip behind the mountains, and then he turned and pursued his way through the neutral-tinted twilight of the wintry evening.

Old Cayce's log-cabin rose up presently, dark and drear against the high

and snowy slopes behind it. The drifts still lay thatch-like on the roof; the eaves were fringed with icicles. The overhanging trees were cased in glittering icy mail. The blackened cornstalks, left standing in the field as is the habit until next spring's ploughing should begin, were withered and bent, and bore gaunt witness to the devastation of the winter wind. The smoke was curling briskly from the chimney, and as the door opened to his knock, the great fire of hickory and ash, sending up yellow and blue flames all tipped with vivid scarlet, cast a genial flare upon the snowy landscape, slowly darkening without. He experienced a sudden surprise as his eye fell upon old man Cayce, the central figure of the group, having heard stories of the moonshiner's deep depression, consequent upon the disastrous raid, and of the apathy into which he had fallen. They hardly seemed true. He sat erect in his chair, his supple frame alert, his eye intent, every fibre charged with energy, his face deeply flushed. He looked expectant, eager. His stalwart sons sat with him in a semicircle about the wide warm hearth. All their pipes were freshly alight, for the evening meal was just concluded. They too wore an aspect of repressed excitement.

Kelsey detected it in their abstraction during the formal greetings, and when he was seated among them, ever and anon they shifted uneasily in their chairs, which grated harshly on the puncheon floor. Sometimes there sounded a faint jingling of spurs when they moved their feet on the ill-adjusted stones of the hearth. They had their pistols in their belts and perchance their lives in their hands. His admission was in some sort a confidence, but although he marveled, he said nothing.

The bare and humble furnishing of the room was very distinct in the rich glow, — the few chairs, the shelves with the cooking utensils, the churn, a chest,

the warping-bars, the spinning-wheel; and their simple domestic significance seemed at variance with the stern and silent armed men grouped about the fire.

A vibrant sound — one of the timbers had sprung in the cold. Solomon rose precipitately.

"Nuthin', Sol, nuthin'," said the old man, testily. "'T ain't nigh time yit."

Nevertheless Sol opened the door. The chill air rushed in. The yellow flames bowed and bent fantastically before it. Outside the gibbous moon hung in the sky, and the light, solemn, ghostly, pervaded with pallid mysteries the snowy vistas of the dense, still woods. The shadow of the black boughs lay in distinct tracery upon the white surface; there was a vague multiplication of effect, and the casual glance could ill distinguish the tree from its semblance. Vacant of illusions was the winding road — silent, and empty, and white, its curve visible from the fireplace through the black rails of the zigzag fence. Hiram Kelsey caught, too, the frosty dilations of a splendid star; then the door closed and Sol came back with jingling spurs to his seat by the fireside.

"Be you-uns satisfied?" demanded Pete, with a sneer.

Sol, abashed, said nothing, and once more the ominous silence descended, all moodily watching the broad and leaping flames and the pulsating coals beneath.

Somehow the geniality of the fire suggested another bright and dominant presence that was wont in some sort to illumine the room.

"Whar be D'rindy?" asked Kelsey, suddenly.

"Waal — D'rindy," said Ab, the eldest of the sons, evidently withdrawing his mind with an effort, "she hev gone ter Tuckaleechee Cove, ter help nuss Aunt Jerushy's baby. It's allin', an' bein' ez it air named arter D'rindy, she sets store by it, an' war powerful tormented ter hear how the critter war tuk in its stummick. She kerried

Jacob along, too, 'kase she 'lows she hankers arter him when she's away, an' she makes out ez we-uns cross him in his temper, 'thout she air by ter perfect him. I was willin', 'kase it air peace-fuller hyar without Jacob 'n with him — though he air my own son, sech ez he be. An' D'rindy hev pompered him till he air ez prideful ez a tur-r-key gobbler, an' jes' about ez cornsiderate."

"She lef' Mirandy Jane an' me," said Pete, facetiously showing his great teeth.

"Waal," said the old man, speaking with his grave excited eyes still on the fire. "I be toler'ble glad ez D'rindy tuk this time ter leave home fur a few days, 'kase she hev been toler'ble ailin' an' droopy. An' t'other day some o' the boys got ter talkin' 'bout'n how sure they be ez 't war 'Cajah Green — dad-burn the critter! — ez gin the revenue hounds the word whar our still war hid. An' D'rindy, she jes' tuk a screamin' fit, an' performed an' kerried on like she war bereft o' reason. An' she got down old Betsy thar" — pointing to a rifle on the rack — "ez Pete hed made her draw a mark on it ter remember 'Cajah Green by, an' his word ez he'd jail her some day, an' she wanted me an' the boys ter swear on it, ez we-uns would never shoot him."

"An' did you-uns swear sech?" asked Hiram Kelsey, in fierce reprobation. Beneath the broad brim of his hat his eyes were blazing; their large dilated pupils canceled the iris and the idea of color; they were coals of fire. His shadowed face was set and hard; it bore a dull presage of disappointment — and yet he was doubtful.

Pete turned and looked keenly at him.

"Waal," said the old man, embarrassed, and in some sort mortified, "D'rindy, ye see, war ailin', an', an' — I never hed but that one darter an' sech a pack o' sons, an' it 'pears like she oughter be humored — an' " —

"Ye w-wants him shot, hey, pa'son?"

Pete interrupted his critical study of the unconscious subject.

Kelsey's eyes flashed.

"I pray that the Lord may cut him off," he said.

"Waal, the Lord ain't obleeged ter use a rifle," said Pete, pertinently. "Even we-uns kin find more ways than that."

"The pa'son mought ez well go along an' holp," said Groundhog Cayce.

Kelsey turned his eyes in blank inquiry from the old man to Pete by his side.

"We air a-layin' fur him now," Pete explained.

"He hain't been so delivered over by the Lord ez ter kem agin, arter informin' the raiders, inter the Big Smoky!" Kelsey asked, forgetting himself for the moment, and aghast at the doomed man's peril.

Pete tapped his head triumphantly.

"'T ain't stuffed with cotton-wool," he declared. "We let on ter the mounting ez we never knowed who done it. An' we jes' laid low, an' held our tongues betwixt our teeth, when we hearn 'bout'n his 'quirin' round 'bout'n the still, from this 'n an' that 'n, d'rectly arter the 'lection. We got him beat fur that, jes' 'count o' what he said ter D'rindy, 'kase she would n't g-g-gin her cornsent ter shootin' him, an' got dad set so catawampus, he obeyed her like Jacob would n't fur nuthin'. An' " — with rising emphasis, "th-th-the blamed critter 'lows he lef' no tracks an' ain't been fund out yit! An' hyar he be on the Big Smoky agin, a-finishin' up some on-settled business with his old office. I seen him yander ter the Settlemint, an' talked with him frien'ly an' familiar, along o' Gid Fletcher, an' fund out when he war ter start down ter Eskaqu Cove, ter bide all night at Tobe Grimes's house."

"But — but — ef they never told him, — surely none o' 'em told him" — argued Kelsey, breathlessly.

Pete showed his long teeth. "Somebody told him," he said, with a fierce smile. "H-h-he could n't git the mounting ter t-t-turn agin we-uns; they war *afeard*!" cynically discriminating the motive. "So he kem nosin' roun' 'mongst our c-c-chillen — the little chillen, ez did n't know what they war a-tellin', an' Jacob tole him whar the cave war, an' 'bout haulin' the apples fur pomace. Jacob war the man, fur Mirandy Jane hearn him say it. She hed seen 'Cajah Green afore, when he war sher'ff."

It was a palpable instance of bad faith and imposition, and it tallied well with Hiram Kelsey's own wrongs. He sat brooding upon them, and looking at the fire with dulled meditative eyes. One of the logs, burnt in twain, broke with a crash under the burden of the others, and the fire, quickening about them, sent up myriads of sparks attendant upon the freshening flames; among the pulsating red coals there were dazzling straw-tinted gleams, and a vista of white heat that repelled the eye. Outside the wind was rising — its voice hollow, keen, and shrill as it swept over the icy chasms; the trees were crashing their bare boughs together. It was a dreary sound. From far away came the piercing howl of some prowling hungry wolf, familiar enough to the ears that heard it, but its ravening intimations curdled the blood. A cock's crow presently smote the air, clear and resonant as a bugle, and with a curse on tardiness the impatient Sol once more rose and opened the door to look out.

A change was impending. Clouds had come with the wind, from the west to meet the moon. Though tipped with the glint of silver, the black portent was not disguised. Rain or snow, it mattered not which. The young mountaineer held the door open to show the darkening sky and the glittering earth, and looked over his shoulder with a triumphant glance.

"That will settle the footprints," he said.

There was something so cruel in his face, so deadly in his eye, a ferocious satisfaction in the promised security so like the savage joy of a skulking beast, that it roused a normal impulse in the breast of the man who read the thoughts of his fellow-men like an open book. He was himself again.

He raised his hand suddenly, with an imperative gesture.

"Listen to me!" he said, with that enthusiasm kindling in his eyes which they honored sometimes as the light of religion, and sometimes reviled as frenzy. "Ye 'll repent o' yer deeds this night! An' the jedgmint o' the Lord will foller ye! Yer father's gray hairs will go down in sorrow to the grave, but his mind will die before his body. An' some o' you-uns will languish in jail, an' know the despair o' the bars. An' he that is bravest 'mongst ye will mark how his shadder dogs him. An' ye will strike yer hands tergether, an' say, 'That the day hed never dawned, that the night hed never kem fur we-uns!' An' ye 'll wisht ye hed died afore! An' but for the coward in the blood, ye would take yer own life then! An' ye 'll look at the grave before ye, an' hope ez it all ends thar!"

His eye blazed. He had risen to his feet in the intensity of his fervor. And whether it was religion or whether it was lunacy, it transfigured him.

They had all quailed before him, half overborne by the strength of his emotion, and half in deprecation, because of their faith in his mysterious foreknowledge. But as he turned, pushed back his chair, and hastily started toward the door, they lost the impression. Pete first recovered himself.

"Wh-wh-whar be you-uns a-goin'?" he demanded, roughly.

The parson turned fiercely. He thrust out his hand with a gesture of repudiation, and once more he lifted the latch.

"Naw, ye ain't g-g-goin'," said Pete, with cool decision, throwing himself against the door. "Ye hev sot 'mongst we-uns an' h-hearn our plans. Ye 'peared ter gin yer cornsent w-when dad said ye could go 'long. Dad thought ye 'd like ter hev a s-sheer in payin' yer own grudge. We hev tole ye what we hev tole no other livin' man. An' now ye hev got ter hev our reason ter h-h-hold yer jaw. I don't like ter s-shoot a man down under our own roof ez comes hyar frien'ly, but ef ye fools with that thar latch agin, I reckon I'll be obleeged ter do it."

If Pete Cayce had possessed an acute discrimination in the reading of faces, he might have interpreted Kelsey's look as a pondering dismay; the choice offered him was to do murder or to die! As it was, Pete only noted the relinquishment of the parson's design when he sat down silent and abstracted before the fire.

But for his deep grudge, it might have seemed that Kelsey had intended to forewarn Micajah Green of the danger in the path, and to turn him back. Pete did not feel entirely reassured until after he had said, —

"I 'lowed ez ye s-s-swore ye fairly *de-spise* 'Cajah G-G-Green, an' r-raged ter git even with him."

"I furgits it sometimes," rejoined Kelsey.

And Pete did not apprehend the full meaning of the words.

"An' don't do no more o' yer prophe-syin' ternight, Hiram," said the old man, irritably. "It fairly gins me the ager ter hear sech talk."

The night wore on. The fire roared; the men, intently listening sat around the hearth. Now and then a furtive glance was cast at Hiram Kelsey. He seemed lost in thought, but his eye glittered with that uninterpreted, inscrutable light, and they were vaguely sorry that he had come among them. They took scant heed of his reproach. It

has been so long the unwritten law of moonshiners that the informer shall perish as the consequence of his malice and his rashness, that whatever normal moral sense they possess is in subjection to their arbitrary code of justice and the savage custom of the region. The mysterious disappearance of a horse-thief or a revenue spy, dramatically chronicled, with a wink and a significant grin, as "never hearn on no more," or, "fund dead in the road one mornin'," affects the mountaineers much as the hangman's summary in the Friday evening papers impresses more law-abiding communities — shocking, but necessary.

The great fire was burnt to a mass of coals. The wind filled the ravines with surging waves of sound. The bare woods were in wild commotion. The gusts dashed upon the roof snow perhaps, or sleet, or vague drizzling rain; now discontinued, now coming again with redoubled force. Suddenly, a growl from the dogs under the house; then the sound of a crunching hoof in the snow.

The men sallied forth, swift and silent as shadows. There was a frantic struggle in the road; a wild cry for help; a pistol fired wide of the mark, the report echoing in the silence from crag to crag, from chasm to chasm with clamorous iteration, as if it would alarm the world. The horses were ready. The men hastily threw themselves into the saddle.

It had been arranged that Kelsey, who had no horse, should ride before the prisoner. He mounted, drew the girth which bound the doomed man about his own waist, buckling it securely, and the great gray horse was in the centre of the squad.

Micajah Green begged as they went — begged as only a man can for his life. He denied, he explained, he promised.

"Ye cotton ter puttin' folks in jail, 'Cajah! Yer turn now! We 'll put ye

whar the dogs won't bite ye," said the old man, savagely. And the rest said never a word.

The skies were dark, the mountain wilds awful in their immensity, in their deep obscurities, in the multitudinous sounds of creaking boughs and shrilling winds.

They were in the dense laurel at last. The branches, barbed with ice, and the evergreen leaves, burdened with snow, struck sharply in their faces as they forced their way through. The swift motion had chilled them; icicles clung to their hair and beard; each could hardly see the dark figures of the others in the dense umbrageous undergrowth as they recognized the spot they sought and called a halt. It was the mouth of the cave; they could hear the sound of the dark cold water as it rippled in the vaulted place where the dammed current rose now half-way to the roof. Their wretched prisoner, understanding this fact and the savage substitute for the rifle, made a despairing struggle.

"Lemme git a hold of him, Hi," said Pete, his teeth chattering, his numbed arms stretched up in the darkness to lay hold on his victim.

"Hyar he be," gasped the parson.

There was another frantic struggle as they tore the doomed man from the horse; a splash, a muffled cry — he was cast headlong into the black water. A push upon a great boulder hard by — it fell upon the cavity with a crash, and all hope of egress was barred. Then, terrorized themselves, the men mounted their horses; each, fleeing as if from pursuit, found his way as best he might out of the dark wilderness.

One might not know what they felt that night when the rain came down on the roof. One might not dare to think what they dreamed.

The morning broke, drear, and clouded, and full of rain, and hardly less gloomy than the night. The snow, tarnished, and honeycombed with dark

cellular perforations, was melting and slipping down and down the ravines. The gigantic icicles encircling the crags fell now and then with a resounding crash. The drops from the eaves dripped monotonously into the puddles below. The roof leaked. Sol's bridle-hand had been frozen the night before in the long swift ride.

But the sun came out again; the far mountains smiled in a blue vagueness that was almost a summer garb. The relics of the snow exhaled a silvery haze that hung airily about the landscape. Only the immaculate whiteness of those lofty regions of the balds withstood the thaw, and coldly glittered in wintry guise.

A strange sensation thrilled through the fireside group one of these mornings when Amos James came up from the mill, and as he smoked with them asked suddenly, all unaware of the tragedy, "What ailed 'Cajah Green ter leave the Big Smoky in sech a hurry?"

"Wh-wh-at d'ye mean?" growled Pete, in startled amaze.

And then Amos James, still unconscious of the significance of the recital, proceeded to tell that shortly after day-break on last Wednesday morning he heard a "powerful jouncin' of hoofs," and looking out of the window he saw Micajah Green on his big gray horse, flying along the valley road at a tremendous rate of speed. Before he could open the window to hail him, man and horse were out of sight.

It was a silent group that Amos left, all meditating upon that swift equestrian figure, pictured against the dreariness of the rainy dawn, and the gray mist, and the shadowing mountains.

"He seen a ghost," said Pete presently. He looked dubiously over his shoulder, though the morning sunshine came flickering through the door, widely ajar.

"That ain't nuthin' oncommon," said the old man sturdily. Then he told a ghastly story of a legal execution. —

that the criminal was seen afterward sitting in the moonlight under the gallows on his coffin-lid; and other fearful fantasies of the rural mind, which, morbidly excited, will not accept the end of the rope as a finality.

It was only when Obediah Scruggs came to the house searching for his nephew, saying that Hiram had not been seen nor heard of since he had set out one evening for their house, that a terrible premonition fell upon Groundhog Cayce. His iron will guarded it for a time, till some one journeying from Shaftesville reported having seen there Micajah Green, who was full of a terrible story of a midnight attack upon him by the Cayce tribe, from whom he had miraculously escaped in the midst of the struggle and darkness, he declared, and more dead than alive. Then mysteriously and with heavy presage Pete and his father made a pilgrimage to the cave. They pried up the boulder from over the cavity. They heard the deep water held in the subterranean reservoir still sighing and echoing with the bubbling of the mountain spring. On the surface there floated a hat — Hi Kelsey's limp and worn old hat.

They never told their secret. They replaced the boulder, and sealed their lips. The old man began to age rapidly. His conscience was heavier than his years. But it was a backwoods conscience, and had the distortions of his primitive philosophy. One day he said

piteously, "It air a dreadful thing, Pete, ter kill a man by accident."

And Pete replied meditatively, "I dunno but what it air."

By degrees, as they reflected upon the incredible idea that a mistake could have been made between the two men, the truth percolated through their minds. It was a voluntary sacrifice. "He war always preachin' agin killin'," said the old man, "an' callin' folks," his voice fell to a whisper — "Cain!"

It was well for him, perhaps, when he presently fell into mental decrepitude, and in vacancy was spared the anguish of remorse.

And Pete fearfully noted the fulfillment of the prophecy.

No one could account for the change in Pete Cayce. He patched up old feuds, and forgave old debts, and forgot his contentious moods, and was meek and very melancholy. And although the parson preached no more, who shall say his sermons were ended? As to him, surely his doubts were solved in knowing all, and perhaps in the exaltations of that sacrificial moment he found Christ.

The mystery of his fate remained unexplained. The search for him flagged after a time, and failed. There were many conjectures, all wide of the truth. Dorinda believed that, like the prophet of old, he had not been suffered to taste death, but was caught up into the clouds. And with a chastened solemnity she cherishes the last of her illusions.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

THE STORY OF SAN TSZON.

IN the popular mind Buddhism implies India rather than China. Yet while in the former it has long been an august shadow, in the latter it is still a living reality. In China the "Prince of Men" is followed by millions; his

words have become part of its literature and daily speech. The best versions of the Tripitaka and the most scholarly commentaries upon that great work are all of Chinese origin. Of like source are the numberless myths which have

grown up around the Indian evangelist. Just as Christ, the apostles, and early fathers were made the subjects of the legend and romance of our civilization, so in the East Buddha and his great disciples were apotheosized and made the heroes of a literature that in extent surpasses the corresponding productions of mediæval monks and schoolmen.

The relation sustained by St. Paul to Christianity is paralleled in the Orient by that of San Tszon to Buddhism. Each represented the highest culture of his own land; each was marked by a piety, zeal, and energy truly remarkable. Each developed the religion of his master in other lands and alien races. San Tszon's name is indicative. It is the mandarin name for the Three Mysteries, and is the equivalent of the Sanskrit Tripitaka. The story that follows is a series of myths and legends which embody his birth, life, work, and death. As told at Mongolian firesides, they are fragmentary and discursive. The writer has endeavored to connect these in conformity to modern standards, and to present a narrative which, while it may interest the "barbarians of the West," shall at the same time truthfully portray a phase of the faith of three hundred million fellow-human beings.

I.

In the time of the Emperor Tong-Ko-Zoon (650 B. C.), Buddhism began to wane. The original church had split into sects which hated one another with a fierceness worthy of the heathens of the North.

One party denied metempsychosis; another taught that Nirvana meant extinction of the soul; a third preached that the Great Lord was unconscious and asleep, and a fourth that the world was so inconceivably bad that a worse one was impossible.

The cause of the trouble lay partly

in human nature and partly in the fact that the Word had been given not as a whole, but in fragments; these fragments, changed and added to by priests and commentators, became contradictory and often unintelligible save to the adepts who immured themselves in tomb-like cloisters.

And the pious and good cried unto Buddha and he heard them, but the time was not ready for the deliverer.

Now there was a young student in Ho-Nan named Li-Sue, who according to law went down to Chang-On (the capital of China) to enter the annual examination. This he passed with highest honors, and the week after received from the emperor the decoration of his degree. He also received the hand of the beautiful daughter of Pien-Poo, war-minister of the realm. Seven happy months passed and Li-Sue, who had been appointed governor of Han-Yon in the mean time, was ordered to his post. Preparations were thereupon made, and after a brief delay he, his young bride, and their attendants embarked on an imperial barge and sailed through the Grand Canal and up the great river, the Yang-Tsze.

The captain of the barge, Jun-Tia-Neu, was a robber, who had formerly been a bandit among the mountains. He talked each day with Li-Sue and found that the latter had never been to Han-Yon and was unknown there. Resolved to profit by his discovery he waited a favorable opportunity, and by promises of power and riches shortly afterwards induced his sailors to murder both Li-Sue and the attendants. The young wife, however, he did not kill, but reserved her for himself. He also secured the imperial signet, robe, and charter from the body of her dead husband.

They reached Han-Yon, and the first night, when the sailors were carousing, Jun-Tia-Neu had his guards arrest and behead them all, thus destroying the witnesses of his guilt. The day follow-

ing the unhappy wife gave birth to a beautiful boy. A week afterwards, while awake in bed, she overheard her wicked lord talking in his sleep and threatening to destroy her babe in the morning.

She rose up with the child and, having first wounded his left foot that she might identify him in coming years, wrapped him in warm robes and launched him in a little boat on the great waters of the Yang-Tsze. So in sin and sorrow and in the shadow of death began the life of him who was to bring Buddha's word into the Golden Empire.

II.

Many miles below Han-Yon on the Yang-Tsze was the monastery of Lo-Yin. It was the only place where Buddha's word was taught, and there incompletely; the only place that had not yielded to false doctrines and evil ways. Its superior was a very old man of great piety and learning, who, the night that the babe was set adrift upon the waters, was kneeling in prayer and beseeching the Lord Buddha to come, or to send some prophet, and redeem the world. This had been his daily prayer for fifty years. It was the last watch of the night, and as the old man's voice sank into silence, there came through the darkness the cry of a little child in pain. Superior and acolytes started up and hurried down to the water's edge, where amid the reeds and rushes they found the boat and the babe. The old man raised the child tenderly in his arms and carried him to the dwelling-room of the monastery. Here they ministered to his wants, dressed his wound, and put him to sleep. As there was no name on the raiment nor on the boat, they called the child Sue-Sung, signifying "Born of the Waters." The superior sat up watching while the rest slept. Just before the dawn, the earth shook and the child's face shone with a great glory. Then

the old man knew that Buddha was listening to his prayers and that in the child was a divine soul.

Sue-Sung grew rapidly. His mind and spirit kept pace with his body, and at twenty he was known throughout the province as the wisest and holiest man in Hu-Peh. On the death of the superior, Sue-Sung, despite his youth, was unanimously chosen head of the order. His zeal was contagious and his love and kindness knew no bounds. The brothers of the order followed him so well that soon poverty and vice became almost unknown in the province. His fame, spreading, crossed the mountains and reached the ears of the Emperor Tong-Ko-Zoon. An imperial courier was sent to Sue-Sung bearing rich gifts and asking the holy man to repair to the capital and there be the highest priest of the land. Sue-Sung with humility sent word back to the court that he could not leave his people of Hu-Peh. Again and again came couriers, until finally Sue-Sung half yielded. Once in two months he would go to the capital and there teach and preach to the emperor, the ministers, the great nobles, and mandarins, but the rest of the time he passed in Hu-Peh ministering to the afflicted, the ignorant, and the down-trodden.

Years passed, and though people still doubted and quarreled, and occasionally in the far-off provinces warred each with the other over their clashing creeds, there seemed to fall upon the empire a new light, like the breaking of a clear morn after a long season of wintry storms. And that season the emperor conquered the heathen beyond what is now known as the Great Wall.

III.

Buddha the Lord sat one day upon his throne in the immeasurable caverns of the Kin-Ling Mountains. Below him

was the countless congregation of the good, who listened as he explained the divine mysteries of earth and heaven, birth, life, and death.

Then said Kwan-Yin-Poo-Sa, the beloved disciple, "Oh, master, what aileth in the East, and why dost Thou not help on the right? The North is well; and well also are West and South. But in the East is care and suffering, much wickedness and ignorance. I hear their prayers in many voices, and its burden is, 'Give us the truth, O Lord, give us the truth, else we perish!' Oh (Buddha), wilt thou not send me to that far-off land?"

Buddha's great eyes shone with love upon the disciple as he said, "Kwan-Yin-Poo-Sa, thou dost not yet comprehend all things, nor yet knowest thou how, in the fullness of time, all things work to my glory. Go thou eastward to the race that lives upon the confines of the Yellow Sea. Find there the man who is to come for the Three Mysteries. He shall take them back to his people, and in them shall they find the Truth. Thou shalt take with thee this staff and robe, and thy companion shall be Swing-Hing-Che, the man-ape, who knows more than any beast in all the worlds."

The disciple bowed and thanked the master; then taking the staff and robe he left the Great Presence.

IV.

When Kwan-Yin left the great cavern, he found outside Swing-Hing-Che, the man-ape, swinging by his tail from the moon. The message was given and the man-ape shook his head once, changing himself from a monkey to a dignified philosopher. Kwan-Yin took the ape's hand in his own, and spreading his mighty wings swept with the speed of thought through the 18,000 *lis* that separate Heaven from Chang-On, and

landed in the market-place of the capital. Here they pitched their tent, and put out a large sign in golden letters stating that they were merchants, and that they had for sale a robe that could not be worn and a staff that could not be carried. A vast crowd collected and wondered greatly; for the robe was beautiful, soft as the finest silk and splendid like gold. But whoso put it on, it burned like liquid fire. And the staff was like a rod of fine silver set with diamonds, but whoso tried to carry it, it passed through his hands like water, or else was so heavy that it could not be lifted. The rumor of their strange wares went through the city and reached the court of Tong-Ko-Zoon and the pagoda of Sue-Sung, but it did not reach the ears of the emperor and the holy man. And at the second watch the two genii separated, the man-ape flying to the emperor's bedroom and the disciple to that of Sue-Sung.

Next morning the watchmen of the city said that they had seen many brilliant shooting-stars during the night, and that each time a star went past all the birds burst into song.

V.

Sue-Sung lay in a deep sleep. Then it seemed to him that the earth shook, and through the wall came a bright spirit surrounded by glory, who carried in his hand a vast roll. And the spirit read a few characters, and Sue-Sung knew that it was the Word. As the spirit ceased, a voice said, "Prophet, desirest thou the Truth? Lovest thou the Truth? He who dares to search and find the Truth shall have everlasting life. If thou darest, go to the Si-Tien near the western sky." Sue-Sung sprang from his sleep, crying, "I dare and I will go," and dressing himself went in before the altar, where he prayed a long time. For he was sorely troubled. He, the wisest man in China,

had never heard of Si-Tien. After praying he left the temple and went in to see the emperor, whom he dearly loved, and who was exceedingly learned.

Now in the mean time the emperor had likewise dreamed, but the spirit in his dream had said, "Master, but one can find the Truth, and only one can reach Si-Tien, and he must bear an unbearable staff and wear an unwearable robe." The great ruler had likewise sprung from his sleep, and had washed, and dressed, and prayed to Buddha, and being troubled in his mind had gone to see his best and dearest friend, the holy man. Thus it was that Tong-Ko-Zoon and Sue-Sung met on the threshold of the porcelain palace. And as they met it was the beginning of a new day.

As they conversed there came thereby a great lord of the land, who seeing his two masters perplexed, tried to beguile them by telling them of the strange merchants and wares of the yester eve. When they heard the news they knew that the Lord had heard their prayers, and that the answer was about to come. So the emperor commanded the merchants to be brought before him, and it was done. When the staff and robe were displayed, all marveled at their beauty, and the emperor said, "What is the price of thy goods?" And the man-ape answered, "We sell them for neither money nor price, but the man who can wear the unwearable robe and bear the unbearable staff, they are his freely and for naught." The nobles pressed forward, but those who touched the robe were burnt and suffered great pain, and those who laid hands on the staff could neither grasp nor lift it. The emperor said, "There is magic here and only righteousness can prevail against it. Try thou them, Sue-Sung." The holy man put on the coat, and it shone like a great flame, but did not hurt him, and he grasped the staff which was light as the grass-blade and strong as steel, and it never left his hand. Sue-Sung and the emperor trem-

bled with joy and turned to question the merchants, but they vanished in a great light. Then all knelt in prayer, for they knew they had seen two spirits, and the emperor then gave Sue-Sung a new name, and named him San-Tszon.

VI.

San-Tszon thereupon set out to find Si-Tien and procure the Three Mysteries, which are the Truth. The good emperor wished to provide a great retinue of soldiers and servants, scribes and attendants, but the holy man thanked him, "I am a servant of the Lord, and he will provide for all my wants. Give me a horse and two messengers and leave the rest to the Lord." And it was so; but so great was the fame of the holy man, and so powerful the love of the emperor, that all the roads along which he went were lines of happy people. Therefore to escape the honors and entertainments that were lavished upon him, he avoided the great cities and towns, slept by day, and traveled swiftly by night.

After a time he reached Eli, the place of all sand, where grass grows not and where is neither water nor rain. After two days San Tszon, horse, and servants were about to die of thirst, when an unseen hand seized his own and made him strike the dry ground with the unbearable staff. Immediately a well of fresh water sprang from the earth and the bamboo, orange, and banana grew heavy-fruited before their eyes. And thus passed a year.

Then came they to nations speaking unknown languages and having strange costumes. But San Tszon touched his ears and tongue with the staff, and straightway he spoke and understood as one of them. Thus in every nation he was welcomed as one from the next city of the same land. And thus passed a year.

Once he narrowly escaped yielding to temptation. Five years had passed, and the attendants so full of zeal at first had lost all faith and murmured, first to each other, and then to San Tszon. One morning as they were approaching the snow-mountains of India, they said unto him, "O master, let us turn and go back to our homes. Our wives and children are forgetting us; we are growing old and decrepit, and we shall soon be in a desert land from which there is no return. If the Truth is anywhere it is where we live and love, and not among these icy desolations." The faithful horse understood them and rubbed his head against the saint's shoulder as if to join his entreaty unto theirs. For a second San Tszon was irresolute. Then he blessed the attendants and bade them go back while he went on alone. He had scarcely gone a quarter li when three fierce tigers rushed from a thicket, and before he could aid his friends had borne the attendants and the horse far away. Full of sorrow he turned, and facing the western sky proceeded. At nightfall he encountered a savage mountaineer, who sat by the wayside. "Whither goest thou?" asked the stranger. "To Si-Tien, by the western sky," was the answer. "What is there in that land?" "The Three Mysteries and the Truth," said the holy man. The savage laughed loud and long and asked, "Where are thy horse and thy attendants, pilgrim?" San Tszon told what had occurred, and then sighing turned to go, adding as he went, "Horse or not, attendants or none, I go on; for the Lord is with me." Then rose Swing-Hing-Che, the man-ape, for he it was in disguise, and led the holy man a hundred yards through the chasms and then said, "Look, master, to thy left!" And the saint did, and there spread a broad road far toward the west, and coming whinnying toward him, younger and stronger than ever, was his good horse. He turned to thank Swing-

Hing-Che, but saw only a thin cloud that floated towards the stars. And San Tszon knew that it had been an angel sent by the Lord.

The years passed, and his garments fell piece by piece away until naught remained but the unwearable robe and the unbearable staff. Once in the country of black-faced men and monkeys he was surrounded by robbers, who demanded what he had. "I have neither silver nor gold," he said, "but am traveling into the West to gain the Truth." "Give us then thy garments and thy life," cried the robber-chief. The band were about to strip him, when the saint pointed the unbearable staff at his assailants and said, "Children of evil, your doom is pronounced. Stand as you are until I return." Immediately each robber turned to stone. He saw, heard, felt, and suffered, but change and motion were gone. And there some travelers say they still stand to-day, as a monument of the Lord's wrath.

Another danger occurred one warm day in spring when San Tszon entered a valley as beautiful as the rose-gardens of Chang-On. Groves and tilled fields, fertile meadows and fat kine, showed the wealth of the owner. In the centre of a flowery hill rose a porcelain palace. The saint, worn and wearied, entered the portal and found within only maidens, but maidens more lovely than human eye ever saw. They tempted him with rich food and fragrant wines, with strange aromatic drugs, and last and deadliest of all with their own beauty. The saint's blood rose in his ears and he could hear his rebellious heart throb in wildest fashion. But he only knelt and prayed. As he prayed, the earth shook and palace and splendor, maidens and all, disappeared. When he opened his eyes he was alone upon a rock, but over his head spread a vast tree from whose boughs hung luscious fruit. These he picked and ate; then lying down he slept sweetly till the next dawn.

VII.

Fourteen years had gone by, when San Tszon emerged from the mountain-wildernesses and found himself before Si-Tien. On the 23d day of the 9th moon, in the 40th year of the reign of the good Emperor Tong-Ko-Zoon, the saint reached the bank of the river Fan-Tai-Ho, which separates this world from the kingdom of Buddha. Prayer, right-living, and abstinence had sharpened his senses and opened his spiritual sight. He saw the river, clear, deep, and broad. Beyond were the hills covered with flowers and fruits. Wonderful birds flew here and there, filling the air with unspeakable melody. Deer, gazelles, and other docile creatures grazed upon the sunny slopes. Everywhere on earth and in air flew on splendid wings the elect. And afar shone the portals of the cavern of Kin-Ling, from which ever and anon came majestic music or the accents of a mighty voice that thrilled the universe.

San Tszon saw neither bridge nor ford, but not far off was a boatman. He approached and noticed that the boat was a bottomless frame. He entered, and it moved off without sail, or oars, or rudder. Midstream he saw the body of an old man floating down the current, "Stop friend," he called to the boatman, "let us save this drowning man before it is too late." As he spoke, he saw that his companion was an angel. From the angel's eyes shone a strange light, and on his lips played a jocose smile, as he answered, "That is thy body, San Tszon, and it floats on to the great ocean; but for thee is life everlasting." They reached the shore, and there amid the happy multitude that pressed forward to meet and greet them, the saint recognized all of those he had loved and lost in past years. He shed tears of joy, but walked on to see the Lord and complete his quest. Over the

slopes and into the vast cavern he went, where sit the elect and righteous listening to Buddha as he teaches the wisdom of the universe. There was no sun nor moon there, neither was there night. For the glory of the Lord made all as bright as day. San Tszon tried to stand still, but some power urged him forward through the innumerable throng that smiled upon him, until he reached the great throne on which sat the Lord. He tried to look up and speak, but the splendor dazzled his eyes, and his tongue clave to his mouth. So he knelt in silent adoration.

"Look up, dear one," said the Lord; "thou hast been faithful in all things, and thy reward shall be the wish of thy soul. Thou shalt indeed sit upon my right hand among the saints, but first shalt thou go back to thy own land, and there give those thou lovest the Truth."

As Buddha spoke, an angel put in San Tszon's hand three volumes made of beaten gold. These were the Three Mysteries and the Truth. Then the saint rose in the air like a white dove, and flew eastward toward Chang-On. And as he fled, peace and joy fell from his wings upon the lands beneath.

VIII.

In the mean time the Emperor Tong-Ko-Zoon grew sorely troubled, and would not be comforted. He knew in his soul that the good saint would return and bring with him the Truth; but the years passed; there came no tidings, and doubt sprang up on every hand.

In a dream, on the 20th day of the 9th moon, an angel told him the signal of San Tszon's return. The next morning he issued a proclamation that the saint would come back when the withered pine-tree in front of the palace broke into new leaves. The news

spread from town to town, and the devout began to put on mourning, as they believed the message a kindly way of saying that San Tszon was dead. It was noon of the 23d day. The court was silent, the emperor buried in silent prayer, and the city outside quiet beyond its wont. Suddenly there rose a murmur beyond the walls; it swelled into a tumult. There was no wrath nor sorrow, though, in the cry of the multitude, but joy and happiness. It swept from house to house, from street to street, from the city to the suburbs far beyond. At first it was human voices alone, then came the happy noise of fireworks, then drums and cymbals, and then vast orchestras of musicians. A young priest rushed pale and breathless into the court, "Oh, master," he cried, as he knelt, "the dead pine is breaking into a million leaves and San Tszon is coming home." They heard not the last of his speech; they crowded,

lord and mandarin alike, to door and window and looked out. The tree was bursting into new life; from dry trunk and withered bough the green spikes were shooting forth; and there, entering the court-gates, grander and stately than ever before, was San Tszon. Over the cheers and tears there came a strange awe. Some, still smiling, knelt; others cried, who had never known tears. The saint neared the emperor, who took him in his arms and kissed him. Then San Tszon handed the good emperor the three golden volumes, and as all knelt he prayed a prayer, which long afterwards those who heard it said was the sweetest music on earth. The prayer ended, all rose, but as they stepped forward the saint became glorified and ascended into the air, blessing them as he vanished in the heavens.

And thus came the Truth to the Great Empire.

Wong Chin Foo.

TWO ANNIVERSARY AFTER-DINNER POEMS.

I.

HARVARD COMMENCEMENT, JUNE 24, 1885.

TO JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THIS is your month, the month of "perfect days,"
 Birds in full song and blossoms all ablaze.
 Nature herself your earliest welcome breathes,
 Spreads every leaflet, every bower inwreathes;
 Carpets her paths for your returning feet,
 Puts forth her best your coming steps to greet;
 And Heaven must surely find the earth in tune
 When Home, sweet Home, exhales the breath of June.

These blessed days are waning all too fast,
 And June's bright visions mingling with the past;
 Lilacs have bloomed and faded, and the rose
 Has dropped its petals, but the clover blows,
 And fills its slender tubes with honeyed sweets;

The fields are pearled with milk-white margarites ;
The dandelion, which you sang of old,
Has lost its pride of place, its crown of gold,
But still displays its feathery-mantled globe,
Which children's breath, or wandering winds unrobe.
These were your humble friends ; your opened eyes
Nature had trained her common gifts to prize ;
Not Cam nor Isis taught you to despise
Charles, with his muddy margin and the harsh,
Plebeian grasses of the reeking marsh.
New England's home-bred scholar, well you knew
Her soil, her speech, her people, through and through,
And loved them ever with the love that holds
All sweet, fond memories in its fragrant folds.
Though far and wide your winged words had flown,
Your daily presence kept you all our own,
Till with a sorrowing sigh, a thrill of pride,
We heard your summons, and you left our side
For larger duties and for tasks untried.

How pleased the Spaniards for a while to claim
This frank Hidalgo with the liquid name,
Who stored their classics on his crowded shelves
And loved their Calderon as they did themselves !
Before his eyes what changing pageants pass !
The bridal feast how near the funeral mass !
The death-stroke falls, — the Misereres wail ;
The joy-bells ring, — the tear-stained cheeks unveil,
While, as the playwright shifts his pictured scene,
The royal mourner crowns his second queen.

From Spain to Britain is a goodly stride, —
Madrid and London long-stretched leagues divide.
What if I send him ? " Uncle S., says he,"
To my good cousin whom he calls " J. B."
A nation's servants go where they are sent, —
He heard his Uncle's orders, and he went.

By what enchantments, what alluring arts,
Our truthful James led captive British hearts, —
Whether his shrewdness made their statesmen halt,
Or if his learning found their Dons at fault,
Or if his virtue was a strange surprise,
Or if his wit flung star-dust in their eyes, —
Like honest Yankees we can simply guess ;
But that he did it all must needs confess.
England herself without a blush may claim
Her only conqueror since the Norman came.

Eight years an exile ! What a weary while
Since first our herald sought the mother isle !
His snow-white flag no churlish wrong has soiled, —
He left unchallenged, he returns unspoiled.

Here let us keep him, here he saw the light, —
 His genius, wisdom, wit, are ours by right;
 And if we lose him our lament will be
 We have "five hundred" — *not* "as good as he."

II.

AT THE DINNER OF THE Φ. B. K. SOCIETY.

TO THE POETS WHO ONLY LISTEN.

WHEN evening's shadowy fingers fold
 The flowers of every hue,
 Some shy, half-opened bud will hold
 Its drop of morning's dew.

Sweeter with every sunlit hour
 The trembling sphere has grown,
 Till all the fragrance of the flower
 Becomes at last its own.

We that have sung perchance may find
 Our little meed of praise,
 And round our pallid temples bind
 The wreath of fading bays:

Ah, Poet, who hast never spent
 Thy breath in idle strains,
 For thee the dewdrop morning lent
 Still in thy heart remains;

Unwasted, in its perfumed cell
 It waits the evening gale;
 Then to the azure whence it fell
 Its lingering sweets exhale.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

ORMSBY'S DON QUIXOTE.

If a new translation of *Don Quixote* should seem to any one a dispensable luxury, it may at least be said that of all luxuries a classic in a satisfactory edition is the most innocent, and among the most delightful. But Mr. Ormsby, in the first volume¹ (which is all that has yet appeared) of his version, makes

¹ *The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha*. By MIGUEL CERVANTES SAAVEDRA. A Translation, with Introduction and Notes,

by JOHN ORMSBY, Translator of *The Poem of the Cid*. In four vols. New York: Macmillan & Co. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1885.

it clear — not only by the scholarly introduction, but by the way in which he has executed his task as interpreter — that a new translation may be a necessity. To most readers this admirable work will impart a luminous and well-proportioned conception of Cervantes and his great book, which could not so well have been derived from any source previously existing; and even to careful students of the author, we imagine that it must bring out certain points with a novel force, besides presenting, in a single brief and convenient view, all the best results of the most thorough research. In two instances, moreover, Mr. Ormsby appears to have brought to light significant items which have hitherto escaped notice. One is the fact, overlooked even by Ticknor, that of those who preceded Cervantes in the onslaught upon romances of chivalry, the latest was Fray Juan de Tolosa, who published in 1589 a religious treatise, *Aranjuez del Alma*, “to drive out of our Spain that dust-cloud of books of chivalries, as they call them (of knaveries, as I call them).” *Don Quixote* came out in 1605, and had apparently circulated in manuscript for some years before that date. The other item is that the poet Gongora, in his ballad on the Castle of San Cervantes at Toledo, in which he derides the ruined fortress with being no longer what it was in the days of its youth, meant to make a covert attack on the great discourager of romantic affectation. For, as Mr. Ormsby shows, so competent a writer as Ford — author of *Murray's Handbook for Spain* and other works relating to the Peninsula — is wrong in supposing that this castle had nothing to do with the family of Cervantes. The name was really taken from the castle by the great-great-grandfather of Miguel Cervantes Saavedra. This was doubtless familiarly known in the time of the author, and therefore, Gongora, in shooting his light arrow of verse at

the crumbling walls, could enjoy the malicious pleasure of knowing that it would fly beyond them and hit the aged and crippled creator of *Don Quixote*.

Respecting the merit of this new translation, it would be out of place to go into detail here; but it is worth while to notice the translator's independence in opposing that commonplace of criticism which makes *Don Quixote* a model of Spanish prose. “In truth,” says Mr. Ormsby, “there is no work of note in the language that is less deserving of the title.” The narrative portions, to take nothing else, have a tendency towards euphuism; but Cervantes “was a careless writer at all times,” and “too often guilty of downright slovenliness.” The question of style is one which will be debated to the end of time, probably without resulting in any system that shall satisfy everybody. The truth seems to be that the ideal of a good style is as mutable and manifold as the temperament of writers, readers, and critics. It is of course our duty to trample upon offenses against grammar, and to cultivate a sense of linguistic rectitude. But seeing how the masters themselves sometimes make slips, we need not take a fetichistic view of the smaller literary proprieties, if we can once make sure that an author has the more vital qualities of style — unforced individuality, vividness, truth in some form, and a method adapted to his artistic purpose. Coleridge spoke of Cervantes' “exquisite flow and music of style;” but Mr. Ormsby, in addition to the charges already quoted, accuses his author of a propensity to inversion of ideas, and a “tendency to say the very opposite of what he meant to say.” He also declares that what may be called Cervantes' own style, that in which he abandons “fine writing,” is a simple, unaffected, colloquial style, “not indeed a model of correctness, or distinguished by any special grace or elegance,” but

"a model of clear, terse, vigorous expression."

In the same way that the Spaniard seems to derive part of his bodily nutriment from the rich sunlight of his country, he draws from the natural music of his language a splendor of sound which may easily mislead the Anglo-Saxon. A commonplace thought, a stanza of indifferent poetry, expressed in ordinary Spanish, gains a beauty from the fascination of which it is hard to free one's self. We confess that to read a page of *Don Quixote* in the original gives us such pleasure in the mere inherent melody of the words that we should hardly care to interrupt it by analyzing the style; and it was this charm, perhaps, that carried Coleridge away. It needs a cool-headed critic like our translator to keep clear of error from this source; but his remarks are, fortunately, confined to the Introduction. In the translation itself, while working with the nicest attention to faithful rendering, it is his remarkable merit that he gives us a text quite devoid of affectation, and uses an excellent style; possibly in this respect bettering the original, since his English is not open to the criticisms he makes upon the Spanish. He has been fortunate, too, in producing an effect of sonorous dignity which corresponds aptly to the Castilian; and, as he points out, the well-sustained gravity of Cervantes is a thing which gives an added savor to the fun of the book, by making it appear in a measure unconscious. This delicate but essential characteristic has been almost wholly missed by previous translators. It is refreshing to contrast this stately yet easy and appreciative version with the natty self-confidence and bumptious humor of Motteux's long-current work. Comparison with Mr. A. J. Duffield's recent translation, pretentious, uncouth, ungrammatical, and weighed down with obsolete words, would be superfluous. Mr. Ormsby started with a plan of bringing out a

new edition of Shelton; but, as he says, Shelton's "fine old crusted English" would have appealed only to a minority of readers. It is much better that he has undertaken a translation of his own. By so doing he has been able to relieve readers of English from the many inaccuracies due to the ignorance or haste of earlier laborers in the field. Think of the incompetence which caused Shelton to render *estrellado establo* by leaving out the adjective, and led Jervas to write "illustrious stable" instead of — as it should be — "star-lit stable!" Mr. Ormsby, moreover, if for no other reason, would deserve gratitude for having decided to replace the senseless and un-English title of *The Curious Impertinent* with *Ill-Advised Curiosity*.

From so judicious a student it is natural that we should receive, in the Introduction, an essay temperate in tone, charmingly written, and full of interesting suggestions. A touch that lights up the very first page is his fancy that Shakespeare probably knew Shelton's *Don Quixote*: "he may have carried it home with him in his saddle-bags to Stratford on one of his last journeys, and under the mulberry-tree at New Place joined hands with a kindred genius in its pages." The same fortunate imagination pictures the boy Cervantes looking on at the rude dramatic representations of Lope de Rueda in the plaza of Alcalá de Henares; or — bright, eager, tawny-haired — "peering into a bookshop where the latest volumes lay open to tempt the public; . . . or with eyes brimming over with merriment gazing at one of those preposterous portraits of a knight-errant in outrageous panoply and plumes, with which the publishers of chivalry romances loved to embellish the title-pages of their folios. . . . What fun it would be to see such a figure come charging into the plaza! How he'd frighten the old women and scatter the turkeys! If the boy was father to the man, the sense of the incongruous

that was strong at fifty was lively at ten, and some such reflections as these may have been the true genesis of *Don Quixote*." The element of incongruity, by the way, underlying the humor and purpose of *Don Quixote*, Mr. Ormsby thinks has been too little heeded by his interpreters; especially, the illustrators. Gustave Doré, for example, instead of placing the armor, when the pseudo-knight is watching it, on the rude stone trough proper to a Spanish inn-yard, pictures an elaborate fountain "such as no *arriero* ever watered his mules at in the corral of any *venta* in Spain, and thereby misses the point aimed at by Cervantes." We are further reminded of the distinction between the two Parts; the first depending more upon farce, while the humor of the second is rather akin to comedy. Of the Second Part only five editions were printed, but the First Part ran through ten editions. For a long time *Don Quixote* was regarded as a queer, droll book, highly entertaining, but not entitled to much consideration. In later days there has occurred a curious reaction to the other extreme, among Spanish commentators; so that, to judge from the large exegetical literature prompted by the book, one would suppose Cervantes to have been the most obscure, philosophical, and mystical of writers, who never had the slightest humorous intention. "The craze of *Don Quixote*," Mr. Ormsby says, "seems in some instances to have communicated itself to his critics."

This change of view is amusingly described; but there is another side to it, because it continued or repeated in a certain way, long after the death of Cervantes, those misapprehensions, often included in the lot of eminent genius, which surrounded him during his life. Not only was the value of his great satire probably underestimated in his lifetime; but the novel also incurred for him the enmity of almost all the literary class. Among literary men, as in

other professions, there grows up an arbitrary conception as to what it is fitting for members of the class to do; and perhaps a popularity achieved by broad humor struck the poets of the time as unprofessional. There are those to-day in the craft of authorship who look upon wide popularity with instinctive suspicion, as if it were beneath the dignity of letters. But another reason was that Cervantes' work was directed against a taste important in fostering the success of some among his contemporaries. As if this antagonism were not enough, Cervantes never gave up the idea that he was a great dramatist, and that it was of more moment for him to write poems, pastorals, and romances than to complete *Don Quixote*. Of his twenty or thirty plays, none succeeded; and yet he was not convinced. It seems, therefore, that whatever misapprehension others may have had about him was equaled by his own. But he did not complain, and Mr. Ormsby differs with his biographers in doubting that his life was unhappy. Cervantes suffered at the hands of real pirates in his young manhood, and in his later years from the metaphorical pirates who printed *Don Quixote* without paying, — a kind of freebooter we are familiar with in the United States. He was poor, hard-worked, and disappointed in his fondest ambition as an author. But Ormsby thinks that his sanguine and cheerful temperament afforded an antidote to all this. It is easy enough for us to suppose so; but, after all, cheerfulness does not quite take the place of gratified hopes. Cervantes' life was not a tragedy; but neither was it just what a gifted man would deliberately plan for himself, or accept as a fulfillment of his wishes. Still, he cannot have doubted his success in one of his purposes, which was — *not* to "smile Spain's chivalry away," but to laugh away the enervating taste for romances of chivalry. He came of a race of true knights-errant and

warriors, and knew the difference between the real thing and the spurious representation. Here let it be said that Mr. Ormsby punctures another of Byron's mistakes, in showing that the assertion concerning the Don, "his virtue makes him mad," is the exact opposite of the truth; since it is the madness of the imaginative hidalgo that makes him virtuous.

Whatever Cervantes felt as to his own career, the world at least gets the compensation denied to him. And an edition such as this which Mr. Ormsby has so promisingly begun will help many a reader to appraise that compen-

sation more justly. The sketch of Cervantes also brings the author nearer to us; the author, who was "one of the most lovable men the world has ever seen." The notes, placed chiefly at the ends of chapters, are not made for the sake of arraying erudition; and, being condensed and pertinent, are welcome. On the title-page appears a reproduction of the device on Juan de la Cuesta's edition of 1608; and the mock commendatory verses, omitted by other translators except Shelton and Mr. Duffield, are restored to their place. Altogether, the volume is a gratifying earnest of those which are to follow.

STEPNIAK AND RUSSIA.

THE habit of publishing books with misleading titles is not to be commended. In the case of Stepniak's latest volume,¹ it has not even the justification of utility. Russia under the Tzars is certainly a sonorous and striking designation, yet a dozen other titles that might have been chosen would each have made an appeal to eye and imagination equally strong. The contents of the book, moreover, belie its name. Instead of an account of Russia under various monarchs and administrations; instead of the days of centralization and of the empire being contrasted with the period of the appanages, or with the still earlier epoch of Slav government; instead, in fact, of all that such a title naturally led us to expect, we have, properly speaking, no general sketch of Russia at all, and certainly no treatment of the "Tzars" worthy of the subject, but mainly an account of the wickedness of Russian absolutism at the present time, that is

to say, in the reign of Alexander III. Thirty-two chapters complete the volume, and of these no fewer than twenty-three are devoted to a statement of contemporary events and conditions in Russia. Nine chapters are thus left to justify the description, Russia under the Tzars. How do they accomplish the task? For any connected story of Russian development, the whole nine will be perused in vain. What the author gives us in this part of his book is a chapter picturing the commune, a second on the Slav communal assembly, a third descriptive of the Novgorod republic, a fourth dealing with the survival of self-government in Russia, a fifth with "the making of the despotism," and a sixth chapter on the power of the church. So far, we have nothing about Russia under the Tzars. The communal subjects treated belong to old Russia; the despotism referred to was "made" prior to the appearance of the Tsars, while the church attained to power long be-

¹ *Russia under the Tzars.* By STEPNIAK. Rendered into English by WILLIAM WESTALL.

New York: Charles Scribner's Sons and Harper's Franklin Square Library. 1885.

fore the advent of the empire. There thus remain only three chapters out of the thirty-two that can be said to deal in any way with the subject of Russia under the Tzars. And the only reference made in them to the Russian emperors is rounded off in the very general mention of the Tsars of the Rurik dynasty, and in some disconnected allusions to the Tsar Alexis, father of Peter the Great, to Peter the Great himself, to Ivan the Terrible, Paul I., and Peter III. The connection between the title and the contents of the work is therefore of the very slightest kind; for all ordinary purposes, it may be said not to exist at all. Nor is the connection much closer between the chapters into which the volume is divided. It is true that many of them have first seen the light in newspapers, magazines, and other publications. Yet this fact cannot be pleaded in excuse of the want of coherence which makes itself so painfully felt in Russia under the Tzars. As the book was announced with its present title nearly eighteen months ago, it is at least reasonable to presume that the author has not been working blindly or without plan.

We should have been quite willing to overlook even these serious defects, had Stepniak offered anything like an intelligent treatment of the subject with which he claims it to be his special province to deal. As a gatherer of information concerning the domestic struggle in Russia, this author is without an equal; as a collector of incidents and stories illustrating police and government aggression on the one hand, depicting the sufferings and resentments of conspirators and terrorists on the other, he has made the field conspicuously his own. His deft use of the sensational elements of the subject, his talent for drawing blood-curdling pictures, atone with certain classes of readers for many faults of style and

repetition. But as an expositor of so-called Nihilism, he is signally unreliable. His account of its development is strikingly lame and inadequate. The great mystery of this movement for outsiders has always been its psychological side. Every thoughtful student of Russian conspiracy and terrorism feels instinctively that there must be something uncommon and special in the Russian life and character to favor the growth of phenomena so startling and unusual. The strange enthusiasms of Nihilism, its indomitable courage, its power of enlisting the sympathies of women, its nobilities of character, its sublime capacities for self-sacrifice, its saints, its martyrologies, its relics, its perplexing consciousness of a high morality even in the prosecution of tasks obviously unrighteous,—it is upon these characteristics of the movement that light would have been welcomed. Yet our exponent has none to give. He is either above or below the problem which he essays to solve. In reality, he pursues the dead level of those who have gone before him. He offers us an array of lifeless facts, without attempt to arrange them in their proper categories. His intellect is *English*, not *Russian*, for there is nothing of which he seems more afraid than a generalization. We see him oscillating continually between the two ideas of despotism and outraged human rights. Anything which illustrates the one, or supplies material for a moving picture of the other, serves the purpose of Stepniak. Beyond this our author does not trouble himself. Concerning all those great problems of Russian life and growth which, could they be grasped in their absolute as well as their relative importance for political ethnology, would turn all eyes to the east of Europe, the Nihilist writer leaves his readers in the dark.

So much for the general aspects of Russia under the Tzars. Let us now glance briefly at the work in detail.

The chapter on the Commune, with which it opens, is a very imperfect treatment of a subject with which Mr. Wallace and other writers have dealt exhaustively. Here, as in the succeeding chapter on the communal assembly, the book ignores the connection between the national discontent and the loss of the early forms of popular government. Of the gradual growth of the state, and the effect of that growth upon the individual, the author says practically nothing; he fails to note, or seems imperfectly aware of, the part played by Byzantine influences in preparing the way for Tsarism; the Tatar elements of Russian development he ignores altogether. The account given of "the making of the despotism" is highly unsatisfactory, in some respects inaccurate. It is sheer contradiction to say on page 5 that "it was to the rivalry among the members of the princely caste that the ancient Russian republics chiefly owed the preservation of their liberty," and then to assert on page 7 that "the multiplication of royal families also contributed in no small degree to this outcome [the process of disintegration]; for ambitious young princes, eager for power and place, were always at hand ready to encourage separation and stir up revolt." Of the two statements, the latter will be found much nearer the truth. It was rivalry and quarrels among the princes that really favored centralization. But when we hear from Stepniak that "at last the country, devastated by these eternal feuds, demanded peace at any price," it may be well to point to the historical fact that the country did not demand peace at all, but went on fighting until the old organization had been broken up by force of arms; until the grand princes of Moscow had overcome all resistance, and the conquered land lay at their feet. The statement that "old Russia . . . was constrained, like other peoples, to undergo the hard ap-

prenticeship of despotic rule" asserts a parallel between Russian and general history entirely without foundation. And when mention is made of the migratory movements of the agricultural classes as "welding the population into a homogeneous whole," and "facilitating the unification of the country," we are not told how it was that, in the end, these migrations led to the enslavement of the agricultural populations. Instead of facilitating unification and centralization, they were from the first formidable obstacles to the growth of the new state. Their utter incompatibility with the unifying tendency found its terrible and indelible record in the attachment of the working agriculturist to the glebe.

In the chapter on the Greek Church far too great an emphasis is laid on the popular conception of the Byzantine legacy as an exclusively national possession. As a solely Russian faith the monotheistic religion could not take rank; borrowed from Byzantium it had then, as it has now, a foreign as well as a Russian habitat. The confusion of Tsarism with Deity in the popular mind was not, as Stepniak asserts, the work of the church and the Tsar: it was one of those mental acts of hero-worship common to all races on a low level of civilization. The so-named "theocracy," modified in the end by what the author calls "the secularization of the state," was nothing more than a theocracy of ignorance. His treatment of The Great Reformer is a mere compilation, badly wrought into the argument, and innocent of the slightest suspicion of originality. If it was only "after Peter's time" that "the true slavery of the Russian people" began, it is quite safe to aver that the Russian people were never enslaved at all. And when the author assures us that "the Slav race," thanks to European influence, has now not only permanent independence, but also "a national culture most conformable to their social and intellectual

genius," he is making a grave blunder in ethnology, and prematurely closing a great national dispute that still has before it whole decades of vigorous polemic and vitality. The Slavophiles of Russia remain as strongly opposed to western civilization as they have been at any time during the past twenty years; they continue to maintain that no culture can "conform" to the genius of the Russian people that is not purely Slav and introspective in its character. The Nihilist editor's confusion of the Slav race with the Slavs of the Russian Empire we attribute rather to great carelessness than to gross ignorance. But his limitation of the contest between the educated classes and the government to a period of only twenty-five years shows not only that he has failed to grasp the real character of the struggle, but that its earlier phases have wholly escaped his attention.

The more familiar the reader grows with the method and contents of this book, the more will the conviction be forced upon him that, as we have already more than suggested, its merit and significance stand wholly apart from the task of explaining Nihilism, or even of giving an intelligible and accurate account of the origin and growth of political discontent in Russia. As the historian of Nihilism, the present expounder of that movement is a conspicuous failure, not only in the work before us, but in all his previous writings on Russia; as the news-gatherer of the struggle, possessed of good powers of description, with a capacity for vivid picturing of the startling and tragical elements of the subject, the author of Russia under the Tzars has won an unquestionable reputation. His function as a writer is obviously and naturally that of illustrating the modern phase of the struggle between Russian absolutism and Russian democracy; in this sense and field, but in no other, has he made a valuable contribution to our knowl-

edge of modern Russia. And even here the merit of Russia under the Tzars is by no means unmixed. Its sources of information were practically inexhaustible. They embraced the immense stores of material that Russian refugees have been busy accumulating in Switzerland for more than two decades. The liberal, terroristic, and revolutionary organs of the "underground" press in Geneva were all accessible. If "personal experiences" were needed, no avowed Russian agitator is believed to have had a greater number of them, or to have had them in a more exciting form, than Stepniak himself. That the resultant indictment is a formidable one ought not to appear strange under the circumstances. We are not at all prepared to say that it is not true. Given the system, and scenes like those vouched for in Russia under the Tzars seem no more than its natural outcome. But it is a pity that an author should have so often brought a heated imagination, a tendency to exaggerate, and a sustained partisanship to the weakening of facts not at all in need of this kind of reinforcement. What bare statement could be more terribly eloquent, for example, than that of the story of the letter in blood sent out from the Trubetskoi Ravelin in St. Petersburg? "In the brick floors large holes have been left for the rats to pass through. . . . The rats enter by scores, try to climb upon the beds and to bite the prisoners. . . . At the present moment, among others, there is a woman with a little child at her breast. This is Yakimova. Night and day she watches over her babe lest he should be devoured by the rats."

The most welcome chapters in the whole book are those on journalism and education in Russia, for here we have needed information at first hand. Had the whole volume merited like praise, it would have had our unqualified approval, even as a mere book of facts and information. It seems all too clear

that the author was taken at a disadvantage near the completion of his task, in order that one more "timely" work might appear in the market prematurely. However this may be, he did not deserve the treatment meted out to him by his translator. A more numerous or more provoking collection of blunders in a volume of this kind it has seldom been our fortune to encounter. French transliterations of Russian names are bad enough in an English work; but to vary them by German and even Italian varieties of spelling is still more trying to the reader's patience. The clumsy syllable "Tzar" is used

throughout, though there is no word of the same pronunciation in either Russian or English; *Novoye Vremia*, incorrectly spelled, appears again, for the thousandth time, as "New Times" instead of "Modern Times;" while a common newspaper blunder, the word "Czarina" (a pure invention), used instead of *Tsaritsa*, the wife of the Tsar, actually appears in this work written by a Russian. Unfortunately, this is only one example out of a hundred that could easily be cited of the gross carelessness and superficial scholarship that have presided at the preparation of this volume for the press.

MARIUS THE EPICUREAN.

THE young student of Greek and Roman life has been wont to take his learning lightly by the aid of the estimable Mr. Bekker in his two agreeable romances of *Charicles* and *Gallus*. By confining himself wholly to the coarse print, he has been able to follow the fortunes of a Greek or Roman young gentleman, as he passed through the ordinary vicissitudes which befell him from the cradle to the grave. If disposed to more serious work, he could apply himself to the small print notes at the foot of the page, and to the excursions which amble on without regard to the story. If still more severely bent, he might look up the references to classic authors, and translate the quotations which abound in the scholarly apparatus. The story, however, is the enticing part. It is somewhat sensational at times, but the learned author never forgets that he is teaching, and not amusing. The reader cannot follow the beautiful *Lycoris* to *Baiæ*, without having his gaze constantly interrupted by superior numbers pointing to cor-

roborative testimony at the foot of the page.

Mr. Pater has attempted a more refined task in his romance of *Marius the Epicurean*.¹ There is not a foot-note in the two handsome volumes which he devotes to this classic restoration. All the author's learning has been gracefully left in the workshop, and only the finished production offered to the reader. Learning is supposed throughout; it is rarely, very rarely, obtruded. Even the minutiae of detail, which one would naturally rely upon to create a lifelikeness, are very quietly mentioned. It is only now and then that the *Gallus* method appears, as when, for instance, one reads, "It was for this purpose that after devoutly saluting the *Lares*, as was customary before starting on a journey," where the little epexegetical clause betrays, for a moment only, the shade of Bekker accompanying Mr. Pater.

¹ *Marius the Epicurean: his Sensations and Ideas*. By WALTER PATER, M. A. In two volumes. London: Macmillan & Co. 1885.

The narrative, in brief, is of a patrician young Roman, of religious temperament and thoughtful mind, who goes up to Rome from his country home, looks upon the city and its life, is admitted to the friendship of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, ponders the prevalent philosophy, catches more than a glimpse of Christianity, and finally dies under circumstances which partially identify him with a martyrdom for the Christian faith. The book, as its title intimates, is occupied with the sensations and ideas of men rather than with their deeds. It is an interior picture of Roman thought, and rests, for its worth, upon its faithfulness to the somewhat occult experience of the second century.

It is evident to one, so soon as he attempts to outline the structure of the work, that there is very little objective character to it. The persons and scenes are faintly sketched; it is not intended that the eye should rest upon objects, and there is not even any accentuation of color, by which one might perceive more clearly the forms presented. The effect is reached by delicate gradations of tone and subtle transitions. One listens as to a reader who affects a low and finely modulated voice, who is surprised by no emotion, and, above all, never betrayed into passion. Splendor of dress and of ritual, pomp of triumphal procession, ardor of popular demonstration, — these attributes of the time and circumstance of the story are referred to, but have no spectacular value in the narrative. An instance of this negative treatment is in the account given of the emperor's oration, and in the chapter on Manly Amusement, where it would seem as if the author, with his fastidious taste, refused even to hint at the details of brutality.

This absence of a strongly marked background, from which the characters are to be projected, is detrimental to any sharp outline in the figures of the

persons themselves. Marius, Cornelius, Marcus Aurelius, Fronto, Cæcilia, — these are all figures in low relief; their profiles only appear, and are scarcely distinguishable at times from the material out of which they are carved. Occasional suggestions are given of times and seasons, but he would be a skillful chronologer who should undertake a dry analysis of the work for the purpose of ascertaining the exact dates of the occurrences. Nevertheless, if skillful, he could fix the test instances, and would doubtless rise from his task with an increased respect for a literary artist who could so finely conceal the articulation of his work.

The more closely one looks at the structure, the more clearly is he aware of the art which has labored to remove all the signs of art. How exquisite, for example, is the passage at the close of the sixth chapter, where Marius and Flavian visit the traditional site of a little Greek colony! The introduction of a remote antiquity into this picture of an antiquity acknowledged by the reader heightens the effect in a marvellous degree, and yet by a very simple means. Perhaps an even more noticeable instance, and one more integral to the purpose of the book, is in the glimpse of the religion of Numa, as held in a few archaic ceremonies, which carry back the imagination, as they do the thought of the book, into a time of hoar and mossy primitiveness.

Mr. Pater's style has become even more delicate than it was shown to be in his *Studies in the History of the Renaissance*. His sentences slip along with the noiseless murmur of a brook. By a little artifice, he never suggests what is called in familiar phrase "a good stopping-place." His work is divided into books, and the books into chapters, but the pauses are only the discreet pauses of music. He has a trick of beginning his sentences with *and*, as if he had not left off. He never leaves off,

in fact, and when one reaches the close of the second volume, and discovers, with gentle surprise, that Marius is dead, one still feels that there is no reason why the spirit of Marius should not rustle on in low-breathed movements, and finally, if it disappear at all, be faintly dissipated in some subtle fragrance. How consciously all this art is bestowed may be read in the nicely discriminating chapter upon Euphuism, wherein, under the guise of a philosophical account of a certain phase of Roman literature, Mr. Pater enters a plea for very much such writing as he delights himself with.

"For words," he says, summing the literary programme which Flavian had designed for himself, "after all, words manipulated with all his delicate force, were to be the apparatus of a war for himself. To be forcibly impressed, in the first place; and in the second, to find means of making visible to others that which was vividly apparent, delightful, of lively interest, to himself, to the exclusion of all that was but middling, tame, or but half true even to him, — this scrupulousness of literary art actually awoke in Flavian, for the first time, a sort of chivalrous conscience. What care for style! what patience of execution! what research for the significant tones of ancient idiom, — *sonantia verba et antiqua*! what stately and regular word-building, — *gravis et decora constructio*! He felt the whole meaning of the skeptical Pliny's somewhat melancholy advice to one of his friends, *ut studiis se literarum a mortalitate vindicet*. And there was everything in the nature and training of Marius to make him a full participator in the hopes of such a new literary school, with Flavian for its leader. In those refinements of his curious spirit, in that horror of profanities, in that fastidious sense of a correctness in external form, there was something which ministered to the old ritual interest, still surviving in him; as

if here indeed were involved a kind of sacred service to the mother-tongue."

The reference in all this to contemporary phases of literary art is scarcely more than lightly allusive, but it is this remote undercurrent of parallelism with modern experience which makes Mr. Pater's book often suggest a parable. Now and then there is an open declaration of this, or rather the comparison of Rome and London is somewhat distinctly made; but the reader suspects a reference oftener where it is somewhat sedulously concealed, and can never wholly rid himself of the notion that he is reading a sketch of modern thought *mutatis mutandis*. There is a gay little flout of a posturing Englishman when a young Roman host is introduced with the words, "He wore it [a toga, of altogether lost hue and texture] with the grace becoming the leader of a thrilling movement then on foot for the restoration of that disused garment, in which, laying aside the customary evening dress, all the visitors were requested to appear, setting off the dainty sinuosities and well-disposed 'golden way' of its folds with harmoniously tinted flowers." The extreme sensitiveness of Mr. Pater's prose is illustrated by the hardly perceptible discord produced by the word "thrilling" in this passage, which betrays momentarily the author's personal feeling. But Mr. Pater does not fly at small game; this was only a sudden unpremeditated dip in his flight.

It is better worth while to note the pages where he discloses, by a certain depth of fervor, his own philosophy of life. With whatever dexterity of phrase he follows the course of Marius' movement of mind, he does not so far remove himself from the evolution of a Roman faith as not to speak occasionally in the ear of the reader. At least, so we read in the early part of the narrative a passage supposed to be dropped from the lips of a shadowy priest who appears half mysteriously to Marius: —

“ ‘If thou wouldst have all about thee like the colors of some fresh picture, in a clear light,’ — so the discourse recommenced after a pause, — ‘be temperate in thy religious motions, in love, in wine, in all things, and of a peaceful heart with thy fellows.’ To keep the eye clear by a sort of exquisite personal alacrity and cleanliness, extending even to his dwelling-place; to discriminate, ever more and more exactly, select form and color in things from what was less select; to meditate much on beautiful visible objects, more especially, connected with the period of youth, on children at play in the morning, the trees in early spring, on young animals, on the fashions and amusements of young men; to keep ever by him if it were but a single choice flower, a graceful animal, or sea-shell, as a token and representative of the whole kingdom of such things; to avoid jealousy, in his way through the world, everything repugnant to sight; and, should any circumstance tempt him to a general converse in the range of such objects, to disentangle himself from that circumstance at any cost of place, money, or opportunity, — such were, in brief outline, the duties recognized, the rights demanded, in this new formula of life.”

Of course we do not pretend that this is to be taken as an adequate statement of Mr. Pater's philosophy of life, but it is so clever a sketch of it, and is so justified by the whole course of this book, that we may reasonably regard the voice which we hear as that of Mr. Pater himself. The very style of *Marius the Epicurean* — that subtlest exponent of the man — is perfectly in accord with the sentiment of the passage which we have quoted. Its fastidiousness suggests an abhorrence of all violent expression, all unruly feeling. The very superlatives are tempered and restrained by the quiet manner in which they are uttered, and a discreet silence is observed whenever the reader is moved to ask some penetrating question.

Would the picture, for example, which Mr. Pater has drawn of the Christian church of that period bear close examination? Even granting that it contained the possibilities of the winning grace and peace of Cæcilia's house, is not a picture so selected untrue by what it leaves undepicted? Certainly the history of the church, written not for artistic effect, but to narrate the growth, with all its interruptions, of a very human body, takes account of woful dissensions and opposition of sects at the very time of which Mr. Pater writes. Again, in his desire to show Christianity luminous in the face of a young Roman soldier, has he not missed a most natural exhibition of Christian faith working in the life of such a man? He represents Marius and Cornelius as close friends; he shows Marius as opening his philosophic mind, yet we are asked to believe that Cornelius had no zeal, but introduced Marius to Christianity by the most remote and, as it were, accidental means. We confess that we cannot translate into plain and direct English the first introduction of Marius to the household of Cæcilia. The chapter devoted to it is a lovely piece of tapestry hanging, but it is not a picture. Moreover, in pursuance of his very allusive and indirect method, Mr. Pater allows the reader to take his choice between regarding Cornelius as a zany or a coward, in the final scenes of the book. Apparently, the author was too fatigued to work out a reasonable explanation of the separation of the friends. He was willing to hint at great generosity and self-sacrifice on the part of Marius — so much was needed to round out the hero's character, — but he seems to have left the character of Cornelius to take care of itself, so that it goes limping off the stage.

Christianity — the Christianity of the second century — is in the estimation of Mr. Pater a variation of Roman life scarcely so revolutionary in its tendency

as supplementary to existing phases of philosophic belief. Its introduction into the web of this story is marvelously fine. The wall between Stoicism and Christianity, as by some magic art, becomes thinner and thinner. It is a mere shell; one hears voices on either side. It is a film; a touch, a breath, and it is gone! The reader is in the presence of the new comprehensive faith which involves and includes Stoicism, Epicureanism, and whatever social or personal phase of belief was ready to be absorbed. But where, the reader asks, — where is the antagonism, where the Aurelian persecution itself? Let him not be disturbed. Mr. Pater will give distant views of death and martyrdom, and will even lead the reader directly into the midst of a sudden fury of persecution; but before one can be either horrified or startled, flowers have sprung up on the spot at which one has been gazing. The experience of the sultan's victim, who had yet to learn that his head had been cut off, so fine was the blade which severed it, is the experience of the reader when he finishes Mr. Pater's delicate account of the martyrdom of Felix and Faustinus.

It is not out of keeping with the

whole tenor of Marius' character and tendency of thought that the book should gravitate toward a *meditatio mortis*, but may it not be incident also to Mr. Pater's view of life that the thought recurs again and again to this theme? The sky is blue, the voices of birds are heard, the smile of nature is noted, yet somehow all the joy in the book is of a very grave and subdued sort. Let us — not eat and drink, but feel unutterable things, for to-morrow we die, is the refrain of this remarkable book, — remarkable for its delicacy of observation, its frequent penetration and illuminating reflection, its harmonious art, its aroma. Is it from too crass a nature that we are tempted sometimes to wish for some boulder of truth to come crashing down into the hothouse of flower and verdure? The very refinement of the book, too long lingered over, creates a revulsion of feeling, and we almost are willing to see some one do injustice to it. Not quite this. We owe Mr. Pater too great a debt for this rarity in literature. We are content to take it for what it is, a consummate piece of art, not a masterly commentary upon the latter half of the second century.

LITERARY LONDON.

"WE walked in the evening in Greenwich Park. He asked me, I suppose by way of trying my disposition, 'Is not this very fine?' Having no exquisite relish of the beauties of nature and being more delighted with the 'busy hum of men,' I answered, 'Yes, sir, but not equal to Fleet Street.' JOHN-SON. 'You are right, sir.'" Thus the light-minded Mr. Boswell; and the no less truthful but finer Lamb writes to Wordsworth in answer to a pressing invitation to visit the poet at the Lakes:

"I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street, the innumerable trades, tradesmen and customers, coaches, wagons, play-houses; all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden; the watchmen, drunken scenes, rabbles; life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night; the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street; the crowds,

the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the paint-shops, the old bookstalls, persons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soup from kitchens, the pantomimes, London itself a pantomime and masquerade,—all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me without a power of satiating me.”

Margaret Fuller confessed that she never found herself at home until she reached Rome, but where there is one so adjusted to the antique and world-wide, there are twenty who touch the world of their imagination at most points when they take a walk down Fleet Street. The lines of Lamb which we have quoted are like pungent salts to any one who has ever abandoned himself to the fascination of that earthliest of cities. They revive his mind and send the recollection of days and nights stinging along his nerves. Yet it is through the most refined media that London comes to have this strong hold upon the human affection and imagination, for the city owes its fame not to historic deeds done there, but to historic men who have lived there, and most of all to the men of letters. Nor to these simply for what they have written of London, but often for the mere fact that they have written in London, and have consecrated its very mundane streets and houses by the presence of their spirits. We know the house, the room, in which Keats wrote his sonnet upon reading Chapman’s Homer. How slight a basis for an attachment to a locality! Yet we stand there, like Poor Susan at the corner of Wood Street; “*we* look and *our* heart is in heaven.”

It was every way fit that an American should furnish a directory¹ to the London of literature, since it is his countrymen who walk London streets with the keenest sense of that spiritual pop-

ulation which inhabits the town. It is equally satisfactory to find that Mr. Hutton has understood perfectly what his countrymen want in such a directory, and has fulfilled his task with an eye single to its thoroughness. In alphabetical order he has entered the names of English-writing authors who have at any time lived or tarried in London; he has supplied the dates of birth and death under each name, and then has tracked the author not only to each place of residence in the city, but to his favorite haunts, indicating also those localities which the author by his art has made famous. In doing this he has confined himself to well-authenticated facts, and has patiently sifted the evidence in all obscure cases, so that the reader, noting the extreme care shown, comes to rely implicitly on Mr. Hutton’s results. As a slight indication of this accuracy of form, all statements as to existing monuments are dated by the year of Mr. Hutton’s record. He never says carelessly such a house is now standing, but he fixes his *now* by [1885]. By this means he at once protects himself and provides the traveler with the necessary clue. Any subsequent edition—and the book ought to be a standard one—will leave this undisturbed so far as it goes.

In preparing the volume, Mr. Hutton went to work in a most systematic fashion, verifying his facts by personal examination of localities. He says in his modest Introduction: “Innumerable volumes upon London have been consulted, from Stow and Strype to the younger Dickens: early insurance surveys, containing the number and position of every house in London since houses were first numbered, in 1767, have been compared with similar surveys of the present, by means of tracings and by actual measurements of the streets themselves; the first maps of London have been examined and compared in like manner with later and coun-

¹ *Literary Landmarks of London.* By LAURENCE HUTTON. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1885.

temporary plans ; directories for the last century and a half have been studied carefully ; and it has been possible by these means to discover and note the exact sites of many interesting buildings, the position of which has hitherto been merely a matter of conjecture or entirely unknown."

It is impossible that one should thus hunt for last year's birds' nests who did not have a positive affection for the birds, and it is very much to Mr. Hutton's credit that he has denied himself the pleasure of lingering over the subjects which must so often have tempted him into comment. Instead, he has kept rigorously within the bounds of his work, and has given the sentimental traveler all the necessary facts without any sentiments of his own. He has restricted himself to men of the past altogether, wisely, since he would have infringed upon too much privacy if he had given to the curious any clues to the retreats or haunts of the living. He has furnished his book with admirable indexes, and altogether has made himself an invaluable *valet de place* to the lover of literary London.

The London of Mr. Hutton's book is metropolitan, and perhaps it was necessary thus to limit the range, but it would have been possible to find a good many literary landmarks in the environs of the city, in what Mr. Walford appropriately terms, in his encyclopædic work, Greater London.¹ Mr. Hutton has indeed occasionally followed one of his heroes beyond the city limits, as in the case of Pope at Twickenham, and there are two slight references to Richmond ; but for anything like fullness of statement one must go to Mr. Walford's book. He must go to it, for he cannot carry it with him, since it is in two big volumes, adapted to the size of the subject, and is planned on a different scale and for a different purpose from Mr.

Hutton's book. It comprises a vast deal about other people than men of letters, and is plentifully supplied with coarse, sometimes very effective woodcuts.

One might profitably annotate the smaller book by means of the larger, and occasionally possibly correct it, or at least enlarge a statement into a less misleading one. Mr. Hutton, for instance, speaks of the grotto in Pope's villa as still remaining, though he notes the fact that the villa itself is entirely different in character from the original one, and does not even stand on the same site. But Mr. Walford, at the close of his full and entertaining account of Twickenham, says : " Suffice it to say that beyond his tomb in Twickenham church, the only memorials of the poet now visible here are the gardens and the famous grove, in which he took such great delight, and also the grotto — or rather, the tunnel, for it has been despoiled of most of its rare marbles, spars, and ores, and is now a mere damp subway." To tell the truth, the ardent hunter of literary landmarks is too often obliged to content himself with the sad words "*Here might have been,*" and he ought to think himself fairly well off if the grotto of his search has been arrested in its disappearance at the phase of a "mere damp subway."

We note a rather more distinct contradiction in the two books in the reference to Thomson's sojourn at Rose-dale House in Kew Foot Lane, Richmond. "It has been greatly altered," says Mr. Hutton, "and was in 1885 a plain red brick mansion near the street, with a little bit of lawn in front. 'Rose-dale House' was painted on its gate-posts. The gardens and relics of the poet, which were for many years carefully preserved here, have gradually disappeared. He died in this house in 1748." In Greater London, under the general subject of Richmond, we find a full ac-

¹ *Greater London: A Narrative of its History, its People, and its Places.* By EDWARD WAL-

FORD, M. A. In two volumes. London: Cassell & Co. Limited.

count of Thomson's home at Rosedale House, with the statement that the house had been transformed into a hospital, and that the Rosedale near at hand had nothing to do with Thomson. Still, though Mr. Hutton says nothing about the transformation, he may not have mistaken the two houses.

Under the title of Dickens, Mr. Hutton has given some interesting references not merely to Dickens's own life, but to the scarcely less actual life of the men, women, and children whom he created. Greater London supplements all this in a very suggestive fashion, for it enables one to follow forlorn Oliver Twist on his tramp with Bill Sykes, and is especially minute and full in references to the scenes of Barnaby Rudge. Harrow School, from its associations with the boyhood of men of letters, becomes a marked literary landmark, and is described in a rambling fashion in the larger book. Enfield, also, besides its connection with Lamb, offers itself for admiration as the place, according to a

diligent antiquary cited by Mr. Walford, where Sir Walter Raleigh made a foot bridge of his mantle for Queen Elizabeth. Some of Theodore Hook's pranks were played outside of the city, and Dr. Johnson, sturdiest of Londoners, is represented by his wife's grave in Bromley church.

Yet a comparison and collocation of the two books brings to light very distinctly the concentration of literary men upon London proper. They do not seem to have betaken themselves much to the suburbs, and no wonder, for all England is virtually a suburb of London; if one is not in the heart of London he might almost as well, for convenience, be in Cumberland as at Staines, say, or Chigwell. The power of London to draw to itself men of letters is in its appeal to them to get near the throbbing of the great arteries. They recognize the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street, and the beauties of nature of Greenwich Park fade before the stunted rose-bushes of the Temple.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

WHEN I first beheld the M. M. (*Memento Mori*), the sight, though sufficiently unpleasant, was not so nerve-shocking as it might have been had I been unacquainted with a novelty in necrological methods practiced in rural communities. Here was a bit of tarnished funeral bravery, once wrested away from the indigent dead, awhile preserved with mournful care (perhaps framed and hung upon the wall), and now hobnobbing with dooryard chips! No wonder that I was reminded of the posthumous fortune of "Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay." But as I contemplated the lugubrious object, of which I was made the unwill-

ing custodian, these sombre reflections received a timely fillip, two lines of a poem I had lately read coming to my relief, —

"And those who misbehaved themselves
Had their coffin-plates taken away."

I read the legend engraved upon the somewhat dented and discolored metallic panel: "Doctor Abner C——. Died March 25, 18—." The doctor had been for many years a citizen of the major village upon the hill. More than once, as a child, I had peered between the high and sharp iron pickets which inclosed his resting-place, and had read, not without pensive edification, the date and pious legend upon the headstone;

but I had not in those days dared to gather, as I coveted doing, a single blossom from the sweet-brier bush which yearly displayed its gay legend, *Memento Vivere*, above and between the palings of that severe inclosure. And now, — I could scarcely reconcile my childish impression with the novel discovery that the stern doctor had been subject to discipline such as the poet describes. Was it not enough that one's coffin plate should be taken away, without its becoming a mere trinket, innocent of all import as a record, — the decoration of a child's play-house! This indeed was the case. Only the day before, some juvenile visitors had amused themselves with conveying to the rear porch of my dwelling sundry "traps and calamities," rejected by the Penates of the last occupants of the house next to mine. How this family, who were not of kin to the deceased, happened to be in possession of this mortuary treasure, I have been accurately informed, but the reader shall be spared the prolix account of its transmission. In my own family the delicate responsibility entailed by the possession of such a relic was not ignored. What shall we do with the *M. M.*? became a question of engrossing interest. Proposal number One: Bury it in the garden. Objection: It might be exhumed many years later, when, the circumstances of its deposition having been forgotten, the occupants of the place might find it difficult to lift the suspicion of foul play that might fasten upon them. Proposal number Two (I own this was shockingly sordid): Have it melted and made into silver spoons. Objection (also most shocking): There is n't enough silver in it. Proposal number Three: Convert it into a plaque: and get Miss B—— to paint it. Objection: "Let her paint an inch thick," the inscription would always show through. Proposal number Four: Lay it on the doctor's grave. Objection: What does a man of sense

(if he *is* dead) want of two inscriptions above his head? Proposal number Five: Throw it over the fence where the children found it was adopted (without objection), and acted upon. But even so, we have not been able entirely to shake off our unpleasant acquaintance. From time to time one member of the family or another is sure to observe, "I have seen the *M. M.* to-day." It is no longer a unit; but on this very account its chances of becoming ubiquitous are dimly increased. Its orts and fragments seem to gravitate in the direction of my premises. I can think of nothing to compare with it in point of indestructibility, except the Touchstone in the poetic fable of Allingham.

— Following the overthrow of the Tycoon in 1867 came the establishment of the Mikado in his temporal power and the abolition of the nobility. With more extended foreign intercourse, the innovations and manners of Western nations crept in, and a new life was inaugurated that blighted and excluded the old. But more intimate acquaintance with the principles and morals of European nations has deprived the foreign craze of much of its charm, and has made the Japanese realize that there is some good in their own civilization. Fencing with the double-hilted sword, archery, and the game of *dakin* — an exercise similar to our polo — have recently been revived. Notable among their selections from the old civilization for embodiment in the new is that of the *Cha No Yu*, or, in our tongue, the Ceremonial Tea. To suppose that it will exist without the old forms of dress, architecture, and manners seems unreasonable at first thought; but the easy adaptation of its principles and methods to foreign ceremonies will result, doubtless, in the survival of its more beautiful and less rigid forms.

Briefly, the *Cha No Yu* is the drinking of tea of the finest quality as to taste and purity, with the observance of spe-

cial forms and in a particular place. Its object is essentially metaphysical: the philosopher, statesman, soldier, or student seeking in it the enjoyment of contemplation and development of thought or ideas upon all subjects, philosophical or religious. Culture, cleanliness, fine manners, and purity of life are all promoted by it, the special ceremonies by which these ends are attained leading to probably one of the highest forms of social and æsthetic entertainment that the world has ever known. The participant, to acquit himself successfully, must possess culture of the highest order, which in Japan includes also a thorough knowledge of etiquette, a high appreciation of the beautiful, fine conversational powers, and certain native accomplishments, the most important of which is the arrangement of flowers, trees, and paintings so as to produce the most enchanting effects. It is a particular art to make the tea and to serve it in company, but this consists more in the observance of certain forms than in any difficulty as to boiling or preparation. If these requirements are not possessed, the Cha No Yu becomes simply a feast of good things, pleasing by reason of its order and beauty, but failing in its object because of its length, exact forms, and lack of excitement.

The tea-chamber is one of the rooms of a building apart from the residence, and specially devoted to the purposes of the Cha No Yu. In cities or towns, this building stands within an inclosure bordered by a thick hedge of shrubbery; but when forming a part of great houses in the country, it crowns a summit that overlooks a beautiful landscape. In either case, the grounds are set with numerous plants and flowers of remarkable beauty and cultivated to a surprising degree of perfection. The site must be free from impure air. In the construction of the house, the finest woods are used; its roofing is of shingles and the workmanship throughout of the high-

est order obtainable. The tea-chamber measures usually fourteen by twenty-seven feet in dimensions, and though perfectly plain is without perceptible fault in structure. Its ceiling is of wood, and the walls are of a white or light gray color. The floor is covered with matting of the finest quality, which should have an opening in the centre for the use of a fire-bowl in winter. In one corner of the room is a raised platform on which the finest flowers and plants are arranged in rare pots and vases, while close by, on pillars of ebony or sandalwood, roll pictures are displayed along with ancient scrolls or other curious writings.

In another corner is the *kama*, supported between two leaves of a rare screen; it is a quaintly shaped kettle, made of very thick iron, and containing pure water, which, when practicable, is obtained from a spring set apart for use at the Cha No Yu. Beneath it upon a low stand are a few live charcoals in white ashes. Near by is a cabinet three feet in height, made of mulberry wood and containing three shelves, on which are placed a fine white feather brush, a small box of incense, and one or two jars containing powdered tea. Beneath is a vessel of fresh water. The cabinet articles here mentioned are all valuable by reason of their variety, antiquity, or historical associations.

Adjoining the tea-chamber is an apartment in which the utensils are kept arranged in the order of their use, while in front is a prettily designed reception-room that completes the structure of a building so unique in character and purpose. It has been inferred already, no doubt, that only persons of rank or wealth would presume to give a feast of the first order.

Invitations to the tea are always in writing and are sent by messenger to the guests, the hour designated being six A. M., noon, or four P. M., according to the will of the host, and the entertain-

ment should not last longer than two hours.

At the appointed time, the guests bathe, and arraying themselves in their finest costume — usually the choicest yield of the looms of Tokio — proceed to the residence of the host, where they assemble in a pavilion in the garden, in one of the reception-rooms, or on a veranda near the tea-chamber. A short interval is now spent in pleasing conversation, and in admiration of the landscape, or, if in town, of the flowers that beautify the grounds on every hand. Thus prepared for the more refined sight within, their arrival is announced by striking a wooden tablet or bell, when a servant or the host himself conducts them to the tea-chamber, on entering which the guests precede the host in the order of their ages, while he kneels without.

It is at this stage that the accomplishments of the host are tested thoroughly and his riches realized. It is here that he takes that pride in exhibiting the beauty of his lacquered ware, the splendor of his bowls, and the richness of his domestic utensils that our grandmothers used to feel in displaying their rare and costly china. In this brilliant assemblage the host appears in the unselfish light of one upon whose culture and refinement judgment is to be passed by the first gentlemen of his acquaintance.

His flowers, bowls, vases, pottery, and hanging pictures are now subjected to the critical examination and discussion of the guests, who during such time sit, in native fashion, on the heels. The hanging picture is generally inscribed, and to understand it a thorough classical education is needed, as the characters are such as were used by the ancient scholars and philosophers of Japan.

In the arrangement and selection of the flowers, the skill and taste of the host are especially shown. No one who has visited the East can forget the soft

and delicate odors emanating from the groves of cypress and other trees. It is a natural incense, offered up at all times of the day and night, and a love of flowers is one of the most pleasing features in the character of the Japanese people. In the tea-chamber, the flowers receive particular attention from the guests; the adaptation of each to the state of the weather and to the light of the room, and the arrangement of its leaves, stem, and branches are carefully studied, while the devices for exhibiting the effect of its colors are ingenious and entertaining. For this purpose, transparent bowls are used, some plain and some of the richest hues, single or varied. They all contain water, on which the rarest and most exquisite blossoms are floating. They are then singly or collectively exposed in such positions to the several conditions of light that the prismatic hues reflected from the bowls blend with the rich colors of the flower itself and present an effect indescribably beautiful. The same or other blossoms are then placed beneath the water, and on exposure to similar conditions of light present with the resulting combinations of colors still richer hues and more dazzling spectra.

This interchange of artistic opinion and ideas, coupled with the pleasing impressions derived from the inspection of such beautiful objects, gradually frees the mind from the cares of the day and prepares it for the higher and contemplative state necessary for the more intellectual conversation at a later period of the entertainment. At the close of the inspection the guests seat themselves in a semicircle; the host proceeds to the inner door of the room and bowing from a sitting posture, says, "The honor of your company is a source of great pleasure; I shall now make the fire." After a short absence, he returns with a basket of pure charcoal sticks of equal lengths, two spiral-shaped iron handles for the kettle, a pair of tongs,

a water ladle, a spoon for powdered tea, a whisk-stirrer of bamboo, a tea bowl, and a purple silk cloth for wiping each utensil before it is used.

In building the fire beneath the kama, a special arrangement of the charcoal is followed, and incense is burned to dispel its odor. Here, as in every part of the Cha No Yu, the movements of the host and the positions of the several utensils are regulated by a code.

Though not essential, refreshments of a substantial but mild quality are frequently served at this stage of the entertainment. If so, the guests are invited into a prettily ornamented room, apart from the tea-chamber. The cups, bowls, and other wares must be decorated and of high price; the silken napkins, the little stools and trays, must each be of the finest quality. The stools — called in Japanese "*zen*," or meal tables — are plain and heavily lacquered, square in shape, and provided with a rim about the upper edge. On them the refreshments are served in small dishes, one course being invariably rice. The tables are attended by the host himself; instead of eating with his guests, he receives from each choice portions of food on the palms of his hands, and in a manner that indicates his appreciation of the honor conferred upon him. The last course consists of a rare confection or fruit in very small quantity; when finished, the host takes a seat and converses on general topics with each of his guests. After a short interval he withdraws, leaving the company to inspect rolls of ancient pictures or other rare specimens of Japanese art.

In the second and last part of the Cha No Yu, the guests enter the tea-chamber in the order before described. New flowers and pictures have been placed in this room during their absence, and receive an inspection no less critical than that of the first part. On its completion, the guests are seated, precedence being governed by age and

reputation as master of Tea Ceremonies. The host then appears in the doorway, and, bowing from a sitting posture, takes his place in front of the tea utensils. Before making the tea, each vessel is carefully wiped with the purple cloth. A spoonful of powdered tea is put, with all the necessary graces, into a richly ornamented bowl; boiling water from the kama is then poured upon the powder, and the whole is stirred with the bamboo whisk until it creams. It is then served by a handsomely dressed boy. Each guest, on receiving the cup, places it in the right hand, — which is steadied by the left, — and after noticing its decoration and quality, raises it to his lips, and, while drinking, brings the body into a stiffly erect position. The host is the last served. Etiquette makes his rôle a difficult one to perform, and upon its execution depends his reputation as a master of this interesting though formal ceremony.

The entertainment concludes with general conversation of a highly intellectual and refined type, for which the minds of the host and guests are now supposed to be prepared. The subjects chosen for discussion or investigation are of such a nature as the culture of the company suggests. They may be of metaphysics, philosophy, or religion, — in short, of any theme that would naturally interest highly cultivated and refined intellects, ambitious of still further information and advancement.

Where refreshments have been served, the guest is at liberty to carry away such portions of the dainties as he may wish. For this purpose, the sweetmeat is carefully wrapped in paper, which is generally pure white, though sometimes ornamented with tinsel or bright colors. Such pocketing is not a vulgarism, but rather a duty imposed by etiquette.

There are five or more forms of the Cha No Yu, that called Senké being the most popular. The rules of ceremony differ for summer and winter, and

vary with the quality of tea used, there being two varieties, called Koi-cha and Usu-cha, the use of the former being attended with greater ceremony than that of the latter. In any form, the tea must be powdered.

The Cha No Yu was probably introduced into Japan from China, along with the cultivation of the tea-plant. An ancient Japanese author, referring to its adoption in his own country, observes that it was first practiced by old men living in retirement. A literal translation reads, "Old men went out among the hills, taking with them only the barest necessities. Selecting a beautiful place, they bent twigs of bamboo and other trees, broke and twisted them, and built a pavilion. Forgetting the cares of life, they sat in the pavilion amid peaceful repose, contemplating the beautiful scenery." The gods, trees, flowers, whatever led to purity of thought and harmony of soul, became or afforded a theme of conversation. Strict cleanliness was observed as necessary to the condition of mind sought for.

Japanese history informs us that in the long feudal wars of the Empire, generals and other high officers practiced Cha No Yu before formulating their plans of battle, the object being to quiet the mind to the state best suited for the solution of a successful manoeuvre or stratagem. During the thirteenth century, a code was drawn up by Shinko, a noted scholar and man of refinement. Later in the fifteenth century, this code was revised by direction of the famous Hideyashi, who figures not only as an able warrior and consummate statesman, but also as a legislator, the "laws of Taiko" having been venerated for centuries. Since his time the code has remained as then systematized.

It is a matter of surprise to most foreigners who have visited Japan that so little is known of the Cha No Yu by the outside world. In the numberless

books which travelers have written about Japan there is no adequate description of this most curious ceremony.

— It is frequently urged that the human family has too few, rather than too many, days set apart for rest and diversion. This question is one that falls under the jurisdiction of the philosopher and philanthropist. To such, therefore, it shall be left; I humbly content myself with suggesting the propriety of extending holiday privileges to inanimate things—the serviceable chattels or goods in our possession. That I am led to make this somewhat quixotic defense is, perhaps, due to an incident of recent occurrence. I am ashamed to say I had a tiff with an old and faithful servant, whose disposition I fancied had become less compliant and obliging than formerly. In an evil hour this faithful servant was disposed of "for old gold." The act I have since heartily repented, being convinced that my good servant, the pen, had not permanently cast off its master's authority, but was only temporarily tired of service. If I had but given it a little vacation, it undoubtedly would have brought me through as many scriptorial journeys as it had achieved in past time. The more I think of it, the more am I impressed that these long-suffering dumb chattels of ours have their seasons of weariness, and require such occasional respite from labor as we give to ourselves and our beasts of burden. After enjoying a breathing-time (if I may be permitted such an expression), they seem to serve us with renewed freedom and efficiency, in a manner showing themselves appreciative of so much consideration. "Sometimes, after a series of experiments," said a lecturer on electricity, "we find it of advantage to give the machine a short rest."

Is it not a matter of familiar experience that articles in household use,—inconvenient or worn utensils, also in-subordinate tools,—if laid aside and let

alone for a time, frequently recover their original usefulness, or discover an adaptability which they were not before known to possess? The dull knife still is dull — but it's better worth whetting than it was; the faded carpet is passably good yet, indeed it is quite bright on the other side, and we resolve to turn it; the old coat or gown, for a long time slighted, is found still to possess so much "wear" and comfort as to warrant our *investing* in it again; besides, for our conservative eyes it has a sort of veteran, proved nobility that sets its value far above the pretension of any merely new garment. Those who affect blue in their apparel may have observed that the sun also has an affinity for this color, and steals it from the dyed fabric; but if the garment be kept in a dark closet awhile, the color returns in a marked degree. Now, is this effect due to chemical action, or to the interval of grateful desuetude permitted to the garment?

Almost every house, whatever its dimensions, architecture, or age, sometimes gets tired of its occupants. If it can manage to convey to them the fact of its tedium, or if the occupants chance to discover the fact for themselves, they will, if judicious, determine upon giving their rooftree a month's or a week's vacation — at least a half-holiday. On

their return they will be delighted to remark the cheerfulness that reigns in place of the old discontent. I have known a house to recuperate wonderfully during the brief time the householder has been abroad for a morning walk.

One hesitates to class books as among inanimate things; yet the protests sometimes made by our friends in black and white are much like those entered by the other objects herein specified. Some day you sit down with a favorite book, the solacer of many a past hour which grief or care sought to make its own, but the book has, most unaccountably, lost its talismanic virtue, and is void alike of consolation and stimulus. You are about to vote the bright wit oxidized, the heavenly muse wing-clipped and flagging, the sage emptily sententious, when the genius of the book interferes, — "Not so rash! vote me a long holiday, give me leave to gather dust on the high shelf; then come to me some fine morning by and by, and see what I'll do for you!"

It is to be suspected that much good material is lying in limbo, discarded for good and for all, when it only craved a little time for rest. When this desideratum is better understood, may we hope to hear less about the Total Depravity of Inanimate Things?

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Fiction. Mr. Oldmixon, by William A. Hammond. (Appleton.) The industrious Dr. Hammond's third novel is an improvement on his previous ones. There are fewer characters. To be sure, they are just as crazy as the others, but they are more amusing. The incidents are also more to the point, and the author has discovered what a first-rate use can be made of second-sight. A more convenient contrivance for putting a character in possession of the facts about another character was never invented. It makes detectives superfluous, and to be rid at once of detectives

in novels is to owe a heavy debt to this author, which we shall never stop trying to pay. There is one character, by the way, whom Dr. Hammond never seems able to keep out of his story. It is the unsuccessful novelist. He is like Charles I. in Mr. Dick's petition. — At the Red Glove (Harpers) is a somewhat clumsy copy of a French novel. It is for *virginibus puerisque* so far as naughtiness is concerned, but it reads as if the author had suppressed the wickedness, and with it whatever life the story might have had. — At Love's Extremes, by Maurice Thompson (Cas-

sell), is a disappointment. Mr. Thompson strikes so genuine a note in his poetry that this piece of artificiality and melodrama was not to be looked for. The commonplaces of fiction transferred to the South do not gain in richness or beauty because of the tropical soil in which they are set. — After London, or, Wild England, by Richard Jefferies. (Cassell.) What has got into Mr. Jefferies? He used to write delightful books; of late he has taken to constructing puzzles. He uses his knowledge of wood-craft but for the most whimsical and willful purposes. He supposes London, and indeed all civilization, blotted out of existence, and then busies himself with constructing a newer life close to nature fumbling its way into the light. However consistent the book may be with itself, it is a tiresome and, so far as we can see, useless piece of ingenuity. After climbing to the bottom of the well after Truth, pretty much all one can discover is a damp frog. — Upon a Cast, by Charlotte Dunning (Harpers): a conventional novel, of mild interest and indifferent value. — By Shore and Sedge, by Bret Harte (Houghton), contains three stories, in which this clever author turns and turns again, and guileless innocence winks in the fashion customary in Mr. Harte's stories. — A Superior Woman (Roberts) is one of the No Name Series; it really belongs to the no value series. It is a young lady's story, and is dreadfully weak in the spinal column. — A Second Life, by Mrs. Alexander, has been produced in the Leisure Hour Series (Holt.) — Recent numbers of Harper's Handy Series are Louisa, by Katharine S. Macquoid, and Mr. Butler's Ward, by F. Mabel Robinson. — The latest numbers of Harper's Franklin Square Library are Ishmael, by M. E. Braddon; Betwixt my Love and Me; Charlotte Brontë's The Professor, and Heart's Delight, by Charles Gibbon.

Literature and Criticism. How should I pronounce? is the title of a manual for schools, colleges, and private use, by W. H. P. Phyfe. (Putnam.) The stranger to the English language would wish to begin with practice on the author's name, but having mastered that, he would find himself face to face with a very elaborate and somewhat formidable analysis of the subject, which seems to us of slight practical or even theoretical value. The writer appears to have wished to make his work thorough, but after all the most valuable part is his list of a thousand words commonly mispronounced, which he has marked with their proper pronunciation. — Goose-Quill Papers, by Louise Imogen Guiney (Roberts): a score of little essays which may have done service before in newspapers. They are the cheerful, accidental work of a young writer who has caught affectations of style rather than of thought, but does not yet carefully distinguish between what is gracefully idle and trivial. The little paper A Child in Camp has, to our thinking, the most agreeable touch, and indeed one does not feel otherwise than kind toward an author who shows so much genuine sympathy with honest moods. It is the personality behind the book, rather than the thought in the book, which attracts. One may fairly look to see the assumed quaintness rub off without loss to the sincerity of the nature. — Mr. Beers has prepared a

convenient companion to his Willis in the Men of Letters Series, in Prose Writings of Nathaniel Parker Willis, a selection from the otherwise discouraging complete works. (Scribners.) — Plutarch on the Delay of the Divine Justice, translated, with an introduction and notes, by Andrew P. Peabody (Little, Brown & Co.), places the reader deeply in debt to one of our ripest scholars and critics. Landscape, by Philip Gilbert Hamerton (Roberts), is an inexpensive edition, without the plates, of a book which will be more than a book of the season. Mr. Hamerton writes so agreeably, and brings a trained artistic power so cleverly to the task of interpretation for the untechnical mind, that he receives at once the respect of the artist and the admiration of the general reader. He is discursive, and we wish he were not so fluent, but since we must talk about our subjective enjoyment of objective nature, why, let us get Mr. Hamerton to put our ideas into easy English. — The Ingoldsby Legends (Crowell). It is a little odd to find at this day an apparently library edition of this book without a line of explanation as to origin or authorship. Can it be that the book is known to everybody? — The Appletons have added to their valuable little Parchment Series a volume of selections from the Prose Writings of Jonathan Swift, with a preface and notes by Stanley Lane-Poole. — Those who are interested in securing first editions of Longfellow's works will thank Mr. W. E. Benjamin for his neat little handbook, in which the collector will find full and accurate descriptions of the earliest issues of Longfellow's various prose and poetical writings.

Poetry and the Drama. Glenaveril, or the Metamorphoses, by the Earl of Lytton, is appearing in monthly parts like a serial novel, as it is. (Appleton.) — Selected Poems from Michelangelo Buonarroti, with translations from various sources, edited by Ednah D. Cheney. (Lee & Shepard.) Mrs. Cheney has done a real service in bringing these poems together, in giving the original side by side with the translation, and in adding her own brief but pertinent notes. — Songs of the Heights and Deepes, by the Hon. Roden Noel (Elliot Stock, London): a volume of respectable poetry by a versatile author. — A Child's Garden of Verses, by Robert Louis Stevenson (Scribner's Sons), is a collection of charming lyrics which, in spite of the author's design, address themselves to adult readers rather than to children. The subtle fancy which underlies many of these verses is a thing likely to escape the juvenile reader. There are, however, several poems in the volume that will go directly to the heart and imagination of childhood. — Camp-Fire, Memorial Day, and other Poems, by Kate Brownlee Sherwood. (Jansen, McClurg & Co.) A large number of the poems in the volume are drum and fife poems, written apparently in war times, or under close recollection of the war. It is singular how little variety there is in war poetry, but the fact is somewhat encouraging, for when war is over the inspiration for poetry will not cease. — Songs and Sonnets by Maurice Francis Egau, and Carmina, by Condé Benoist Pallen (Kegan Paul, London). Two authors in one book, and the book only thirty-eight

pages long ! In this case art is short, very short. The verse is smooth, decorous, thoughtful. — *Unity Songs Resung* ; compiled by C. H. K. (Colegrove Book Co. Chicago.) A collection of short poems by various authors, which have already appeared in the *Unity Newspaper*. They are mainly religious and sub-religious in character. — *Random Shots*, by Nelson Goodrich Humphrey. (Pantagraph Establishment, Bloomington, Ill.) Mr. Humphrey begins his preface with these words : "There is only one way to make ideas invariably interesting, — simply to tell the truth," but our ideas about Mr. Humphrey's poetry, if this rule were applied, would interest Mr. Humphrey's friends more than they would him. — *Vladimir* ; a Poem of the Snow. Malczewski. (Howard Lockwood, New York.) The author makes haste to explain that he is not Malczewski, but only wears the outside garment of the Pole. The poem is a blind, groping set of verses, which go staggering on to nothing in particular. — *Poems of the Old Days and the New*, by Jean Ingelow (Roberts), will be welcomed for its healthfulness, its hearty sympathy with the substantial in English nature and human nature. There are occasional lines which have a beauty on which one rests, but there is no such compactness of art as makes one know that the cup of beauty is just full. — *Lyrical Poems* by Alfred, Lord Tennyson, Selected and Arranged by Francis T. Palgrave (Macmillan & Co.), is a tasteful collection of the laureate's minor poems, with judicious extracts from the more lyrical passages in his longer poems. A delightful pocket-volume for the seaside.

Politics and Economy. The Fall of the Great Republic (Roberts) is an anonymous skit, professing to be an historic sketch in 1895 of events which took place in 1886-1888. The author announces himself as Sir Henry Standish Coverdale, Intendant for the Board of European Administration in the Province of New York, and writes of the socialistic destruction of the United States, and the provisional government set up by the European powers. The satire is apparently written by some one very much in earnest, and its severity may set some people to thinking ; but the author most of all needs to think. He should settle for himself first the question, How came Europe to be impregnable when the United States fell so easily ? Then he should begin to estimate the powers of resistance. So far he has studied only the power of projectiles. He is like a person who sees a gun discharged. Only a trigger pulled, and all that mischief done ! What is to prevent the world from being blown up, if heavy enough guns are made ? — *Democratic Government*, a study of politics, by Albert Stickney (Harpers), is a clear, vigorous discussion of practical politics. Mr. Stickney wants a national convention, as do many, and he shows himself possessed of excellent qualifications for membership in that convention. His book may not hasten the calling of the convention directly, but it is one of many signs that people are thinking to the point, as well as a help to students to

formulate their own vague notions. — The History of the Surplus Revenue of 1837, being an account of its origin, its distribution among the States, and the uses to which it was applied, by Edward G. Bourne (Putnam) : a well-considered little book which is a boon to those who have heretofore been obliged to put up with the most meagre and unsatisfactory account of this episode in our financial history. — The Mercantile, Manufacturing, and Mining Interests of Pittsburgh, issued by the Chamber of Commerce (W. G. Johnston & Co., Pittsburgh) : a sort of business card of the city, with heliotype or similar illustrations of buildings and the like. Ever so much about the people who run the city, but nothing about the workmen who do the bulk of the work. — *Collected Essays in Political and Social Science*, by William Graham Sumner (Holt) : a volume of vigorous and uncompromising thinking on the subjects of bi-metallicism, wages, sociology, collegiate education, and kindred topics. If the author is dogmatic and insolently narrow, he explains in his paper on colleges why he is.

Education and Text-Books. School Bulletin Year Book of the State of New York for 1885, giving sketches of the city superintendents and the county commissioners, and a list of the principals of village schools and academies, by C. W. Bardeen. (The author, Syracuse, N. Y.) The biographies are apparently written by the same genial man who writes epitaphs. — The Bureau of Education in Washington issues a pamphlet devoted to Planting Trees in School Grounds, a good subject, and treated both from the practical and from the sentimental side. It is a pity that with less continental ardor there might not be more attention paid to simple gardening in connection with school grounds. The yards of most school-houses are forlorn places. The same Bureau issues among its Circulars of Information one on City School Systems in the United States, by John D. Philbrick. It has nearly as many views as it has facts. — *Lectures on the Science and Art of Education*, with other lectures and essays, by the late Joseph Payne, edited by C. W. Bardeen. (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.) There is good sense in this book mixed with a great deal of rather pompous travesty of sense in philosophic terms. There is much also that is inexpressibly dull. It is singular how soon books about teaching can stop being interesting. — The *Meisterschaft System* has been applied to the Italian language by Dr. Richard S. Rosenthal, and the first of the fifteen parts to be published has been sent us. This system, as is well known, aims to communicate a short and practical method of acquiring complete fluency of speech. (Meisterschaft Publishing Company, Boston.) — *Assyriology : its Use and Abuse in Old Testament Study*, by Francis Brown (Scribners) is an address given at the Union Theological Seminary. It is an admirable piece of work, showing the author to have that judicious mind which keeps the scholar always in the saddle.